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Râja-Yoga Messenger

An Illustrated Magazine

Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

Conducted by

Students of the Râja-Yoga College

Published bi-monthly, under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post-Office at Point Loma, California
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Subscription (6 issues) $1.00. Foreign postage 20c. extra; Canadian 10c.

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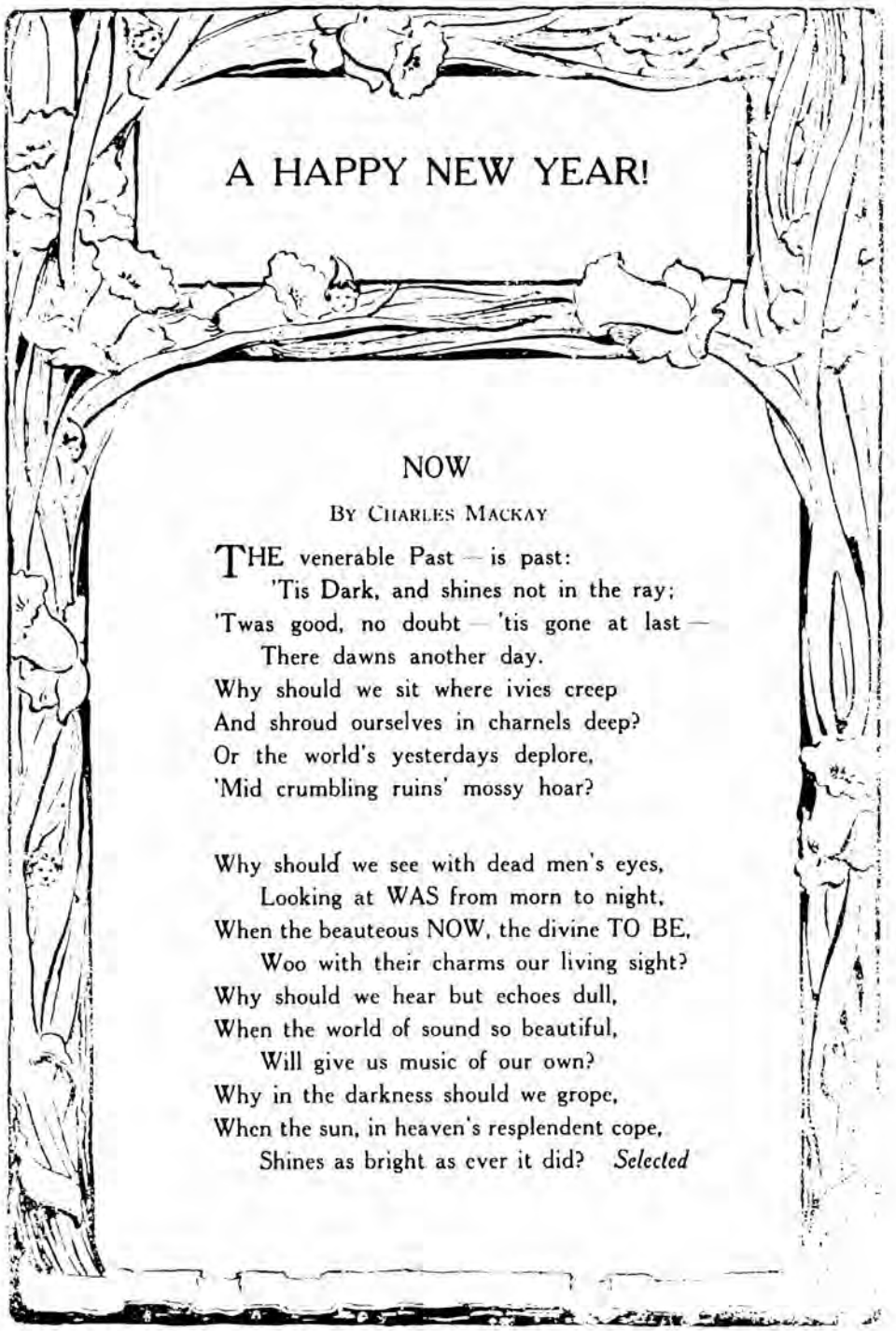
TURNING THE SPRINGTIME FURROW

A PROMISE of spring-time on the historic San Juan Hill. Mild-eyed oxen ply their peaceful task where once the thunder of battle rolled and death and destruction ran riot. Here on this beautiful spring morning we see a Cuban husbandman ploughing with the quaint old Cuban plow, reminiscent in its form of the classic husbandry of Greece and Rome — of which Virgil sang.

Two fine old oxen, well-nigh human individuals to their master — 'Oro Fino,' Fine Gold, and 'Mariposa:' Butterfly carry the quaint implement along, not by means of a yoke, but with the pressure of their horns. The rich dark earth curls back from the furrow ready to receive the spring sowing that shall yield a bounteous harvest. About the tawny sun-tanned plowman jabber the queer black *judíos* making an amazing commotion, their strange long beaks scarcely balanced by an enormous length of tail. Their education has taught them that where the plow goes toothsome worms are to be found, and they have their eye on the furrow.

Dawn comes up here with a glorious richness of glow and color over the mountains. Memories of strife and hatred have been banished by nature's magic hand, and this is a goodly and beautiful land. Soon the noon hour will be here and our ploughman will go down to the cabin of 'Old Jeff,' colored caretaker of the Peace Tree, and there exchange yarns of the old time over the midday meal. M.

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

NOW

By Charles Mackay

THE venerable Past — is past:
'Tis Dark, and shines not in the ray;
'Twas good, no doubt — 'tis gone at last —
There dawns another day.
Why should we sit where ivies creep
And shroud ourselves in charnels deep?
Or the world's yesterdays deplore,
'Mid crumbling ruins' mossy hoar?

Why should we see with dead men's eyes,
Looking at WAS from morn to night,
When the beauteous NOW, the divine TO BE,
Woo with their charms our living sight?
Why should we hear but echoes dull,
When the world of sound so beautiful,
Will give us music of our own?
Why in the darkness should we grope,
When the sun, in heaven's resplendent cope,
Shines as bright as ever it did? *Selected*

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVII, No. 1 JANUARY 1921

"For yesterday is but a dream,
And tomorrow is only a vision,
But today well-lived makes
Every yesterday a dream of happiness
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!
Such is the salutation of the dawn."— From the Sanskrit.

OPEN THE GATES



JOYOUS AND BLESSED NEW YEAR TO ALL OUR READERS!

"Open the gates of the temple, and enter in!" What new gates will you open this New Year time — into what new wonderlands will you gain admittance? In the Temple of Life — that wondrous and mighty edifice not built by hands, there are many courtyards and precincts, many glorious thresholds and entry halls leading into still grander thresholds, hall within hall, portals within portals. Every portal is one step nearer to the great goal. When the pilgrim has attained it, he stands armed with the many keys of the ways he has opened, and so equipped to help those who are yet to come to find the ways and open them likewise.

All our life is a series of opening and taking new positions. And one of its laws is that each way must be opened in turn and in order. We have only the key to those immediately before us. We may go around and find some other entrance and try to use this key in that lock, but though the portals may give, they will not open, or if they do, what they reveal to us is merely some outer entrance leading not upward and onward but outward and away from the goal.

Here is this New Year time before us, bringing each day a new opportunity for us to grow wiser and stronger. Though the Temple of Life is one for all, the order of the ways differs with each one. Yet even before the most advanced pilgrim lie new opportunities. Here are some to be opened this New Year:

The Way of Service: here we shall discover the entrance into an undiscovered country. The mean alleys of Selfishness, leading past tall drab

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tenements of sordid seeking and petty aims will have disappeared, and we shall find ourselves in open country made green by the gentle rain that quenches the thirst of the whole earth, bright with the sunlight that shines impartially on all, knowing neither friend nor foe. The world we had thought so small, so tiresome, so unworthy of the vast ambitions we had for it — in this way we shall discover its expanse and beauty. Far towering peaks, vast and dim horizons beckoning us on to achievement. And the people we shall meet — each one with a flame on his brow, the light of manhood and warriorhood which we can now see. Having found this way, our world has changed: with the New Year we have discovered a new heaven and a new earth.

The Way of Impersonality: where we cast our eyes backward as we enter. It is as though we saw the world through a distorted mirror. Everyone seems to be misformed and misshapen. As we pass on it is as though a veil had fallen from our eyes. We are in a land of realities. Who is this one coming towards us? It is someone we have known. Yes, of course, he was always a great stumbling-block in our way, because he had a habit of saying things that irritated us and tried our patience. This is not he, certainly. This man is wholesome, warm-hearted. He has a broad-minded understanding of truth and he does not fear to speak it. He is our friend, who will stand by us and clear away the obstructions of our false conceptions. Nevertheless it is the acquaintance of whom we had formed so false an estimate. He is not changed, we have merely opened the way of Impersonality and are beginning now to see our fellow men in their true proportions. As we go on we are aware of two things: the atmosphere seems clearer and our vision is far more acute and true, also in associating with the people we meet we feel as though a great many obstructions and sharp points had been removed from ourselves — points that before had always caught and snagged and jarred and made all our dealings in life a source of irritation and annoyance to ourselves. Here we find we can accomplish more, work more easily and make all our days count for more with a smaller expenditure of energy. We also notice that people's conversation is far more interesting, helpful and dignified than we used to find it on the other side.

See! There is an artist at his easel. Why does he look so careworn and despondent? The picture before him is of a mean little room. On a bed is a wan little figure covered with a ragged quilt; a medicine bottle and broken cup stand on a bare wooden table by the bed; father and mother stand by the table, sorrow and discouragement is written on their faces. Hush! this artist is painting his own life's thoughts: he too is before a gate — the state of Despondency. It is New Year's Day, what will he do? Does he know he has reached the turning point? — He sits there with palette in one hand and brush in the other, both resting inertly on his knees; as

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his thought is reflected in the picture before him, so the picture is a mirror for his thought. He has only painted in the lower portion of the canvas, the upper part is still untouched. No, he will not the reach the New Way. New Year's Day will go by and with it the New Year's opportunity. He has given up. His eyes close in weariness. But see, a chance ray of late afternoon sunshine falls on his face. And what is happening — is it the sunshine, is it a dream he is having, or has light come to him in the darkness of his despondency? His expression is changing; he looks like a man who has found his way and knows he has the key. He is opening his eyes — yes, he grasps palette and brush with a new purpose; what will he place on that bare canvas?

See! here is the sequel to the picture of the sick child and poor father and mother. A tall warrior-like figure appears in the center of the canvas, the eyes are clear and radiant with strength and confidence, the whole figure joyous, strong and victorious. He looks out at us with the calm dignity of the warrior who is ready for the battle and knows he cannot fail. Under this figure appear the words: "I will arise. . . ."

Yes, this artist has caught our New Year message and has passed through the portals of Despondency and has entered the glorious Temple of Life victoriously. And this Temple of Life is — within the heart of each one of us. Its keys we hold, and all the treasures of its wondrous halls are ours to discover and revel in. All we can bring from these into the world of every day, that will the world render back to us, nothing more; for all our life is but the reflexion of the inner riches we bring to it.

Therefore let us dedicate this New Year to the true way of the Temple of Life that all may enter and find the Grandeur and the Joy of living! M.

THE THREE KINDS OF COURAGE

THERE'S *the courage that nerves you in starting to climb*
The mount of success rising sheer:
And when you've slipped back there's the courage sublime
That keeps you from shedding a tear.

These two kinds of courage, I give you my word,
Are worthy of tribute — but then,
You'll not reach the summit unless you've the third —
The courage of try-it-again!— ROY FARRELL GREENE

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JULIANA HORATIA EWING

"The little body with a mighty heart."

ABOUT sixty years ago there were published in England two very popular books for children, *Aunt Judy's Tales* and *Aunt Judy's Letters*. They were written by Mrs. Margaret Gatty, Juliana H. Ewing's mother, and they got their name from the nickname, "Aunt Judy" — given to Juliana when she was a little girl and always had an interesting story ready to tell her brothers and sisters in the nursery. In 1866 Mrs. Gatty began *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, and in this nearly all Juliana's writings were first published.



JULIANA HORATIA EWING

The Gattys were a delightful family. Mrs. Gatty had early learned from her own father to love study, and it is said that when as a little girl she played with dolls, she used to play teaching them Greek. She was an artist before she began to write stories for children. When her own children were little she turned her attention to the study of natural science — all about raindrops and snowflakes, birds and butterflies, and other nature-children about whom little folk love to learn. She taught her own children to study them carefully and she wrote many stories and parables about life in nature. Mrs. Gatty was a very active, happy woman and believed that joy comes from work. We can imagine what interesting hours the little Gattys spent with this gifted mother as their companion and teacher.

In this family-group Juliana was queen of play. Her head was full of plans for filling the daily walks and playhours in garden and field as full of fun as possible. She had a bower under the lilac-bush, where she told the other children stories that she had made up herself, and whence they started when they had little processions to bury dead pets or any dead birds they found lying on the ground. She invented names of her own for all their favorite spots in the neighborhood, in the wood or along the brook. Nothing could damp Juliana's spirits — she was often weak and ailing; but like Madam Liberality, in her story, she could look cheerful on one side of her face even when she had toothache on the other.

From telling stories to writing them is not a very long step, and when Juliana was nineteen she wrote 'Melchior's Dream,' which perhaps you

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have read. After that the Gatty young people kept up a manuscript magazine for six years, and for this Juliana's wit and fancy supplied many stories and poems about happenings in the family and in the neighborhood. Then came *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, and her first story for it was 'Mrs. Overthe-way's Remembrances.'

In 1867 Juliana was married to Major Alexander Ewing and they crossed the ocean to New Brunswick, where the Major was stationed at Fredericton for two years. When they returned to England they lived in the South Camp, Aldershot, for seven years, so it is easy to guess where Mrs. Ewing learned so much about the soldier life she writes of in *Jackanapes* and *The Story of a Short Life*. Major Ewing was a musician and had travelled far and wide, observing all he saw very carefully. He set some of his wife's verses to music, and some of his experiences were a help to her in writing *Cousin Peregrine's Three Wonder Stories*, about China and the South Seas. His knowledge of the Turkish language aided her in collecting and adapting fifty-two tales from the Turkish, published under the title, *Tales from the Khoja*.

Between 1872 and 1877 Mrs. Ewing wrote *Madam Liberality*, *Lob Lie-by-the-Fire*, *Our Field*, *Jan of the Windmill*, *A Flat Iron for a Farthing*, *Six to Sixteen*. *The Peace Egg* was a very popular story written by her about this time also. In this the Captain's children act the old Christmas play, *The Peace Egg*, thus creating an atmosphere of peace and goodwill, and so many inquiries were received about the play that Mrs. Ewing arranged it for publication so that other children could act it themselves, just as she and her brothers and sisters had done when they were little.

Love for animals was one of Mrs. Ewing's strongest characteristics and her stories contain many pictures of her pets. The list of these pets is a long one and ranges from the Bear of the 22nd Regiment, who was her favorite while she lived in New Brunswick, through a succession of dogs, a few of whom were Hector, a pink-nosed bull dog who could play at having his fortune told, Trouvé, who got left behind the regiment in New Brunswick and would have been deserted but for Mrs. Ewing — he is the 'soldier's dog' in *The Story of a Short Life* — and Rufus, a beautiful golden-haired collie, one of whose tricks was very gently to pull all the hairpins out of his mistress' hair and let it fall down.

In writing about animals Mrs. Ewing followed the example of her mother and studied very thoroughly any that she chose for the subject of her stories. She had a most sympathetic understanding of them, and also such a lively imagination that she wrote delightfully of them. *Father Hedgehog and his Friends* is a very good story of this kind and *A Week Spent in a Glass Pond* is another.

Flowers were just as dear to this lover of nature as animals. The story,

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"Mary's Meadow," written after she had settled at Taunton in 1883 and had a garden of her own, aroused so much interest that it led to the founding of a Society for Lovers of Hardy Flowers. *Letters from a Little Garden* was a series begun by her for *Aunt Judy's Magazine* but it was never finished, for Mrs. Ewing lived only long enough to write the third letter. After her death there appeared a short series, 'Hoots' from 'The Owl in the Ivy Bush.' These were little letters of advice to children from the wise bird.

Many other interesting stories were written by Mrs. Ewing. From childhood on through her busy life pictures always suggested to her a story to be written, and she began by making up stories to go with the pictures in her school readers. Many of her poems for children, too, were written to fit pictures — generally German wood-cuts. *House Building and Repairs*, *An Only Child's Tea-Party*, *Our Garden*, and *Touch Him if You Dare* were written in this way. Mrs. Ewing herself was an artist and made a great many sketches. Indeed, her industry was so incessant and her interests so varied that one wonders how such a delicate little body could accomplish so much. You will not be surprised to learn that she was very enthusiastic about dramatic work and acted very well in private theatricals, and also that she wrote *Hints for Private Theatricals*, *In Letters from Burnt Cork to Rouge Pot*.

Two of Mrs. Ewing's poems have a message to children that has been much needed. These are *The Willow Man*, recently published in this magazine, and *Grandmother's Spring*. I will quote a few lines from the latter:

"Whatever you pluck
Leave some for good luck;
Picked from the stalk, or pulled by the root,
From overhead or from underfoot,
Water-wonder of pond or brook;
Wherever you look,
And whatever you find —
Leave something behind.
Some for the Naiads,
Some for the Dryads,
And a bit for the Nixies and the Pixies."

Mrs. Ewing's sister, from whose book most of the facts in this article were taken, says that in Madam Liberality Mrs. Ewing unintentionally sketched her own character. She was cheery, courageous, unselfish, full of energy and enthusiasm. She was so fond of giving pleasure to others and of preparing gifts for them and of saving up so that she could do this, that one could understand her little brother saying "You're the most meanest generousest person I ever knew." She had an unlimited stock of ideas, could always think of new stories to tell, and, had not her strength failed her, no doubt we should have had many more delightful books of story and verse from the pen of this friend of the young folk. GENTIAN

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CHRISTMAS



HRISTMAS makes an appeal to that side of us which places the happiness of others before our own. To make the appeal more beautiful and impressive, to make it seem more worth while, perhaps, nature herself sets us the example. The darkest day has passed, the sun is reinstated in his upward course, the severity of winter has been checked, and all life is hastening towards the rebirth which occurs at Easter time. Truly, anyone who accepts the challenge of Christmas is in august company.

This winter festival did not originate with the birth of Christ, although the familiar name may suggest it. We read in the history of the ancient Persians of festivals held at the end of the year in honor of the god of light and life, Mithras, the protector of the universe; and India paid tribute to a similar deity by the name of Soma, also at the end of the year.

The Greeks celebrated two festivals in honor of the god Dionysus; the Lesser Dionysia which occurred at Christmas time, and the Greater Dionysia which took place at Easter. The belief was that Dionysus, son of Zeus, entered the lower region at the time of the winter solstice, there to remain until the coming of spring at Easter time.

The best known, perhaps, of all these pre-Christian celebrations was the Saturnalia, from which we are said to derive a number of our own Christmas customs. This festival took place, of course, in Italy, and lasted from the 17th of December to the 24th. It was a week of wild rejoicings and intense merry-making at which originated the custom of exchanging gifts. These, at first, were little dolls, candles and doll-like pastries, given principally to the servants and children. The custom gained ground swiftly, and since St. Nicholas, of Dutch origin, became the children's patron saint and friend, Christmas without gifts has become inconceivable.

Little children who hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve in expectation of Santa's visit are imitating the children of Belgium, the originators of this interesting custom. The Dutch custom of putting out little wooden shoes never gained the popularity of the Christmas-stockings — possibly because the latter are stretchable and consequently more capacious, or because wooden shoes are seldom to be met with but in Holland.

We are all familiar with New Year parties, but how many of us would think of sending out invitations to an Old Year party? That is what the Egyptians did, however, even long before the days of Antony and Cleopatra, when the guests exchanged palm branches bearing twelve shoots to signify the completion of another year. This is said to be the origin of our Christmas tree, though others hold Germany responsible for its introduction. The Romans, it is said, placed lighted tapers in the tops of their fir-trees at the Saturnalian revels.

There is hardly a child who does not think that Christmas is the hap-

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piest day in the year, and what must have been the feelings of the little Puritan children during the long twenty-two years in America when in 1659 the General Court of Massachusetts enacted that "anybody who is found observing, by abstinence from labor, feasting, or any other way, any such day as Christmas shall pay for every such offence five shillings."? The same occurred in Scotland and among the Calvinists at the time of the Reformation. Now, Christmas is observed by all the European nations.

Christmas has not always been celebrated on the 25th of December, and even today in Spanish-speaking countries the day of the greatest rejoicings is January 6th, "El Día de Los Reyes," special emphasis being laid on the visit of the wise men to the manger at Bethlehem. Herewith is connected the beautiful legend of the three gifts of myrrh, frankincense and precious stones which may be still another origin of our present Christmas gifts. Other dates assigned to Christmas have been April 20th, May 20th, March 29th and September 29th, but careful investigations made by Pope Julius the First in the fourth century resulted in fixing our present date of celebration on December 25th.

No children have a more delightful time at Christmas than those in the Râja-Yoga School at Point Loma. The chief celebrations take place on Christmas Eve in the rotunda of the Râja-Yoga Academy. Our last year's celebrations were unique in that Santa did not pay the children his customary visit, but invited them, as representatives of all the nations of the world to visit him in his big work shop at the North Pole. All the student residents were invited to witness the children's festival in Santa's work-shop, and at the appointed hour the Rotunda was filled with guests. The Christmas spirit was in the air and manifested in the exchange of greetings, in the beaming faces, in the beautiful decorations of the Rotunda — large green wreaths tied to the pillars, immense jardinières filled with bright red poinsettias, a veritable snowbank of Christmas gifts below the proscenium — and above all in Santa's work-shop, an immense snow cave. Here were gathered his trusty helpers, the tomtes; and now and then a mischievous snow-sprite from without would whirl into the cave.

As the play develops Santa is seen consulting with his tomtes as to the best way of celebrating Christmas this year, and when it is finally decided to invite the world's children into the work-shop, great activity hastens the preparations. Light banter between Santa and the sprites and cheerful songs from the tomtes fill up the time until the arrival of the moon-beam boats, bringing the children of the world. These greet Santa in the accents of their own countries and to render them their promised good time, Santa prepares to work his magic.

— He does it to music when all is dark, and the children sit silent, expectant, straining their eyes to see. At last they are rewarded.— From above

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descends the Christmas tree into the midst of the cave where the tomtes have had their fun, where the snow-flakes and frost-sprites have danced and where the children of the nations are assembled. Silently, slowly, the tree breaks into buds and blooms of light — transparent jewels, sapphires, amethysts and opals, rubies, emeralds and pearls — then a flood of white light, and Santa, the great magician of the ages, has brought his gift to the children.

Exchanges of "Merry Christmas!" resound, and the gay costumes of the nations are everywhere in the Rotunda distributing gifts to the "grown-ups." All is gaiety and laughter until the hour of departure arrives, and Christmas Eve lengthens into night, soon to dawn into the peace and beauty of Christmas Day in Lomaland. K. N.

WAYS AND PLAYS OF CHILDREN IN OLD ENGLAND



HE England of Christmas carols and Robin Hood, of hot cross buns and 'pasties,' of mistletoe-gathering and the big Yule log, of knights and jousts and tourneys and rambling feudal castles! The ways and plays of children then — for there must have been children and many of them — what a fascinating subject! But we cannot learn much about them, very little, in fact, compared with what we can find out about elections and wars and parliaments and leasing and subleasing of lands — for there was no buying or selling of land then — which is a fascinating story by itself but cannot be given room here. The best that we can do is to gather a little here and a little there, from histories of other things, from biographies of grown-ups, from family letters and old records and from little odd corners where we can.

But even then we find interesting facts, and of one thing we may be sure: the children and babes of Old England had many of the same nursery rhymes that nurses croon to their little charges today. There was "Rock-a-bye baby," of course, and "Handy, spandy, Jack a-dandy," who was so fond of "sugar-candy," you remember; and there was "Margery Daw," and the little rhyme about the cock-horse that could take us "to Banbury Cross," if we wanted to go. "Bo-peep" is very very old, and probably the game of hide and seek has some connection with it. Shakespeare in *King Lear* makes the Fool say, in his sadness over conditions that he could not change,

> . . . "And I for sorrow sung,
> That such a king should play Bo-peep,
> And go the fools among."

Miss Jessie Bedford, under the pen name of Elizabeth Godfrey, has written interestingly on this subject, and she tells us that "Little Boy Blue"

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and "Baa, baa, black sheep" are very old. Where they originated or how, we do not know, but there is something in them that always interests little children, and they do not slip out of sight even for a generation.

The antiquity of some rhymes is surprising. "The House that Jack Built" can be traced to the times when the books of the Bible were written, although it was not about a house or about Jack but begins "This is a kid that my father bought, etc." And in Old England there was another of the same kind which runs:

"I sell you the key of the King's garden;
I sell you the string that ties the key of the King's garden;
I sell you the rat that gnawed the string that ties the
key of the King's garden,"

and so on. And then there is

"Little Miss Muffet who sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey;
Along came a spider and sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away."

"Miss Muffet" is of quite an age, and there are several little songs very much like it that children sang in the days when even kings could not have carpets on their floors. As to "Tom, the piper's son"— he was playing his pranks in Old England just as he is today; and "Old King Cole" was just as merry then as ever, with his pipe and his "fiddlers three." "Sing a Song of Sixpence," is another and — will you believe it? — "Chicky-licky, Cocky-locky and Turkey-lurkey" were there, too, and they met the same sad fate by the grace of wary, cunning "Foxy-loxy."

There were a number of songs about Robin Hood and his merry men, but these like the old Christmas carols, have not survived in the same way that the nursery rhymes have done.

Riddles, too, they had — ever so many riddles. Here is one,

"There was a little green house,
And inside is a little brown house,
And inside that a little yellow house,
And inside that a little white house — guess!

And the answer was "A walnut!" Now who *could* guess such a riddle? Miss Bedford gives this one also:

"A house full,
A yard full,
And ye cannot catch a bowl full."

The answer was "Smoke!" This sounds like a very new riddle, but it may be that some children have heard it.

Did children have playthings in those interesting days? To be sure, and very much the same kind as today. There were dolls, of wood and of

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rags and of wax. Yes, there were really-truly wax dolls and one of these, the doll of Lady Arabella Stuart who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, even had her portrait painted! Some of these dolls were very large, very elaborate and very beautiful.

Of course there were little houses and carts, and peg-tops and hoops, and battledore and shuttlecock. The latter is very old, and would more properly come under the heading of games, many of which were the same as today. Then there were wonderful kites, and humming tops and marbles.

Of the games played then as well as now we may mention Hide and Seek, Puss in the Corner, Blindman's Buff, Hunt the Slipper, Here We go round the Mulberry Bush, and of course Forfeits. Two of their games, Queen Anne and My Daughter Jane are not played now, and perhaps have been crowded out to stay by the many interests with which a modern child's life is so filled. Outdoor games included tennis, ball and cricket.

And how did children dress in those old days? Ah me! Not very comfortably, if the truth is to be told. For long centuries the babies of Old England were tightly swathed in bands of cloth until they resembled little bright-eyed mummies more than anything else. We know this by the pictures that have come down as well as from descriptions. Some of the books on early costumes give pictures of these swaddled babies that look like animated cocoons. Sometimes the end of the swaddling band was brought up over the head in the form of an Eskimo hood. One old picture shows the baby Prince Edmund, son of King Henry III, lying in his little bed all wound up in these swaddling bands.

But these went out of fashion when people began to see how much better it was for babies to have freedom to toss their little limbs and grow strong and robust from exercise. Then came lovely embroidered garments, some examples of which are preserved in our museums. Among these are the baby clothes of Charles II — dainty and exquisitely embroidered and with lace mittens for the rosy hands.

When the time came for dresses, the children, especially little girls, wore clothing cut in much the same fashion as their elders. The old pictures, not alone in England but by the masters of Spain, Holland and other lands, show even very little children with long skirts, stiff and forbidding in appearance, and with elaborate sleeves and even ruffs about the neck.

Since that day we have been slowly developing a better fashion, due in large part to the simple child costumes designed by Kate Greenaway, the great illustrator of children's books in nineteenth century England, until now the old hampering modes are quite forgotten and will probably never be revived. But the odd little nursery rhymes are still with us, merrily singing and laughing their way into the future. EMILY MCK.

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LIGHT THAT TAKES ITS OWN PICTURE



NE of the commonest things we see and make use of is light, but it is far more wonderful than it seems. The study of light has revealed some of nature's strangest secrets, and has made very radical changes in the attitude of science toward the objects and forces which it studies. The discoveries made during the last twenty-five years have given the work of modern scientists the fascination which surrounds the stories of the ancient alchemists. One of these — the invention of the spectroscope — an instrument which reveals by means of light-rays the substances any material body is composed of — marked one of the biggest steps in the advancement of scientific knowledge. It placed in the hands of students, accurate knowledge which formerly had been only guessed at, or believed unattainable.

Sunlight, as it streams through space, might be compared to a volley of tiny bullets. On striking an object, it is assumed they rebound because of the force they have been traveling with, as a tennis ball rebounds when it strikes a hard wall. But these minute balls of light, after bombarding any object, are affected by the substances or material of which that object is composed.

As everybody knows, a ray of light is composed of seven colors, which together make white light. Now, when these separate rays return, or are reflected from the body they struck, they have various lines and markings on them, caused by the substances which reflect them. Ordinarily we cannot see the separate beams of light, except through a prism, which separates them and spreads them apart. This occurs in the spectroscope. After the ray of white light has been separated, on being photographed, each of the seven colors bears different lines and markings, caused, as said, by the nature of the material which the light passed through on its way into the spectroscope.

All the gases and metals we know of have their special spectrum, or system of markings, and no matter where found, they give the same result. They are the autographs as it were of iron, hydrogen, oxygen, silver, gold, carbon, or what not. The spectroscope has shown us the light-autograph of hydrogen in the earth; so, when light from the sun shows the same markings in the spectroscope, we are made aware that hydrogen exists in the sun. Indeed, all the elements we know on the earth, and a number of others not yet discovered here, have been revealed in the sun through the spectroscope.

We generally think of light as something bright and shining, which we can see, and which dispels darkness. But there are certain rays of light which are dark, and cannot be seen, though they cause other substances to glow in the dark as if phosphorescent. One kind of these rays has been called X-rays, and was discovered by Professor Röntgen in 1895. He found that it is hard for an electric current to pass through ordinary air, so he prepared a tube from which most of the air had been removed. In each end he sealed a platinum wire, called an electrode, meaning a road, or path, for electricity.

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Through this partial vacuum the electric current travels easily from one electrode to the other, making a brilliant glow in the tube. When still more air is removed, the glow disappears, and a bluish light appears where the electricity leaves the tube — the cathode or negative electrode. These blue rays are collected on a curved disk of glass or platinum, and on striking this curved cathode, give off another set of rays, now termed X-rays, because their discoverer did not know exactly what they were.

These X-rays, invisible themselves, cause other things to shine. They are used in photography on ordinary sensitized plates; and because they can pass through all ordinary substances they are used in photographing the human body, to show fractures of bones, the presence of bullets, needles, or other foreign objects imbedded in the flesh.

Probably the most remarkable rays of all are those from radium, discovered in 1896 by Professor Becquerel, and further studied and made known by the famous scientists, Professor and Madame Curie. Professor Becquerel had made experiments with various phosphorescent substances, to see which of them emitted rays similar to X-rays. Now, these phosphorescent substances had first been placed in the sun, and having stored up sunlight, shone with this acquired light when left in the dark.

After experimenting with different metals, Professor Becquerel one day placed a piece of uranium on a photographic plate, enveloped in black paper, and left it in the dark. In twenty-four hours, this piece of uranium, which had not been previously exposed to sunlight, *emitted from itself*, rays which penetrated the black paper, and printed the picture of the uranium on the sensitized plate. Radium was discovered.

Professor and Madame Curie now entered this new field of investigation, and found that radium is a very rare element, which though widely distributed through the earth, occurs in such minute quantities that it has never been completely separated. No one has yet procured *pure* radium. It is so powerful that it can always be detected by the delicate instruments used in chemistry.

Radium rays do many strange things. They cause diamonds and rubies to blaze in the dark. A tube of radium held to the forehead enables one to see through his closed eyes. Strangest of all, the rays emitted by radium, cause the radium itself 'to shine vividly.' In fact, if a tube of radium be placed on a photographic plate, its radiations will take their own picture.

Curious chemical and physiological effects are caused by radio-activity. It turns glass violet; discolors paper; turns oxygen into ozone; and yellow phosphorus into red phosphorus. Radium causes painful inflammation if carried near the body. Professor Becquerel himself suffered this experience, and at times he could not enter his own laboratory, because radium rays had settled all over him so powerfully, and could not be removed by washing.

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Three different kinds of rays are emitted by radium, and its sister-substances, of which some are so powerful that they cannot be deflected by the strongest magnet known; they pass through a foot of solid iron, and the greatest heat or cold makes no impression. Radium emits various emanations and gases, each of which in its turn has a certain amount of radio-activity. No matter how long the radium continues to give off these rays, it shows no decrease in activity, and an almost imperceptible decrease in mass.

Of the substances derived from radium, the new gas helium is the most important now. It was discovered in the sun by means of our friend the spectroscope, but was not found in the earth till after the opening of the European war. The world's largest deposits are in Kansas, Wyoming, Montana, with smaller supplies in Italy, France, and Russia. Helium is used in balloons because it will not burn, thus preventing explosions of gas-bags.

A theory generally accepted today is that the sun is largely composed of radium. This would account for the enormous, never-failing activity of the sun, which continually evolves light, heat, electricity, and all these strange and wonderful elements out of itself. Of special significance, is the fact that the human body is radio-active — very slightly in the digestive organs, more so in the heart, but most of all — and markedly so in the case of persons of high intelligence — in the brain, the seat of the mind. K. C. H.

A TRIBUTE TO GEORGE WASHINGTON FROM PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

(From his address commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the death of the 'Father of His Country.')

"WHILE strong in his own generation, he is stronger even in the judgment of the generations which have followed. After a lapse of a century he is better appreciated, more perfectly understood, more thoroughly loved and venerated than when he lived. He remains an ever-increasing influence for good in every part and sphere of action of the republic. He is recognised as not only the most far-sighted statesman of his generation, but as having had almost prophetic vision. He built not alone for his own time, but for the great future, and pointed the rightful solution of many of the problems which were to arise in years to come.

"The nation needs at this moment the help of his wise example. In dealing with our vast responsibilities we turn to him. We invoke the counsel of his life and character and courage. We summon his precepts, that we may keep his pledges to maintain justice and law, education and morality, and civil and religious liberty in every part of our country, the new as well as the old."

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INSPIRATION POINT

BREADTH and repose summarize one's impressions as he takes in the vast expanse of the San Jacinto Valley from Inspiration Point at Soboba Hot Springs. At the western end of the valley one sees an unbroken Mississippi of cotton wood trees—their soft yellowish green offering a gentle contrast to the bare rugged mountains that hem the valley in on all sides.

At the eastern end of the valley there are only scattered clumps of trees, and the white sands of the San Jacinto river-bed wind in and out among them like a broad ribbon of silver zigzagging through the center of the valley. After the ribbon loses itself at the western end, it appears again surrounding little isles of green — a giant lily pond, of white sand.

In the early morning, the hoary mountains surrounding the valley are girt with a thin mist that sharply cleaves them like the rings of Saturn. But in a few hours the sun has warmed the whole valley and banished the night vapors with its radiance; the mountains now stand out proud and immovable against the clear blue of the cloudless sky.

Behind rises the bare steep peak from which flow the wonderful waters of Soboba, the "Haughty Lady." Rumor has it that she was originally called "Soberbia" by the Spaniards, and that the Indians, better huntsmen than philologists, corrupted it to "Soboba." . . .

The only sounds are the beautiful flute tones of the meadow-larks, interspersed with the shrill piccolo notes of less tuneful songsters, and now and then the neighing of horses and the far-off lowing of cattle.

In the distance a single column of smoke rises slowly to the top of the mountains, an incense-offering to the Great Spirit:

"And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations." H.



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NIGHT-SKIES IN LOMALAND



INTER is here bringing with it night skies full of interest and beauty. These are the nights when Perseus, Andromeda, the Wagoner, the Charioteer, the Bull, the Great Dog, the Little Dog, Orion and the Twins come trooping across the sky, filling the whole night with splendor and making star-gazing a fascinating and profitable amusement.

Astronomy is one of the oldest of the sciences, and all of these constellations, together with the stars that compose them, have a history in the fables, mythology, religions and architecture of all ages. We have only to turn to Persian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek history to discover how living and real individual stars and their constellations have ever been to mankind.

Before referring to those constellations clearly visible overhead or climbing the eastern sky in Lomaland in winter time, let us stop for a word or two about a few of those which at this time are sloping westward or perhaps nearing the horizon. From the elevation of the College grounds one is able to view the constellations rising over the mountains and setting out over the Pacific, where wonderful scenic effects are to be found night after night, when the planets and brightest stars swing down to the west, each with its path of trailing silver thrown on the endless dark blue waters.

Two of the interesting constellations which will be found low in the western sky in the early evening are the Swan and the Lyre.

The Swan, whose Latin name is *Cygnus*, is known as a Swan in French, Italian, Spanish, and German, the Greeks having referred to it in their day as the Bird. To the Arabians and the Egyptian priests of 300 B. C. this constellation was known as the Hen, and with the Romans it was associated with the legends of the Argonauts; they also at one time referred to it as Orpheus, who had been translated to the heavens after death and still found a place near his magic lyre.

The principal stars of this constellation form a large cross which is very easy to distinguish although lying in a dense portion of the Milky Way. As a help to finding it one may look for a very bright star — one of the brightest in the heavens — Vega, in the Lyre, a little to the west of it. Another help to finding the constellation is the fact that a line drawn practically due southwest from the Pole Star at this time of the year will pass through the western arm of the cross and the foot, that is to say the western wing of the swan and its head. This region of Cygnus, where the Swan is in full flight down the Milky Way, is known as the 'red region of Cygnus' because so many deeply colored stars are found in this portion of the sky.

The principal stars of this constellation, numbered after the Greek letters, *alpha*, *beta*, *gamma*, etc., are as follows: Deneb, from the Arabic *al-Dhanab*, the hen's Tail, this star being the summit of the Cross; Albireo, which name seems to be an Arabic corruption of the Latin *ab ireo* which occurs

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in a description of the star in an old table. This star is one of the show objects of the sky, a double star of particularly beautiful color, described as topaz yellow and sapphire blue, which two stars with their distinct colors can be seen through a good field glass. This star is the head of the Swan. Sadr, meaning the hen's Breast, is the central star of the cross and is in the midst of streams of small stars. The last star with a name in this constellation is Gienah from the Arabic *al-Janah*, meaning the Wing. Between Deneb, Sadr and Gienah is what is known as the "Northern Coal-Sack" — an almost vacant space in the Milky Way. Another such vacancy still more noticeable and celebrated is located in the Southern Cross.

Just to the west of Cygnus is another fine constellation, chiefly famous for its *lucida* or brightest star. This constellation is the Lyre. This star-group again has the same title with the Germans, the Italians and the French, the Greeks having named it *Kithara*, the first stringed instrument known to their bards. In Bohemia it is the Fiddle of the sky. The Teutons, we are told, called it the Harp. In ancient India it was associated for millenniums with the idea of an eagle or vulture. An alternate name of the constellation with the Greeks was Little Tortoise, or Tortoise Shell, going back to the origin of Orpheus' harp, which mythology tells us was an empty shell that lay on the sea shore with the dry tendons attached. Wega, or Vega, the lucida of this constellation, and its great glory, which has been called the "Arc-light of the Sky," is a pale sapphire star which gets its name from the Arabic *Waki*, which seems to mean 'swooping,' one of the Arabian names of the constellation being the Swooping Stone-Eagle of the Desert. This star is described as enormously larger and hotter than our sun and is said to have been the first star subjected to the camera, being photographed by the daguerreotype process at Harvard Observatory in the year 1850. One authority tells us that in Egypt it was known as the Vulture-Star when it marked the pole — about 14000, B. C.; and another authority has computed that it will be the Pole Star of 11,500 years hence, and is by far the brightest of all the circle of successive pole stars. Some idea of its distance is given us when it is stated that if the distance from the earth to the sun be regarded as one foot, then that from Vega would be 158 miles!

Vega was important with the Romans, as its morning setting marked the beginning of their autumn. It is related that Cicero, being asked as to the time of the rising of this star, named the time and added "if the edict allows it"— which remark had a contemptuous reference to Caesar's reformation of the calendar, which seems to have found disfavor with the celebrated orator as with many others, principally because it was an innovation. M. A. M.

(*To be continued*)

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HOW TO BE HAPPY, AND OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST

PHILOSOPHICAL OBSERVATIONS BY TWO LOMALAND DOG COMRADES, HUGH AND DINKS

LIFE IN LOMALAND, BY HUGH



I AM but a young rough-haired, khaki-colored, Airedale terrier with two brown eyes and a stumpy tail; but perhaps some of my observations may be of interest.

I am not allowed to pick up scraps between meals, and though I feel it very hard at times, I know it is good for my health and that it keeps me lively and good-tempered like the children at the Râja-Yoga School here. I am often tempted to lick up the sweet syrup that drips from eucalyptus flowers; but my master always calls me off — or if I am wearing a collar he gives it a tug and I leave the scene of temptation. These desires do not bother a fellow if only he will turn his mind to something else and forget them. But it is a real help to have someone to whistle you back, or pull at your leather strap when tempted to do wrong. I have heard that human beings have something *inside* which pulls them back when they want to do wrong. How very good they ought to be!

There is one dog here who shouts out rude remarks as I pass by. The best thing for me to do is just to shut my mouth, stiffen my back and look straight ahead. If I keep on saying nothing, perhaps some day he will stop. I have no enemies because I never answer back. Sometimes, however, it is great fun to bark out loud and hear a distant friend bark back at me. Then I reply and he responds, and so it goes on. I think I could keep up these nice conversations all the afternoon; that is what I call "the joys of social intercourse." Then again at night, when I happen to wake up, I often sound out a ringing challenge to bad dogs and men wherever

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they may be, and after I have made my protest I curl up and go to sleep again. It is pleasant to feel that one has done one's duty. (I hope the neighbors have no objection.)

In the spring whenever I passed a certain corner, a mocking-bird used to fly out at me. He seemed to be quite displeased with me about something and would flutter over my back and take a vicious peck at the stump of my tail. What is a dog to do in such a case? Of course I might have made a mouthful of him; but that would hardly be the right thing. I decided to trot quietly by and take no notice; but it is certainly very hard on a



A FROSTY MORNING

"I'm ready for a run, aren't you?"

young dog to be pecked at for nothing. My master tells me that he is a parent bird with young ones close at hand and that he wished to protect them from me: "Very well, then — let him protect them," I say "but wait till they are attacked, and leave the innocent passers-by alone."

Although I always avoid a puddle in the road, yet there are times when it is great fun to get sopping wet all over, don't you think? I astonished my master one day by rolling in an irrigating ditch and getting up all plastered over with brown mud. Then I remember one night when it was raining cats and — people like me. I knew I should be wet through before I reached home so I decided not to mind. I barked and ran circles all round my master and splashed through every puddle I came across and when we got home he dried me with an old towel. I like to be dried as it always gives one a chance for a romp and a tug of war. It also promotes health.

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I cannot do tricks like some of these circus dogs; but after all if my master needs cheering up it does not help him to see me stand on my head or pretend to be dead; he would rather see me right-side-up and very much alive. So I just lay my head very gently on his knees, and make my brown eyes into "little lamps of love," and softly wiggle the stump of my tail. He thinks that is fine and calls me a "very good dog."

I once heard someone say that no animal could look well if he had a bob-tail like mine. But I think he was mistaken: just look at Landseer's deer! They look very noble, although their tails are only stumps. When I stretch my neck and put my ears at half-cock and gaze at the distant horizon I think I look pretty well. You have only to examine my photograph. "Handsome is as handsome does"; looks aren't everything after all.

We dogs are handicapped by our paws. If only we had those clever, long toes that grow on the front paws of human beings, we could sweep out a room or even wash dishes; but with our clumsy paws we cannot even pick up a ball. The only way in which I can handle anything is to take it in my mouth (no, I am not an *Irish* terrier). If I am thirsty I can run to the nearest hydrant; but I cannot get a drink unless someone turns the valve. The only way I have to help things along is to keep quiet and not bother the workers by asking them to throw my ball when they are busy.

It pays me very well to carry a ball in my mouth as I go along. I have many kind friends and I can always get them to throw for me if they have the time. It is wonderful what you can do with a pleasant smile and a persuasive growl, especially if you turn and twist about at the same time. If with all this you can manage to put a look of wistful entreaty into your eyes, they simply cannot resist the appeal. I sometimes think they like a little fun just as we dogs do.

As I was passing the Academy one day, I heard a green parrot remark in a high cheerful voice: *Life is joy*. I had never thought of that before; but it is true — that is, if you are a good dog and behave properly. See how many nice things there are on every hand! First, there are other dogs barking and frisking about. It is pleasant to exchange a few hearty barks and to tug at one's strap to make their nearer acquaintance. Then there are the quail rustling about in the dead leaves and clucking to their young ones. Sometimes the parents pretend to be crippled when I come near to attract me away from their brood but I seldom run after them. What's the use? Then there are the human beings so clever and kind. They can throw balls for you, or brush you, or make up a nice dinner of carrots and meat and so on. They can let you out when you are shut up, and give you a drink when you are thirsty. Also, how pleasant it is to wake up in the morning and yawn and stretch, and sniff the morning air and look at the sun. But life is not joy if you are a bad dog and bark too much, or run away, or

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if you fight with other dogs. Such conduct only gets you into trouble. But Life is Joy if you take hold of it in the right way. I am glad the parrot called my attention to it.

There is something very queer about the roads at this place, especially those that slope. You are carrying your ball when you see a lizard, or perhaps you smell a new mouse hole in the bank. Of course you put down the ball to investigate, and when you have finished you find that the ball has run ever so far away of its own accord. The steeper the slope, the faster the ball runs. There is a mystery here for me to think over. My master says that it is because of "gravy-attention" or some such thing. I attend to gravy when I can get it; but I don't see what that has to do with the ball running away.

It is great fun to go dashing along through the tall grass and jumping up like a kangaroo from time to time to see where you are going. After such a run I come back smelling quite fragrant and spicy all over. You see we have many sweet-scented herbs here and the perfume gets all over one's hair. I come home smelling like a sachet or a druggist's shop.

Oh yes, I almost forgot. Râja-Yoga means the royal union of common sense, strength, and the wish to be helpful. A dog might be strong and helpful, yet if he had not sense enough to come in when it rained what good would he be to anybody? Or he might be a helpful and sensible dog; but if he was weak and sick all the time he would be fit for nothing. Or again, a dog might be sensible and strong, and yet have no wish to be helpful, and just sing songs to the moon and keep the neighbors awake, or chase chickens. Oh yes we need a mixture of all three — then you are a good dog all over and through and through, and people think a lot of you and life goes smoothly and well. That is all I have to say. HUGH, aged three

SERVING ON THE STAFF, BY DINKS



AM of the Lomaland Medical Staff! It's a great staff, it does great work and it has a great home. Yes, sir, a great home: I live in it and I know. And let me tell you, there's *something* about a home like mine, where Master is busy all the time making life easier and better for everybody who comes to him.

I've seen dogs that came from more stylish homes than mine. They come up to our grounds with fine ladies in big touring cars that they tell me come all the way from Boston, New York and Palm Beach. Some of them are all "dolled up" with ribbons, and fancy collars, and such things; and they're sleek and well-fed. But they don't know anything about real life. Why, shiver my whiskers! I believe all they live for is their soft cushion

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and the next meal! Now that's not our way here. There's my chum Thirteen. He's a member of the Domestic Economy Department, and I guess he has a hand in the Isis Conservatory of Music too — at any rate his master conducts the chorus and is the director of that department. And by the way — I'm not much on music, but, bow-wow! I do like the noise that chorus makes — it just makes me feel good all over.

Well, as I was saying, there's my friend Thirteen. He knows he's not just merely a plain dog. He's a member of a department and the department is part of some big concern that is doing good to every man and woman. — Yes, and every four-legged creature in the world. And I'm a member of a department too and my life is a busy one. Yes, the life of a Department Dog has many and varied interests. I am up early and out with my mistress before breakfast. Then after breakfast I keep an eye and help out with the housework and pass the time of day with my friend the Medical Department Parrot, Poll. Poll has a lot of valuable information; she picks it up over the 'phone; and when anything new comes up she passes it on to me. I'd give my tail to be as ready with my tongue as she is.

I'm not in the office during office hours, but just the same, I am on call in case my master needs me; you never can tell when a member of the Department may be needed. The afternoon is my off time. I take a siesta, nose around the house or sit by the window and admire the view and do a little figuring. We have a great view in our house. There's a big wide window that looks right off over the sea. I never could make out what that sea is like. And I've been down to the beach and raced along the sand and got wet in a lot of water that doesn't keep still but runs after you every once in so often, so that you never know where you're at. But the sea doesn't do that. It just looks blue or green and keeps still and glistens like cats' eyes. Say, I've no use for cats !—have you? Think they're the worst yet. They're not so bad when you know how to handle them, but —

Well, as I said, in my spare time I do a little figuring. I like to figure how some of my kind get on who don't belong to a department, who haven't got a kind master, and who haven't got a nice home like mine. I think every dog should become a member of a department. And I figured the other day that every dog could if he wanted to. Because why? Because all the departments here in Lomaland where I live belong to one great big department. Poll tells me it's called Universal Brotherhood and it means that we're all chums. And Poll's everlastingly saying "Life is Joy!" "Life is Joy!" And that's because all of us here *are* chums. Why shouldn't every dog belong to that department? Sounds dog sense to me!

But here comes my Master! So-long! My motto is "Service," and I'm

Yours to command, DINKS.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER



Y very earliest recollection is the day I arrived at the Aryan Theosophical Press, and found myself lying on the office desk. January was near; *The Theosophical Path* had just been printed, and the manager sat in his chair looking over his papers with an air of comfort and satisfaction, when suddenly he spied me, and realized that I, the January RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER by name, must be 'gotten out' in a hurry. So he began bustling about; telephoned the Photo and Engraving Department to have some 'cuts' made to illustrate me, and soon had me ready for the printers.

First I went to a machine called the 'monotype' keyboard. This machine punched holes in a long ribbon, and so transformed me into what looked like a record for a player-piano. Each hole represented a letter or figure that was to appear on my future pages. Next I was sent to the 'caster,' which set me up in type — made of a mixture of tin, lead and antimony.

Now before I could go to the presses, I had to be securely bound together, so that I wouldn't come apart and break the press machinery. A kind man made a 'hand-pull' of me, and went into the proofreading room to have me read for errors. After several strange operations (such as being 'pyed' several times) eight pages of me were put into a 'form' and locked up with 'furniture.' A 'form' is used for holding type together; it is usually a square metal frame with cross-pieces made of strong steel in the center. 'Furniture' is used for filling up the space not occupied by the type.

Soon I was ready for the press. I was taken down-stairs to the press-room, where I was carefully looked over, put on the press, and a 'press-pull' taken of me. Once again I was hurried up to the office to be re-read, corrected, and checked up. This program continued until I was free from errors, when I was finally 'OK-ed' and printed — or 'run off,' as the printers said. Next I was taken over to a machine and given the rather uncomfortable experience of being folded over three times in about one second.

Now I was taken upstairs again on the elevator with a lot of other comrades, and transferred to the binding-room, where some ladies carefully pinned my pages together with 'staples,' and dressed me up in my attractive new covers. After several days' work I was complete from one end to the other. The people thought I looked fine — and certainly I did feel proud.

From the bindery I was carried to the mailing-room, where there was an elderly gentleman who packed me away with other fellow-MESSENGERS. The next minute I was in an auto and being taken to the post-office, where I was sent through the mails to you — and here I am.

When my present duty is done, and you and your friends have seen me, I hope you will stand me on a bookshelf with some of the rest of my family, where we can talk of our travels and of the old days at the Aryan Theosophical Press in Lomaland. (Taken down by R. S.)

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JAMIE'S JOURNEY



H, that poor little cripple!" said one old lady to another as they passed down the street. "He looks so sad; he's lost his little dog, that he's so fond of. It's a pity."

"Of course, it's too bad," said the other, "but then you know, it's not really his; they found it for him only a week ago, somewhere in the streets; he'd have to give it up. . . ." The two old ladies went on chatting down the street, and the lame boy at the window lost the rest of what they said.

"*I* give up my pet?" thought he as the last words died away. "I'm lame; I can't play like other boys. I should have that little doggie more than one else in the whole world. . . . *Somebody* will have to find him for me." Two big tears rolled down to his chin, and two more came tumbling after.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed a tiny voice from somewhere.

Jamie (for so they all called him) brushed the tears quickly from his eyes and turned around. He began to frown, for there was no one in the room.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Who's laughing at me?" he asked, his forehead puckering into a hundred wrinkles.

"Ha! Ha! How funny you look today. Why, your forehead is more wrinkled than the pond over there, when Mr. West Wind let us play tag on it."

Jamie rubbed his eyes and stared at the window. The voice was coming straight from there, no doubt of that, but —

"Please, sir, am I speaking to someone?" and he tried to speak as politely as possible, as his mother had taught him to do when addressing a stranger.

"Most certainly you are," came a tiny voice with a slightly offended tone. "I am called Featherweight, and I am the smallest, but not least important, breeze that travels with Mr. West Wind. And I know who you are, too. You are Jamie, and you have lost your little black dog."

"Why how in the world did you know that?" Jamie asked in amazement.

"I know more wonderful things than that; and I know many other boys who have lost their dogs too, and didn't cry about it either."

"Well, but they were different, they could walk." And two more tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"Oh! oh! let me blow away those tears, whooit!" said Featherweight.

— Jamie felt the smallest speck of breeze tickle his nose, and ruffle up a lock of his hair. It was such an insignificant bit of air, and it had been talking in such a grand and important way that Jamie burst out laughing.

"But really," he said at length, "can't someone find me my dog?"

"Well, what do you say to us going together to try and find him?"

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"Oh!" said Jamie, "that would be lovely. But —" His face fell suddenly. "I — can't — go. I can't — walk. Perhaps someone else. . . ."

"Whooo," blew the little breeze. "Whooo, whooo, whooooo. . . ."

Jamie was sailing straight out of the open window, and away over the housetops, and all the while Featherweight was chattering so fast that it was impossible to get in a single word. There was nothing for it but to sail away. He glanced back at the window he had left; it was already a shining speck like all the others along the street. It seemed to Jamie as though all the houses were running away as fast as they could; and the train in the station looked like a snail that had somehow learned to run also, and was dragging its house after it even in this great panic.

Jamie felt like the Little Lame Prince he loved to read about.

"Only," he thought, "I don't believe the prince ever went along at such a speed as this."

"Really, Mr. Featherweight, don't you ever get out of breath, racing along so fast?"

"Nonsense, child. Out of breath? — I'd be out of myself. I'd be nothing at all. Don't think of it. Don't think of it. But if you like, here is a cloud we can rest on for a minute. Hello! Brother Snowy Fleece, are you going south? Well, give us a lift, won't you?"

Jamie found himself, before he knew what was happening, sitting on something soft and downy — softer than his softest pillow at home. It was even pleasanter sailing than before. But it seemed no more than a minute before Featherweight said:

"Well, here we are at last. Good-bye, Snowy Fleece. We'll meet again another day."

They came slowly down to earth, and Jamie found himself before a little grey house, with a pretty garden around it.

"Come this way, this way," whispered Featherweight. He whistled around the corner, Jamie following.

"Peep in at the window, Jamie, just one little peep."

The child stole softly around and looked in at the window. A girl was sitting inside making bright paper flowers, with nimble fingers. By her side on the table was a little black dog. He was smelling her flowers, and looking up at her with funny little blinks. Jamie even thought he was smiling, yet he had never heard that dogs could smile. He wanted to go in and take his treasure again, and never, never let him go. But there was something strange about it all. The creature did not seem to belong to him any longer. Here was undoubtedly his true mistress. He *knew*, somehow, that they belonged to each other.

Suddenly the girl dropped her work and looked quickly up. Jamie saw

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that her eyes were closed. She put her hand out on the table with her eyes still shut.

"Dear little Mite," she said, "why did you leave me for a whole long week? I had no one to tell me what was going on outside, because you left me. But you won't leave me again, will you?" and she caught him up and patted him all over. And he licked her face and wagged his tail as fast as he could.

"Come away, come away now," whistled the breeze.— They flew swiftly along till they reached Jamie's home. The window was still open, and Jamie climbed in. "But Featherweight," said Jamie, "was the girl really blind? I thought only people in stories ever were blind. . . ."

But Featherweight was gone. H. S.

STRAY BEAMS

THERE is only one way to be happy and that is to make someone else so.

"AN obstinate man does not hold opinions. They hold him."

"THE world needs more men with backbone — men who love truth and dare to speak it."

"GIVE us not men like weathercocks that change with every wind, but, men like mountains, who change the wind themselves."

MOST of the trouble is produced by those who can't produce anything else.

'TWIXT optimist and pessimist the difference is droll:
The optimist sees the doughnut, the pessimist the hole.

"THOSE who bring sunshine into the lives of others, cannot keep it from themselves."— J. M. Barrie

A MAN has not done his duty until he has done his best.

"WE have been given one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear twice as much as we speak."— Epictetus

NOTABLE WORDS OF WASHINGTON

"LABOR to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called CONSCIENCE."

"Of all dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports."

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RECONCILIATION

F. BARDSLEY

"I VOW" cried Fairy Golden Pea
Incensed beyond belief,
"This folk will be the death of me
From very rage and grief:
They always build their horrid cots
Right on our sacred groves
Spoiling the merry dancing spots
That every Fairy loves.

"Why, only here two nights agone
We danced beneath the moon,
The Fairy Piper played upon
His Fuchsia bassoon,
The dewy Cobwebs shook and shone,
The darling Buds took part —
Now here's a heap of horrid stone
And I've a broken heart."

"Hush, Golden Pea" Queen Mab enjoined,
"Cease this unfairy rage;
These humans ever have purloined
The Fairies' heritage.
Their homes they raise above our spots
And then, surely you know,
In good time come the little tots
Into whose hearts we go.

"We revel there instead of here,
We push the laughter out
Till mother calls, 'Why, baby dear,
What's all this mirth about?'
So, Golden Pea, it all comes right
If Grown-ups, growing wise
Choose for their home a Fairy Site
And look in Babies' eyes."

—From *The Vauclusian*

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A JOURNEY TO THE SKY

LITTLE Maisie lay on the soft brown needles under the pine-tree, looking up into the sky. The deep blue could just be seen through the thin clouds that stretched over it like the shreds of a torn scarf.

"It looks as if the old woman who sweeps the sky was in a hurry today," thought Maisie; "she just smudged the clouds over, instead of sweeping them away."

"Tut, tut," said a shrill little voice at her side; "I suppose you think you know more about other people's business than they do themselves."

Maisie sat up with a start.

"Well," she gasped; for who should it be but the same little old woman she had spoken of a moment ago, with black peaked hat, spotted panier, and green kirtle — exactly as she should be — seated on a big broom with a basket hanging before her. Maisie pinched herself to see if she really were awake: "Well," she gasped again.

"How many wells make a river?" snapped the Little Old Lady — but there was a twinkle in her eye.

"I couldn't believe it was really you," explained Maisie; and she was thinking: "Now they'll tease me for —

"I guess you'll believe it soon enough: hop right into my basket now, and come and show me just how I ought to do my work."

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Maisie got in rather sheepishly, but forgot her shame as soon as the broom, in obedience to the magic words of the Old Lady, began sailing up into the air — the broom-head pointing prowwards. This *was* an adventure! It took some time for Maisie to find her tongue again; the feel of the wind in her hair was so pleasant — something like going up high in a swing and never coming down again, only rising up, up, up, away into the clouds. On seeing what filmy, frothy, fly-away things clouds were, Maisie began to wonder how they could possibly be swept up. The Old Lady at once explained; for, belonging to the fairy folk, she could hear the thoughts of children as clearly as if they were spoken aloud.

"Lay your hand on the broom-head," she said, "and point it wherever you wish it to go; it will obey you if you say these words as I say them." Then she chanted in her quaint cracked voice:

Pile clouds, pile,
Smile sky, smile,
Make another blue day,
For the world would be gay.

Maisie repeated the lines, and the broom went wherever she pointed it, pushing the clouds before it and leaving bright blue skies behind. Back and forth through the air they went, the Little Old Lady chuckling to herself from time to time, and Maisie enjoying the task as she would never have dreamed she could.

Soon the whole sky was clear but for one stubborn little cloud that persisted in dodging the broom and slipping back to its old place; one side was neatly rounded, but the other edge was roughly torn away: Maisie was almost sure she could see a mischievous face looking out of it. At last in despair she asked help of the Old Lady, who only chuckled again and said:

"I guess we'll let that one be. Now come and sweep the cloud-heap behind the sky-doors, then our work will be done."

"What happens to them in there?" asked the child, wishing to know all that there was to know about this new undertaking.

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"There they are pressed into rain-clouds," answered the Old Lady, "and when the earth needs rain I let them out again into the sky. But I always take some of the lightest and whitest home with me for our pillows; so pick out a bit now and put it in the basket.'

When Maisie had swept the clouds behind the doors, the Old Lady pointed the broom downwards and muttered some fairy words, and down they went towards the earth.

How strange everything looked from that height! Maisie had not thought of looking down before — it had all been so new and so interesting, and she had been so happy! And now it would end, and they were going so *very* fast!

"Oh dear!" she sighed, "I don't want to go home yet; it's been so lovely!"

"Aha!" laughed the Little Old Lady, "so you liked it, did you? When work's done, it's done, though, so you'll have to go home now. Some day you'll be coming up again if you're good; you never can tell. Now, whisht! Fare thee well!"

. . . . .

Maisie was on the pine-needles again, looking up with sleepy eyes into a sky now clear and blue. Only one bit of white was there — neatly rounded on one side, but on the other roughly torn away. — It was the moon, and the Man in the Moon was looking down at her with a mischievous laugh.

"It *really was true*, then," said Maisie.

TRAVELING

I'd travel many, many miles
To see a little girl that smiles;
But if I found she cried all day,
I'd travel miles the other way.— ARTHUR MACY

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Painting by Arthur J. Elsley

THE JOY OF GIVING

IT was Christmas Day! and though the ground was not covered with snow, and Jack Frost had not left his foot-prints on the windows, it was such a wonderful morning, blue, crisp and clear, that all the little children felt Christmas had come and they woke up long before it was time to get up. But not Dorothy. She slept as usual until her mother came and called

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her. When she woke up, the first thing she saw was the pile of presents around her, and she was so anxious to see what she had got for Christmas that she even forgot to say "Merry Christmas" to her mother. Several of her presents were from her little friends: things they had made themselves, or had bought for her, but it had never occurred to her to make anything for them.

All during the day she noticed how happy the children were. It wasn't because they had received so many presents. She knew she had more than any of the others; but though she was happy she felt she missed something — she didn't quite know what. And in the evening, while several of them were at a Christmas party, she heard them all thanking each other for their pretty gifts, and she noticed that she seemed to be out in the cold.

That night when she went to bed she lay awake a long time wondering what she could do, because she felt that she had been selfish. Then she thought of a nice plan for New Years'. She didn't tell a single person, not even her mother; but during the week, her mother noticed how busy she was all the time, how happy she was, and how kindly she spoke to everyone.

When New Year's morning came, Dorothy woke up very early, and she was so excited she couldn't stay in bed. So when her mother came to call her she found her up and all dressed with her coat and hat on, and with a basket full of little packages; and Dorothy greeted her mother this time with a kiss, and told her that she had presents for all her little friends. She had made some of them herself, and she was giving some of her own Christmas presents to those who were poorer than herself. She stole quietly out of the house with Rover and she went around to all their homes before they were up and left the gifts at their bedsides.

That evening at the New Year's party, she was so happy that every one who was with her seemed happy too. She realized then how much happier people are when they have given, than when they have only received. After that, Dorothy never let a Christmas slip by without remembering that to give is to be happy. F. H. E.

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A CHAT WITH MR. CRICKET

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH



"HO, Mr. Cricket,
Hid in a thicket,
Why do you hide through the day?
Then in the gloaming
Do all your roaming
And on your violin play?"



Then from the thicket
I heard Mr. Cricket
Tune up his fiddle and say,
"My music entrancing
I play for the dancing
Of fairies and pixies gay!"

When Mr. Cricket
Hid in the thicket
Fiddles the evening away,
You may guess rightly
The fairies are lightly
Dancing in merry array!—Selected



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first picture. Some have no arms, some no legs, some not even heads, hair, and all need new elastic to keep them together.

When they have been carefully mended and their faces washed and hair combed and curled, they are dressed completely in dresses and coats which are cut from the cutest little paper patterns in the latest style of the fashion book and I can assure you that no store in town has any prettier looking, better dressed little set of dollies than Santa finds ready for the little mothers of Lomaland to take into their care. Even the sick and limp teddy-bears are treated to a good meal of cotton stuffing and soon grow plump and healthy once more.

You see, the reason they recover from their sicknesses so splendidly is because there are so many good fairy folk about to help the hospital force. All through the year there come fluttering in through the windows of the Dolls' Hospital bits of pretty cloth, "to make Dolly's dress," or a bit of lace, "for Dolly's petticoat." or ribbon and flowers, "for Dolly's hat," and other useful material of one kind or another which sick dolls appreciate. So you see it is the constant help that the good fairies give which makes it possible to cure the little patients and clothe them so well.



"THANK YOU, DOCTOR"

Indeed, the hospital workers feel sure that they have been able to save many a poor little dolly, whose case looked quite hopeless in the beginning, through the help of the Lomaland fairies.

LOMALAND DOLL DOCTOR

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this I know by the smiles in your eyes,— and Mother wants to see and to share those precious jewels with you."

"Indeed I will promise, Mother," Marjorie answered quickly. "It is always such fun to think fairy-tales, and now I can just live a real true fairy-tale all the time."

Esther hesitated a little. "I know it's going to be very hard for me, because I never have imaginings like Marjorie, but of course, Mother, if it will make you happy I will promise to try very hard to write something for each day."

"Thank you, little daughter. And now, how about you, Sylvia?"

"It's never hard for me to write things down, Mother, and I have plenty of thoughts; but somehow I always hate to read them over afterwards — it makes me so ashamed to think that was I."

"Then you ought to feel just as ashamed to think them, Missy. But if you always write down only what you really believe to be true you will never need to feel ashamed. Experience may change your knowledge of truth; but then you can look back on the steps by which you climbed, and though you may smile at the You that used to be, you will never have cause to feel ashamed of her."

Yvonne stroked her pretty book lovingly, "I want to wite mine too, I'se dot lots of foughts, but I can't spell ve long words, 'cepting BROTHERHOOD, and HAPPY."

"Mother will help you then. You can tell her what you want to say, and she will help you write it down.'

On New Year's day they started this new game eagerly. It was great fun to see if one could find something interesting to say each day. Esther, who found it very hard to write her thoughts, became very observant, and by keeping her eyes open wherever she went, saw many interesting things she had never noticed before. She knew where the birds nested, and when the first briar-roses burst their buds. And then she began to read books to be sure that her discoveries were true. Sylvia never found it hard to fill her page, but she learned very soon only to write down those thoughts which she was sure she would not be ashamed to read over later. Once

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she wrote down all about a quarrel she had with Marjorie over the rules of croquet; but after it was all over, how silly it seemed! — and there were those ugly, angry words staring her in the face. How ashamed she felt! She could not tear out the page because it would spoil the book, and besides Mother would notice the missing date — so she had to leave it. And for a while the book somehow had a habit of opening at that page whenever she took it up. She certainly learned her lesson from that,— and on the days when she could not write joyously of conquest of her private dragon, she learned from Esther that there was much to see if one had open eyes. So perhaps Mother guessed what was happening when she saw long pages in Sylvia's diary telling of the" bluebells that carpeted the woodland," and the "cuckoo that cries in the dell."

So Mother's Christmas gift, like the wand of the fairy-magician, changed the house into a fairy-palace where all her children were living real fairy-tales. Marjorie was a princess, and her diary the tale of a great adventure in which she was imprisoned by a dragon king, against whom her knights, Sir Fortitude, Sir Courage, Sir Selflessness and King Compassion won each day some great fight in the quest of her liberation.

Esther too was engaged in fairy chronicles, and Sylvia, and even Yvonne's dimpled fist industriously spelled out wonder-words in her little book each day. The spelling was rather funny, but Mother and the fairies could read it, and she wrote for them chiefly. So the old, old fairy-tales grew dearer and more real to these little girls, and in the long evenings when Mother's voice grew tired with reading, they would all take out their Christmas fairy-books and read from them their own true fairy-tales. M. L.



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THE END OF PIXY PAN

HOW I wish I could tell you that after making friends Pixy and Jerry lived happily ever after; but I cannot.

It was Pixy and not Jerry — as you might know — who made the trouble. Dear little Jerry would have been a good friend from the very first. He certainly used all his little arts and graces to win Pixy's friendship; yet it was not two days after they made friends, as recorded in the last chapter, before Pixy began to torment Jerry. He would not let Jerry eat when he was eating, nor let him sit on the same perch, and drove him about the cage whenever he felt in an ugly mood. When his mistress took Jerry's part and scolded Pixy — then there was trouble indeed. Pixy flew into a rage whenever Jerry was spoken to; so it was again necessary to put them into separate cages.



Then, however, they got along very well for a time. They whispered, talked and squawked together, and did many funny things which were very amusing to watch. If one began to eat his seed, the other would do the same; if one preened his feathers, the other would do so; if one began to play with his walnut shell, the other hunted for his.

But trouble began the minute their mistress would notice either one of them; for then the other became jealous. But Master Pixy was jealous even when he was getting all the attention. Naughty Pixy — while he was having his head scratched through the wires of his cage, he would dash across his perch to snap at Jerry if he heard him begging for a little petting too — and then come back for more scratching. Did you ever hear of such a selfish little creature? It was the same with a choice bit of food: Pixy would drop his piece when he saw Jerry getting his and try to get Jerry's. Jerry wanted attention, but he never showed such a selfish nature as Pixy. Their dispositions certainly were very different — Jerry was

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always a dear little friendly bird, but poor little Pixy was not.

As you may suppose, it was no use to keep the two birds, so Jerry returned to the aviary and Pixy had his cage and his window to himself. Do you believe he was happy? No; he was restless and irritable, and nothing seemed to please him except to sit in the open door of his little cage and long to fly out —but he was afraid.

One bright sunshiny morning, however, the longing got the better of his fear, and the door of the room being also open, he was out before he himself knew it — out through the door into the sunshine and away! He had forgotten his former adventure and the consequences: forgotten the cold night in the tree, forgotten that he did not know how to use his wings as the wild birds do. All he thought about was that he had been longing to fly away, and so he flew up to the top of the tallest trees he could find.



Perhaps some day we may hear that someone found a strange little hungry bird, and took him in and gave him a home. Let us hope so. Anyway, that is the end of Pixy Pan. COUSIN EDYTHA

WHEN BABY FALLS

HOW to keep baby safe from falls and bruises while learning to walk has always been a problem and mothers of older days solved it very much as mothers do today. Among the precious relics of Mary Queen of Scots is a pair of toy lines, crimson and covered with exquisite needlework from her hand. They were made for her little son when he was a baby, and were designed to be passed around his waist when he was taking his first toddling steps.

At one time it was the custom to keep on the wee head a padded cap, to save it from bruises when baby fell, but this went out of fashion probably because devices to prevent falls rather than ease them were seen to be much more sensible. In very early times in England they used a little frame of wood coming up under baby's arms, in which he could stand and walk about securely. EVA S.

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WHAT FRIGHTENED THE DOODLES FAMILY

MR. COCKY DOODLES, of Plymouth Rock Avenue, Lomaland, went out for a walk with his family one fine day. There was Mrs. Cocky Doodles, and Mrs. Doodles' two sisters, and Mr. Doodles' Aunt Jemima and her large family, his two cousins, and four or five more.

All of a sudden Mr. Doodles looked up in the sky and said "squawk" in a low tone — but all the hens heard him.

"Oh, it is nothing but one of those new-fangled birds," said Mrs. Doodles. "There is no danger; I am not going to worry. He doesn't seem to be able to distinguish a hydroplane from a hawk or a buzzard these days," she continued. "He really must get himself some spectacles, poor dear!"

"Squawk, squawk," said Mr. Doodles again. "Won't you hens heed my warning?"

"If we could believe that you saw anything but an aeroplane, brother dear, we might," said his younger sister, archly.



A NEW KIND OF BIRD!

"Well, it is something I never saw before," he said in alarm, "and it is sailing this way very fast."

"Where?" said all the hens. And they ran to where Mr. Doodles stood on top of a little pile of rock, and began to look in the direction he was looking.

"That is no bird," said Aunt Jemima, "it has no wings."

"Well, what is it, then?" asked the rooster. "It is moving this way even if it has no wings, and making noise enough about it."

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"Goodness gracious! look how big it is getting!" exclaimed Mrs. Doodles.

"My stars!" said one of the sisters, "what can it be?" — and then they all began to talk, talk, talk, all at once, and no one could tell just what the other was saying. All the time the great silver thing grew bigger and bigger, and in a minute would be right over their heads, and who knew what it might do!

"Come quick," exclaimed Mr. Doodles, taking command at last. "Run, run for your lives! To the chicken-coop! It is our only place of safety!"

"Oh dear! isn't it terrible! Run, children," said Mrs. Doodles to her chicks. "Your father was right after all. Hurry, hurry, do hurry!"

So they all scrambled as fast as ever they could and tore pell-mell into the chicken-coop, while Mr. C. Doodles stood on guard at the door.

But the great, long, silver shape sailed peacefully over the chicken-house with the frightened chickens inside, and never so much as noticed them.

Now, what do you think it was that scared the chickens? E.



PERSEVERANCE

THERE once was a dear little fellow
Who was learning to play on the 'cello.
As he practised each day,
He soon learned to play
In tones which were both rich and mellow.

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Râja-Yoga Messenger

An Illustrated Magazine

Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

Conducted by

Students of the Râja-Yoga College

Published bi-monthly, under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter, December 27, 1904, at the Post Office at Point Loma, California

Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley

Subscription (6 issues) $1.00. Foreign postage 20c. extra; Canadian 10c.

VOL. XVII, NO. 2 MARCH 1921

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Note: P. 51: correct March 17, 1896, to March 21, 1896

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVII, No. 2 MARCH 1921

"DUTY is the river that flows through life. Its tide is silvery to those who are on it, but threatening to those who approach it seldom."— *W. Q. Judge*

"IN every part and corner of our life, to lose oneself is to be gainer: to forget oneself is to be happy."— *Robert Louis Stevenson*

SPRING'S GREETING

"Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

THE wandering winds of March are here, sweeping the last late rain-clouds from the sky — hastening by with here a cloud-frown and a sprinkle of rain, there a gust and a gleam of sun; the mischievous March wind, bounding along ruddy-faced in the wake of winter, smiling with the thought of what is to come, fresh and fragrant with spring blooms that will soon mark his boisterous run-a-gate passage.

Like the school lad fresh from the play-ground, the old earth is full of color. Out in the west our California hills gleam with a richer green; the great sea, where this bounding March wind kicks up the gleaming white caps, seems flushed with a deeper blue — a heartier crisper tone than we see there on the long warm days of summer. The last rain-shower has cleared the air and there is a sparkle and diamond-glint wherever we turn.

Down in the garden where March wind has strewn 'Madame Carrière's' white petals on the damp earth, all is expectancy. Few blossoms here as yet, but all the world atip-toe with the breathless thrill of budding-time. Iris has unfurled her royal purple; Schizanthus is weaving a rainbow-glory in her corner of the garden; tall white lilies in the bud will soon come thronging down the garden terraces like hosts of white-robed seraphim.

On the hillside the rains of winter have worked their magic, and spring is abroad in a triumph of green and gold. March wind catches the breath of hosts of yellow violets and frolics among the wide-eyed shooting-stars. And down by the sea, tall yellow sea-dahlias nod to him turning and swaying in their ancient flower-dance to the rhythm of white breaking waves.

Spring is in the air — the year's bright morning-time, the blossoming

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time of every human heart. Eastertide is at hand to herald the opening of long-closed doors. March wind, like an angel of the new time is opening casements of beauty upon the earth.

Open your hearts, children of the world — let the winds of love and service play through your lives, wakening to bloom new springtime blossoms. The time is yours to make glad and beautiful, to serve nobly and love truly that all mankind may waken to a new heaven and a new earth! M.

WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE

"THE CONSTANT WARRIOR"



ILLIAM QUAN JUDGE was born in Dublin, Ireland, April 13, 1851. In view of the position which the Theosophical Society (now the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society) — for which he gave his life — and the Râja-Yoga College — which his devotion helped to make possible,— hold in the world today, that date is fast assuming a deep significance and historic interest. His mother and father, Alice Mary Quan and Frederick H. Judge, were both Irish, the family consisting of seven children, on the birth of the last of whom the mother died.

Of the first thirteen years of his life, spent in Dublin, we know very little. The most significant feature of this period was a very severe sickness which he contracted at the age of seven. This attack was so serious as to be considered fatal and at the climax of the illness there was every reason to suppose the child to be dead. But in the midst of the outburst of grief of the family the little William Quan, it was found, breathed again, and from that crisis recovery began. It is not an uncommon thing for a very severe sickness to leave the patient changed in many ways. This occurred in a very marked way in Mr. Judge. Previous to that time, according to all accounts, he was much the same as other small boys: light-hearted, fun-loving, healthy, busied with his games and his studies.

But after his sickness he seemed a changed lad. It was as though sickness and suffering had opened some door in the heart of the boy through which he caught some inkling of a great purpose which lay ahead of him in life. He became deeply studious, reading with absorbed interest works on religion, philosophy, sacred legends and traditions, myths, and magic. We are told that he also devoured any books he could lay hands on, and this at an age when his family were scarcely aware that he had learned to read at all. But there is every evidence that the shock of his narrow escape from death at that early age told severely on his physical development, which was never as full and complete as could have been wished. But though frail physically

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he had a will persevering and indomitable beyond any boy of his years.

An anecdote indicative of this is told of him. He was with a lot of other boys on the bank of a stream. His companions swam to an island a little way off from the bank and from this point began to jeer at their younger friend who could not swim. Hot with remorse and indignation, the young William determined to reach the island or die in the attempt. He plunged in, got out of his depth and sank, touched bottom, pushed on a step or two on the river bed, rose, drew breath, kicked, sank, took a step, repeated the process, and so, struggling, rising, catching breath and holding it, sinking and scrambling, he actually reached the margin of the island, where he was drawn out of the water half unconscious by his astonished playmates. No incident more vividly depicts the later life of this Constant Warrior, who, as was commonly said by his closest associates of manhood, "would walk over red-hot ploughshares to do his duty."

At the age of thirteen William Q. Judge with his father and brothers left Dublin for America, taking passage on the Inman Line steamship *City of Limerick* which arrived at New York on July 14th, 1864. For a short time Mr. Frederick Judge lived with his children at the old Merchant's Hotel in Cortlandt St., New York; from there they moved to Tenth Street and later to Brooklyn. Very shortly after arriving in America, where all the members of the Judge family had to learn to be self-supporting, Mr. Judge got a clerkship at a desk in New York where he worked until induced to enter a law office as the clerk of George P. Andrews, for a long time judge of the Supreme Court of New York. Here he also studied law, living with his father, who died shortly after Mr. Judge had secured this position.

Becoming of age, Mr. Judge was naturalized a citizen of the United States in April 1872 and in May of the same year he was admitted to the bar of New York. Here he made an excellent position for himself and continued his practice for many years until the rapid growth of the Theosophical Society, in which he became interested demanded all his time and caused him to relinquish his position in law about 1892. He specialized on commercial law, and in this line his two conspicuous traits of absolute integrity and thoroughness and dogged persistence won for him the respect of all.

In 1874 he married and moved to Brooklyn where he lived with his wife until 1893 when they moved to New York City to be near Mr. Judge's Theosophical work at the Headquarters there.

It seems to have been during his term of studying law in New York that Mr. Judge picked up, in some book-store possibly, a book written by a person interested in Theosophical thought. The subject interested him and he wrote to the author asking for further information and for the address of one with whom he could discuss the subject. He was referred to Madame H. P. Blavatsky and in response to an invitation visited her at 40 Irving Place,

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New York. This visit was the beginning of a deep friendship in which William Quan Judge held the place of pupil and Madame Blavatsky that of teacher until the time came in which the pupil's utterly unselfish devotion to his teacher and to the great cause of Humanity,— to which that teacher gave her life,— qualified him to take up the glorious work which she laid down and in his turn to become a tower of strength and a center of light and encouragement and guidance to thousands of other students who in their turn wished to help in the great cause of Universal Brotherhood.

After this first visit to Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge became deeply interested in her work and teachings and very shortly afterwards — on September 7, 1875 — he was present at a historic little gathering in which those present were called to order, and at Madame Blavatsky's suggestion formed into a Society, this being the beginning of the Theosophical Society. Later when Madame Blavatsky went to India, she left Mr. Judge in America to hold this parent society together. Mr. Judge was at this time a young man of twenty-three, newly married, poor and obscure, and not robust in health, and to him were entrusted the interests of the Theosophical Society in the land of its foundation and at its world center. It is a matter of history today how magnificently he fulfilled his obligations, standing by his teacher and by the Society through every possible trial and hardship until sheer wear and tear wore him out and death claimed him for a respite. This occurred about 9:00 a. m. on Saturday, the twenty-first of March, eighteen hundred and ninety-six.

Mr. Judge was very fond of archery and was a skilled and practised marksman with the bow. He appreciated this form of sport for its own sake and also for the application which its principles had in life. We publish in this issue his article on archery entitled 'Hit the Mark,' in which he presents the parallel between the sport itself and the science of spiritual archery as applied to the quest of Truth.

All who knew Mr. Judge loved him for his keen sense of humor among his other splendid qualities. Those who knew him relate that many and many a time when utterly worn out with excessive care, worry, and bitter persecution, that beautiful, gentle, tired face of his would light up with a smile and a twinkle of Irish humor in the eye as he either listened to some amusing tale or told one of his own numerous stories. His was a rare combination of the pensive, mystic, wonder-loving nature of old Erin and the keen, practical, common-sense mind of the world. Indeed he lived this double life all the time. Ever in touch with and meditating on the deep and beautiful things of life, there was never a moment that he must not be calculating, wondering and contriving how to keep the organization entrusted to his care intact, and make enough money to pay expenses incident to the carrying on of the work. Here is a wondrously beautiful and touching side of the life

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the meeting without anyone arriving, he had risen from his chair and started to put out the lights when a gentleman walked in and inquired about the meeting. Mr. Judge explained that a meeting was to be held and also made clear the nature of it. The gentleman became interested, stayed, listened to the paper, and after hearing it expressed still further interest and appreciation and a desire to know more of Mr. Judge's work. On the departure of this gentleman Mr. Judge found on his desk a check for a generous sum which enabled him to take a new step forward with his Theosophical work, and this was the beginning of a new era of activity in the organization, for the new-found friend formed a link with many others and became a center of enthusiastic co-operation in the glorious work of William Q. Judge. That splendid "friend in need" is alive today and is a devoted and enthusiastic worker at the Headquarters at Point Loma.

In those long nights of superb constancy before that chilling blank of empty chairs, William Q. Judge was merely exemplifying his own ideal of true service, namely, of doing to the utmost of one's ability the duty before one, leaving the results in the hands of the Great Law. Well he knew that more important than all outward and visible action or effects was the inner attitude, the spirit, which actuated these. And on inner lines, seated before those empty chairs, he was setting in motion splendid currents of spiritual devotion and high purpose which radiated from him and touched and affected for good, many a life which needed the strength of just such currents of force.

Mr. Judge first saw the present Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, Madame Katherine Tingley, down on the East Side of New York City. It was during a great strike which especially affected that part of the city. The strikers for some time had been refusing all assistance even for their wives and children, but Madame Tingley and other ladies had formed an Emergency Society of which she was President, and at last had prevailed upon them to accept relief. On the day in question there had been a severe snowstorm which in the afternoon became a terrible blizzard. Outside the Headquarters of the Emergency Society were some six hundred women and children waiting for the supplies of bread and soup. On the outskirts of the crowd Madame Tingley noticed a man observing the relief work. To quote her own words:

"Looking at this great crowd, which was constantly increasing in numbers, I saw a man a little distance from the others, with his coat-collar turned up and his hat down over his face, looking at the people from under an umbrella. His face showed suffering, and he seemed not to be associated with the strikers; he was very modest and did not ask for anything. I sent my cook to ask him if he would come in, because he looked ill; but he declined. I had fancied the sadness in his face told of his hunger. Two days afterwards a gentleman called at my house in New York City, and I recognised the face of the man

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we find that only half of the beauty is in the ferns themselves; the other half is due to that dead branch entangled in them; to the leafy branches which surround them, and to the natural carpet of dead leaves and various small herbs. If we take these things away, the ferns look naked and mutilated, like a dead bird on a hat, or a plucked flower in a vase. Only in its proper setting is the picture complete. Some artists have discovered this; indeed there are pictures in which much of the mystic beauty is due to the artistic taste and perfection with which their specially adapted carved frames have been designed.

Possibly some day man will learn to build in the same way, letting his structures rise naturally from their settings as harmonious parts of the whole effect. How much better that will be than our present system of tearing a great raw hole in the landscape, inserting a building, and then trying to repair nature's easy profusion by our own painstaking formalities of walks and beds and borders.

We need not wait until our buildings have fallen to decay before allowing the trees and vines to surmount and clothe them, nor need we spoil the scene with rigid angles or curves that are out of keeping with the environment. We slip unobtrusively into nature's arrangement and benefit by her marvellous powers of landscape architecture and decoration. Then will our houses have the simple harmony of natural rocks and our gardens the bewitching beauty of the tangled wildwood. RALPH WYTHEBOURNE

HIT THE MARK

BY WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE

(From *The Path* magazine, September, 1890)



ARCHERY has always been in vogue, whether in nations civilized or among people of barbarous manners. We find Arjuna, Prince of India, the possessor of a wonderful bow called Gandiva, the gift of the gods. None but its owner could string it, and in war it spread terror in the ranks of the enemy. Arjuna was a wonderful archer, too. He could use Gandiva as well with his right as with his left hand, and so was once addressed by Krishna in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* as "thou both-handed." The bow figures in the lives of the Greek heroes, and just now the novelist Louis Stevenson is publishing a book in which he sings the praises of a bow, the bow of war possessed by Ulysses; when war was at hand it sang its own peculiar, shrill, clear song, and the arrows shot from it hit the mark.

Archery is a practice that symbolizes concentration. There is the archer, the arrow, the bow, and the target to be hit. To reach the mark it is necessary

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to concentrate the mind, the eye, and the body upon many points at once, while at the same time the string must be let go without disturbing the aim. The draw of the string with the arrow must be even and steady on the line of sight, and when grasp, draw, aim and line are perfected, the arrow must be loosed smoothly at the moment of full draw, so that by the bow's recoil it may be carried straight to the mark. So those who truly seek wisdom are archers trying to hit the mark. This is spiritual archery. . . .

In archery among men a firm position must be assumed, and in the pursuit of truth this firm position must be taken up and not relaxed, if the object in view is to be ever attained. The eye must not wander from the target, for if it does the arrow will fly wide or fall short of its goal. So, if we start out to reach the goal of wisdom, the mind and heart must not be permitted to wander, for the path is narrow and the wanderings of a day may cause us years of effort to find the road again.

The quality of the bow makes a great difference in the results attained by the archer. If it is not a good bow of strong texture and with a good spring to it, the missiles will not fly straight or with sufficient force to do the work required; and so with the man himself, who is his own bow, if he has not the sort of nature that enables him to meet all the requirements, his work as a spiritual archer will fall that much short. But even as the bow made of steel or wood is subject to alterations of state, so we are encouraged by the thought that the laws of Karma and Reincarnation show us that in other lives and new bodies we may do better work. The archer says too that the bow often seems to alter with the weather or other earthly changes, and will on some days do much better work than on others. The same thing is found by the observing student, who comes to know that he too is subject from time to time to changes in his nature which enable him to accomplish more and to be nearer the spiritual condition. But the string of the bow must always be strung tight; and this, in spiritual archery, is the fixed determination to always strive for the goal.

When the arrow is aimed and loosed it must be slightly raised to allow for the trajectory, for if not it will fall short. This corresponds on its plane with one of the necessities of our human constitution, in that we must have a high mental and spiritual aim if we are to hit high. We cannot go quite as high as the aim, but have thus to allow for the trajectory that comes about from the limitations of our nature; the trajectory of the arrow is due to the force of gravity acting on it, and our aspirations have the same curve in consequence of the calls of the senses, hereditary defects, and wrong habits that never permit us to do as much as we would wish to do.

Let us hit the mark, O friend! and that mark is the indestructible, the highest spiritual life we are at any time capable of.

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The gypsies themselves seem to know little of their origin, and in many instances have found it convenient to fall in with those versions acclaiming Egypt as their native land. They have wandered far during the centuries, and today they are to be found in all European countries, in Africa, and even in the New World, not to mention western Asia, where they have more fully preserved the purity of their ancient language and customs. The gypsy language, we must remember, is highly inflected, and no mere wild jargon — an impression received from its deteriorated forms as met with in Spain and English-speaking countries, where foreign words and forms have entered. Even in such a short distance from Asia as Hungary the change of accent is to be noticed — a change found in all dialects west of there; so that *rakló* (boy) in the Turkish dialect, becomes *ráklo* in the Hungarian; this being due to the fact that in Hungarian the word accent always falls on the first syllable.

Wherever the gypsies are found, at least in western Europe, there is a fascination surrounding them. They have been the theme of no end of stories and romances, and if the children have not always loved them (fearing to be carried off whether they would or no), nevertheless they have felt the irresistible charm of gypsy life; curiosity may have been tempered by timidity, but that very fear was half the fun.

The gypsy theme has figured prominently in a number of the dramatic activities of the Râja-Yoga students in Lomaland. One of these was a gypsy scene in a charade given by the young ladies of the Industrial Department: the picture was a very beautiful one as the gypsy maidens came singing and laughing to their encampment. There was the old mother who watched over the fire while the others sang and danced to tambourine or castanet, or whiled away the time by telling fortunes, and the out-door setting added to the realism of the scene. Another occasion was when Madame Katherine Tingley gave *As You Like It* in New England in August, 1920; for a gypsy dance and songs formed one of the most attractive features of the Forest of Arden. The young people who were privileged to take part will never forget the learning of that dance. Madame Tingley, who as a child had seen the gypsies and loved them, herself gave the figures for the dance, and they were the more interesting because of their symbology. The old-time gypsies had a meaning behind these happy expressions of grace and rhythm, and they were therefore much more than mere joyous outbursts: they were, indeed, ceremonials. The thrill of the tambourine, now held low or raised aloft, now tinkling gaily while the maidens danced around their companions, had its special symbolism, such as the 'magic of the earth,' the 'magic of the heart,' etc. So in the dance for *As You Like It* there was an added beauty because of what it meant, and the dancers themselves worked with this understanding. Later, when this play was given again in Lomaland, additions were made to the gypsy band; and besides the dancers, full of joyous life and vigor, there

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was an encampment with the men guarding the fire, the women looking after the children or weaving.

It is interesting to know that these people live to a very great age, and though heavily wrinkled, will still be hale and hearty, and many times with their glossy locks retaining their original raven darkness. In their many wanderings they have not always met with kindness, and stringent laws have been passed against them; but those who know them best, those who have learned to understand them and their way of looking at life have much good to say of them, and no little praise as well. Watts-Dunton would seem to be one of these, for certainly the gypsy scenes in his *Aylwin* are full of unusual interest. There is nothing theatrical about these 'Romanies'; they are very much real flesh and blood, and of a type superior, as the author tells us, to those vagrant nondescripts, passing under the general name of 'gypsies,' seen near London. They are of the aristocracy, if one may use that term, for there are vast shadings of types even where the language is not as pure as the West-Asian. Theirs is a nobler form physically, and their law gives them an enviable freedom that knows nothing whatever of license. Traders in horses, some of them are more than comfortably off, and the fleeting glimpse we catch of their tent-furnishings reminds us of their eastern origin. In a recently published magazine article there is much more to this same effect. The writer, who knows the Romany well, points out that there are very few real gypsies in this country. She tells of their refinement, and not only of the art-treasures which these people have about them in daily use, of rare jewels and beautiful fabrics, and the elegantly built and furnished wagons, but gives an account of their customs in housekeeping which places the Romany housewife far above her non-gypsy sisters. Here, too, as in *Aylwin*, we understand the Romany distrust of and even contempt for the 'Gorgios' (non-gyspies), except where these have 'made good': and with this understanding comes a finer appreciation of those lines from *Aylwin:* "The Gorgios believe when they ought to disbelieve, and they disbelieve when they ought to believe, and that gives the Romanies a chance." Then there is the music of that line: "The kair is kushto for the kairengro, but for the Romany the open air" (The house is good for the house-dweller, the open air for the gypsy).

We see the observance paid to the Romany say or conscience, which for them in some instances anyway, is more efficacious than the equivalent of the Gorgios, and best of all there is the picture of their love of nature, a love which has found expression in the graceful poise and beauty of their women, and in a laughter sometimes more fairy-like than human. It is a love that has given them a close understanding of nature and her workings, and a reverence for her, undiminished by their intimacy. H. M.

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JENNY LIND — ARTIST AND WOMAN

JENNY LIND! Only one such soul is produced in a century"; thus wrote Mendelssohn. Eighty years ago, hers was a name to conjure with; and even now, a full century after her birth, the magic attached to her name has lost none of its power. The romantic story of her childhood — of her perseverance under untold difficulties, and of her phenomenal success — is known to every student of musical history; but it is chiefly of Jenny Lind the artist and the woman, and of her influence over her contemporaries, that we would speak here.

In order to understand and appreciate her character, we must realize that in her day the profession of acting was not looked upon with favor by the upper classes of society. Indeed, an actress was regarded as a very questionable person, with whom no one of good repute would care to associate; yet Jenny Lind dared to become an actress, and to lift the profession to what Katherine Tingley declares is its true place,—to become one of the educative forces of life. We have her own testimony as to how she felt towards her art, when, referring to her first appearance on the operatic stage she writes: "I arose that morning as though I were one person, and I went to bed as though I were another. I had found wherein lay my strength." She seemed to have awakened to the realization that she had the power to influence those who listened to her, and to lift them to a higher plane of spiritual life. From this time forth she regarded her voice as a gift entailing grave responsibility, for which she must be accountable to the divine source whence it came!

In the early days of her career it was in Meyerbeer's *Robert of Normandy* that she was most beloved by the opera-going public. In the character of Alice,— the young girl, who by the power of her influence and the purity of her own life, saves her brother from a course of wrong-doing,— Jenny Lind used her great vocal and dramatic power and the womanly strength and nobility of her nature to express her abhorrence of all that was low and impure.

Among those of her countrymen who exerted the strongest influence over the life of Jenny Lind may be mentioned Lindblad, Erik Gustaf Geijer, and J. A. Josephson. The relation of Lindblad to Jenny Lind was that of an experienced teacher to a young pupil and friend. At his home she stayed during a large part of her early career, and there she enjoyed the sympathy of natures congenial to her own; but it was Erik Gustaf Geijer who influenced her moral nature, and to whom she looked up with the affection and respect of a loving daughter. His presence was a continual spur to her to hold fast to the loftiest ideals of her art. He impressed upon her mind the fact that she belonged to humanity rather than to Sweden, and that her mission was far greater than to give transient enjoyment to the passing crowd.

The details of Jenny Lind's eventful life read like a fascinating story-book. Up to the age of twenty her pathway was veritably strewn with successes; but through all the glamor of the world's adulation she kept her pure ideal as

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a shining light ever before her; so that when her popularity was at its height, and Sweden had nothing more to teach her, she determined to go to Paris to study with Manuel Garcia. She felt instinctively that her art had not yet revealed to her its most hidden secrets — that deeper and more profound forces were awaiting expression within herself.

Arriving in Paris with a letter of introduction to a high-born lady of that city, she was invited to attend a soiree at which the master was to be present. Of course the young Swede was asked to sing, but partly through nervousness and partly from the strain of her recent concerts, her voice had temporarily lost its beauty; the tones were hoarse and weak. In spite of this disappointment, however, in a few days she paid Garcia a visit, asking to be enrolled as one of his pupils. After a long discussion on vocal matters, Garcia ended with "But it would be useless to teach you, Madamoiselle; you have no voice." "This was the hardest moment of my life," she wrote to Mendelssohn afterwards; but instead of accepting Garcia's word as final, she said "Well, what shall I do?" "Keep perfect silence for six weeks," said he; and with a courage born of her faith in herself, this young girl, to whom singing was as natural as breathing, imposed upon herself six weeks of absolute silence, during which time she diligently studied French and Italian. Then began the process of rebuilding. She practised scales up and down, oh! so slowly; and although she yearned to express her soul in her singing, still she kept perseveringly at her exercises, until at the end of ten months, by the force of her spiritual will, she had wrought a complete change in her voice, and had learnt all that Garcia had to teach her!

Then followed new successes in Germany and Sweden, and later in Denmark, where she first met Hans Anderson. In his book *The Adventures of My Life* he says: "No other can be compared to her. She makes one laugh and cry, and one goes away a better man"; and later: "It was through Jenny Lind that I first learned the sacredness of art; through her I learned that a man must forget himself in the service of the Most High. No books, no people have had a greater and more ennobling influence over me as a writer than has Jenny Lind." A prominent German critic bears out this testimony when he says: "One feeling is manifest through all her creations — a breath of sacredness, a transfiguration, born of her innate reverence for her art, and of her perfect freedom from all unworthy aims and purposes."

One of the most delightful chapters of Jenny Lind's life is the story of her friendship with Mendelssohn. Among the Mendelssohn children no pleasure was so welcome as a visit from 'Tante Jenny,' and with Felix Mendelssohn himself, her relation was unusually congenial. Their ideas as regarded their art coincided exactly; in all matters connected with her engagements, Jenny Lind deferred to his superior judgment and experience, while he always sought her advice before taking up a new line of work. Mendelssohn wrote

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of her: "Not a day goes by without my feeling glad that we are both living at the same time, and have learnt to know each other and are friends." And again he declares that she is the greatest artist who has ever lived. In connexion with this friendship her biographers tell of several performances at the famous Gewandhaus Concerts, of which Felix Mendelssohn was the founder and director.

A fitting sequel to this ideal friendship was the founding, after Mendelssohn's death, by Jenny Lind and others, of the Mendelssohn Scholarship for needy music-students. To secure funds for this undertaking it was planned to give the oratorio *Elijah*, Mendelssohn's greatest work, in London. In composing this work Mendelssohn had made a special study of Jenny Lind's voice, and one of his dearest wishes was to hear her sing the F sharp which he considered the loveliest tone of her voice, in the now celebrated trio 'Lift Thine Eyes.' Jenny Lind did sing it, and although Mendelssohn could not hear her, she helped to perpetuate his memory in this beautiful way.

While in England, besides being personally honored by Queen Victoria, the Duke of Wellington, and others, Jenny Lind was invited by Bishop Stanley to be his guest, a most significant fact in view of the great gulf which existed between the church and the stage at that time. There is on record a very interesting letter written by Arthur P. Stanley, the bishop's son, afterwards Dean of Westminster, in which he says: "I never saw anyone so strongly impressed with the consciousness that a natural faculty is a gift. She said she never sang without reflecting that it might be for the last time; and that the continued possession of her genius from year to year was for the good of others."

It was in England also that she met Frederic Chopin, who was as full of wonder at her greatness as she was at the ardor of his genius. Himself the 'Poet of the Pianoforte,' he showed his appreciation of her artistry when he wrote: "This Swede is truly original from head to foot. She appears to move not in the common light of day, but in some magic northern ray. Her singing is inexpressibly pure and clear; above all I marvel at her *piano* passages, whose charm cannot be described."

We must pass briefly over the later details of her life — her tour through the eastern United States, with Mr. P. T. Barnum as her manager and the composer Benedict as her accompanist; her meeting with Theodore Thomas, then a boy of fifteen; and with President Filmore, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and others; her subsequent marriage to Mr. Goldschmidt, and finally her return to England, where she passed the remainder of her life, appearing occasionally in oratorio and concerts, and training with infinite care and patience the sopranos and altos of the famous Bach choir of which her husband was conductor.

A great deal has been written about Jenny Lind's singing, and as Mr.

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Edison was not one of her contemporaries, we cannot judge of it for ourselves, but must accept what we are told by those who heard her. The voice itself was evidently not of remarkable strength or beauty; it has been described by one writer as of two qualities — the one, somber; the other, of a clear, sunny ring. Through long and unsparing labor, she had acquired a marvellous trill, and her runs were sparkling and brilliant. But the secret of her power lay in the wonderful sympathy and intensity with which she sang every note, always losing herself in striving to interpret the highest ideals expressed in the music.

Of Jenny Lind the woman little more need be said; her life speaks for itself. Simplicity, unassuming modesty, purity and womanliness; a lively imagination, a sparkling wit, a tender sympathy, a never-failing regard for the welfare of those about her; and last, but not least, an indomitable will-power — these were the qualities which gave to Jenny Lind a place among the world's greatest artists and its noblest women. Truly has it been said of her that "she made joyous service for others the well-spring of her life." F.S.

[NOTE: Some of our readers may have read of the concert given in New York, October 6, 1920, which was an exact reproduction as far as possible of Jenny Lind's first concert in the United States. At this centennial celebration of Jenny Lind's birth the costumes of the ushers and the orchestra conductor accorded with the date, 1850, and an artist of today sang the same songs with which Jenny Lind first charmed the Americans.]



MY SYMPHONY

To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion, to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich, to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly, to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart, to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never, in a word to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common, this is to be my symphony.

— WILILAM HENRY CHANNING

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'RAGS'

EDMUND VANCE COOKE in the *Syracuse Journal*

WE called him 'Rags.' He was just a cur,
But twice on the Western Line
That little old bunch of faithful fur
Had offered his life for mine.

And all that he got was bones and bread,
Or the leavings of soldier-grub,
But he'd give his heart for a pat on the head
Or a friendly tickle or rub.

And Rags got home with the regiment,
And then, in the breaking away,—
Well, whether they stole him or whether he went
I'm not prepared to say.

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'RAGS'

But we mustered out, some to beer and gruel
And some to sherry and shad,
And I went back to the Sawbones School
Where I still was an undergrad.

One day they took us budding M. D.s
To one of those institutes
Where they demonstrate every new disease
By means of bisected brutes.

They had one animal tacked and tied
And slit like a full-dressed fish,
With his vitals pumping away inside
As pleasant as one might wish.

I stooped to look like the rest of course,
And the beast's eyes levelled mine,
And his short tail thumped with a feeble force
And he uttered a tender whine.

It was Rags! yes, Rags! who was martyred there,
Who was quartered and crucified,
And he whined that whine which is doggish prayer
And licked my hand — and died.

And I was no better in part nor whole
Than the gang I was found among,
And his innocent blood was on the soul
Which he blessed with his dying tongue.

Well! I've seen men go to courageous death
In air, on sea, on land!
But only a dog would spend his breath
In a kiss for his murderer's hand.

And if there's no heaven for love like that,
For such four-legged fealty — well!
If I have any choice, I tell you flat,
I'll take my chance in hell.—Selected

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'bulb' — would be guarded until it was safely transplanted into its 'civilized' abode, and in that place not to be looked upon askance because of its place of origin but to take its place as an honored guest. A lesson here: might not some human plants, given the same *care* and *study*, and removed from similar unhealthy human surroundings, raise themselves into honored citizenship? From that solitary corm has sprung the many thousands to be found with the lovers of flowers everywhere, for where the climate is not suitable then green-house culture is resorted to — such is fame!

The name of Sir William Watson, M. D., is perpetuated in the graceful Watsonia — a pleasant way of remembering those who by their intense love of nature have penetrated into many of her secrets, helping the indifferent to become better acquainted with some of her hidden beauties. Not only is Sir William done justice in this loving remembrance, but Chelsea, England, seems to share in it. The names are inseparably linked, for when one thinks of Sir William, the mind naturally pictures Chelsea, where he labored over a century ago as Professor of Botany.

We are not concerned with the controversy over the specific name of the Watsonia. *Watsonia Ardernei* may be all very well if Mr. Arderne was the first collector or *Watsonia iridifolia, var. O'Brieni* if Mr. O'Brien has a similar claim, but we think its specific character would be better recognised under one of its titles, *Watsonia alba*. When one has labored for years to produce a different color by cross-pollination, it seems a tribute to the care and energy of such a one to give the flower the specific name of its originator, but a protest ought to be raised in giving specific names to flowers simply because one happened to be the first collector.

Eminent writers in visiting the Râja-Yoga College grounds in springtime have rarely failed to mention the striking beauty of the display of 'white lilies.' This year the many springtime visitors will have the opportunity of seeing about 20,000 Watsonias in bloom — the result of the loving care and attention of the young Râja-Yoga gardeners. BOTANIST



LOMALAND WILD LILAC

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THE STATUE



IT had come to him in a night of cherry-blossoms — that vision of haunting beauty. It was born from the stillness of the night, the silence that had wings and voice, and the faint glow of the cherry-bloom. It had bent over him like an old memory, drawn forth his soul with its brooding eyes, said one word, a strange old name, and vanished. But it had sent him into the world working, despairing, pondering and forever searching.

Success had come to him, and men called him a famous sculptor; but he knew that he had failed. The vision of that spring night was still a mystery linked with his life, which the years could not efface.

Travel had brought him to one of the remotest parts of Japan. He was sitting on a cliff overhanging one of those streams that flow so silent and still, as if content to meet the ocean in a far-away future. Behind him was a small temple, built long years ago. The spot was well chosen for a temple; the air was so pure and clear, the pine-trees so fresh and green, and the flowers so tender and fragrant on the top of the little hill. One lonely cherry-tree spread a pink glow over the hilltop in springtime; the birds built nests in its branches, and sang far into the starry night.

He was leaning against the twisted trunk of a pine, and had been watching the sunlight on the distant peaks of snow-capped mountains, when he fell asleep, overpowered by the stillness and silence around him.

He dreamed he was standing on the same hill-top a thousand years before the temple had been built there. The peaceful atmosphere was the same, but the trees and flowers were different. No cherry-tree was then blossoming like a maiden among the pines; only the evergreens stretched their twisted arms towards the sky.

Hidden from view himself, he saw an old man come up the hill; in his arms he carried a small marble statue that seemed aglow with an inward light of rose. There was no mistaking the master and his treasure: all Japan had heard of the wonder-artist, whose working for the pure love of it had brought him the power to endow his masterpiece with an inward light, that was neither of the sun nor of the moon, nor yet of the starlight on the sea; and but rarely would you see it shine from human eyes. Out of compassion for many who could not behold the light without losing their vision and spending the rest of their lives in dreams or longings, the gods had commanded the artist himself to shatter the perfect form and set free the imprisoned flame; but he had failed. His had been neither the will nor the desire to obey the gods, and he had hidden his treasure apart, as he thought, from the walks of men. But time came when the statue was found and dragged into the burning daylight, and had set a thousand minds aflame with restless passion. A

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cycle had now passed and the old man had come again to expiate his sin.

In his dream the artist was no longer a spectator; it seemed as if his own life animated the body of the old man, who knelt beneath a pine, uncovered the statue, and set it on the ground before him. Surely those marble lips were smiling, and the delicate lids quivering over the hidden eyes. What of grace could be compared with the tapering roundness of the finger-tips, or the godlike poise of the head. And this was he come to destroy. . . . A moment of silent prayer, a sound as of silver bells — and the artist lay insensible on the ground; but over his head and away floated the living image of the marble, half-hidden in a cloud of palest rose. . . .



"HE SAW AN OLD MAN COME UP THE HILL"

That spring the first cherry-tree appeared on the hill, and its blossoms were of a more delicate shape and color than any in the land.

. . . .

The bells were ringing in the old temple, and the stream flowed by, bearing away the sunset-glow to the sea. Down the hill went the artist, cleansed and kindled with the fire of sacrifice. Artist no longer, but teacher and messenger, made ready to light the fire of his art in no lifeless marble now, but in the temple shrine of the human heart! K. N.

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NIGHT-SKIES IN LOMALAND

II



OME of the constellations that make the night-skies of late winter and early spring a wonder of beauty are Perseus, Andromeda, Auriga, Orion, Taurus, and Canis Major.

The two principal attractions of the constellation of PERSEUS are first what is known as the star-cluster — the sword-hand of Perseus, and secondly, the *beta* of the constellation, named by the Arabs, Algol, the Winking Demon. The star gets its name from its regular and marked changes in brilliance giving the effect of a winking eye. The change is due to the possession of a dark companion about the size of our sun revolving about it, causing Algol to undergo a partial eclipse once in every two days, twenty hours and forty-nine minutes. The *alpha* of this constellation is Algenib, the Side, whose radiance is described as "brilliant lilac and ashy."

In the second constellation, ANDROMEDA, the princess whom Perseus found chained to the rocks on the sea-shore, unbound, and saved from the terrible sea-monster,— we come to another celebrated astronomical spectacle, the great Andromeda Nebula. This nebula, which has the distinction of being the only one of the thousands discovered which can be seen without a telescope, is seen through a glass as a rather flat-shaped object turned nearly edgewise towards us, considerably longer than it is broad. If the widely-accepted theory that nebulae are the first aggregations of cosmic matter which will ultimately solidify and break up into a world system, be true, it is stated that in the Andromeda nebula there is sufficient material to make a system perhaps thousands of times as extensive as the one of which our sun is the center.

AURIGA, the Charioteer, owes its greatest charm to its two beautiful stars Capella and Menkalina, heralds of the calm clear beauty of spring nights. The results of modern research offer reason to suppose that this constellation of the charioteer holding a whip in the right hand and supporting a goat against the left shoulder originated on the Euphrates in about the same form as we have it today. A sculpture from Nimrud gives this representation almost exactly.

Beautiful white Capella, which in the constellation is the Little She-goat, is likewise the classic Amalthea—nurse of Jupiter and mother of the Haedi.

This regal *lucida* has always held an important place in the Egyptian temple-worship of the god Ptah, the Opener, and is thought to have borne the name of that god and to have been observed at its setting in 1700 B. C. from his temple at Karnak. In Greece it was an object of worship at Eleusis and Athens; in India it was sacred as the Heart of Brahma; in China it was one of the Five Chariots; with the Akkadians the Messenger of Light,

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and the Patron Star of Babylon is thought to have been bright Capella.

This brings us to the most commanding figure of the heavens — the great Golconda of the skies, ORION of the flaming brow and jewelled belt. There is little to be said of this universally popular constellation itself, save that the original name of the constellation with the early Greeks began with their letter *digamma* (*F*), pronounced like our letter W, which brought the name closer to our 'Warrior,' which the constellation represents. Orion is referred by one writer to the Uru-anna of the Akkadians, meaning the 'Light of Heaven,' which makes it possible that the Greek title came originally from the Euphrates Valley.



IN A CORNER OF THE LOTUS HOME — THE BOYS' DEPARTMENT OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE

Orion was of great importance among the Egyptians and is spoken of as having been sculptured as Horus in a boat on the walls of a temple at Sakkara and about 3285 B. C. as Sahu in the Ramasseum of Thebes.

This constellation seems always to have been noted for its stormy character. By one historian the loss of a Roman squadron in the first Punic war is attributed to sailing just after the rising of Orion. Long before this Hesiod wrote of it:

> "Then the winds war aloud
> And veil the ocean with a sable cloud:
> Then round the bark, already haul'd on shore,
> Lay stones, to fix her when the tempests roar:"

and Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, rolls forth his glorious lines:

> "when with fierce winds Orion armed
> Hath vex'd the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
> Busiris and his Memphian chivalry."

Works and Days contains one of the many references to the constellation

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as a calendar sign, its rising indicating the beginning of summer. The husbandman being here instructed to

"Forget not, when Orion first appears,
To make your servants thresh the sacred ears;"

Of the principal stars in this constellation we can only begin to speak here. First of all, mention must be made of Orion's mighty nebula, second only to Andromeda's. This is of an irregular shape and greenish tinge. It is situated in the middle of the sword and is one of the telescopic wonders of the heavens. The principal stars of the constellation are *alpha*, Betelgeuse, the Armpit of the Central One; *beta*, Algebar or Rigel, the Left Leg of the Jauzah (Central One), and *gamma*, Bellatrix, the Female Warrior, the Amazon Star.

Their individual characteristics must be left for another article. M.

THE RAILROAD BEETLE

DID you ever hear of the Railroad Beetle? — It is a queer little creature, and its name just suits it; but why, do you suppose? Not because it lives near train-tracks, nor because it destroys the wood of railroad-ties — no; nor because it has any puffings or blowings like a steam-engine, but simply because it looks exactly like a fairy train all alight. It has a terribly long name, almost larger than itself, for it belongs to the family *Malacodermedae*, and, as is supposed, to the tribe *Phengodini*. The female of this beetle — a little worm-like creature — is really responsible for the name. She is provided with many tiny green lights along each side, and shows a red one at each end. Picture to yourself meeting her as she creeps along at night — you might easily wonder if you had suddenly turned Gulliver in the land of the Lilliputs, or better still imagine that you had come unawares upon the Midnight Express of the fairy folk. This particular kind of beetle is found in South America, but there are others of the same tribal name having these luminous properties to be found here in the United States. It may be that you will never make their acquaintance, but if you ever should chance upon one you would recognise it, and know by what name to call it when you introduce yourself. H. M.



ONE OF OUR YOUNG CORRESPONDENTS

Looking for good subjects — a plentiful commodity in the Lomaland gardens

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THE ORIGIN OF THE CARAT

WHAT did you think the first time you saw the word 'carat'? Did you confuse it with our homely friend of the garden, and wonder at this new spelling; or did you, knowing something of its meaning, wonder how a unit of weight should have such an odd name?

The dictionary defines it thus: "the weight of 3.17 grains, used for weighing precious stones and pearls; a twenty-fourth part; a term used to express the fineness of gold used in jewelry; thus, gold 22 carats fine contains 22 parts of pure gold and 2 of alloy (copper or silver). Also spelled karat." Quite a lengthy definition, but not the half of what could be said, and nothing at all about its history, which is well worth knowing. The encyclopedia gives this in regard to its derivation: "Fr., from Ar. *qîrât*, pod, husk, carat, from Gk. κεράτιον, *keration*, fruit of the locust-tree, from κέρας, *keras*, horn."



WALO AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND

A Swedish Râja-Yoga out for a pony-ride with Mme. Tingley's pet spaniel, Dixie

The name was applied first to the seeds of the Abyssinian coral-tree, which are small, and of an equality in size which made them adaptable to the weighing of gold and precious stones. Finally, when they were no longer employed for this purpose, the name *carat* was retained for the weight now in use. The seeds of the *carob* or locust-tree were also put to the same use, and though not now of value for this purpose, the tree is still of importance in some countries because of the pulpy substance which fills the fruit-pod, and in which the seeds are imbedded. This pulp, which has a sweet flavor and contains a large percentage of sugar, is used as a food by the Moors and Arabs, and by the poorer people of those Mediterranean countries in which the carob grows. The beans are also used for fodder, and the leaves contain tannin. Though bearing the name of locust, this tree is not to be confused with the American locust. It has been grown, however, in California, and in Lomaland there is one of these trees, known also as 'algarrobo' — through Spanish from the Arabic name *al-carob*.

But to return to the carat: with reference to gold, the carat merely stands for a ratio — so many parts gold to so many parts of an alloy, as stated in the first definition. Jewelers divide the troy pound, ounce, or other weights

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into 24 parts, and call each part a carat. But this method does not apply to precious stones, where the carat really has a fixed weight. At one time this was divided into fractional parts of quarters, eighths, sixteenths, thirty-seconds, and sixty-fourths, but now it is divided decimally owing to the adoption of the international metric carat. By the use of this metric carat instead of some twenty or more different carats, all of varying weights, a single standard (200 milligrams or one-fifth gram) has been adopted, and is now employed by jewelers and lapidaries almost the world over. H. O. M.

STRAY BEAMS

"DON'T fail to exercise your common sense on all and every occasion."
— *William Quan Judge*

"YOU do not educate a man by telling him what he knew not, but by making him what he was not."— *Ruskin*

"THE capital fault of our education is in having laid stress on what we *know*, rather than what we *are*."— *Ibsen*

"To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor."— *Robert Louis Stevenson*

"A MAN'S life should be as fresh as a river. It should be the same channel but a new water every instant."— *Thoreau*

"WHEN you play, play hard; when you work, don't play at all."
— *Theodore Roosevelt*

"What helpled you over the great obstacles of life?" was asked a successful man. "The other obstacles," he replied.

WISE men make mistakes; fools continue to make mistakes.

SAID a wise man, he hadn't time to worry. In the daytime he was too busy, and at night he was too sleepy.

COURTESY is the eye which overlooks your friend's broken gateway, but sees the rose which blossoms in his garden.— Anonymous

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seek wisdom from the relics of the great kings." He then gave them all his blessing; and, mounting his steed, each of the three sons rode forth on his quest.

Before the first year was quite over a messenger in great haste came to the king telling him that his son had been found dead in the



EACH OF THE THREE SONS RODE FORTH ON HIS QUEST

depths of the forest which formed the retreat of a great monster.

Shortly after this he received word from the lord of the castle which he had mentioned to his sons, that one had been there and had neglected his post, leaving the weak point open to attack. Whereupon the enemy had attacked it in great numbers, only being kept back after hard fighting and great loss of life. His son, becoming tired of his work, had sought employment elsewhere. Shortly after he had been found dead from hunger in a great desert in Africa.

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"Alas!" said the king, "two of my sons have not yet learned how to climb the ladder of life. I have yet one more for whom I hope."

Two years had already elapsed, and the king had heard nothing of the third son. He waited another year; still no news; his heart began to be sorely troubled. He waited; days, weeks, and months passed, and still no news.

At last, after four years had flown he began to lose hope of ever seeing him again. But one day his third son was announced at the gates of the castle. The king shed tears of joy.

"Tell me," said he, "you have succeeded, I feel sure it is true."

"My father," said his son, "I have found the secret. Life is a ladder up which we must mount rung by rung. He who attempts more than this must surely fall.

"Let me tell you, father, how I fared. I first went to thy cousin and worked for one year in his household, being discharged with honors at the end of that time. Here I learned patience and self-control. I next served at the castle for a year, during which time we had a great battle with the enemy, winning a great victory. There I learned vigilance and endurance.

"Then, having learned these valuable lessons, I was prepared to conquer the great dragon. Having vanquished the monster, I prepared myself for the reception of the sacred truths of the Great Kings. In Egypt I studied for a year, there learning the wondrous truths of life, and prepared myself for the battle of life."

"Well hast thou acquitted thyself, my beloved son," said the king. "Go forth into the world, and throughout thy life remember that *Step by Step we climb!* Go, and fear naught." A.

WHAT A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME



"Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can."

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THE STORY OF PAN'S PIPES



AR back in the days of ancient Greece, when the gods and goddesses were still young, a stream ran through the green woods, and its waters made music as they trickled over the stones. The birds above sang gladly the whole day long, and when a breeze stirred the leaves of the trees, they too broke into a murmuring song. While sunshine and shadow played together in the lovely nooks and corners, the bees hummed their one low note as they worked; and when twilight crept in, the crickets took up the tune in a shriller key and chirped until night put everything to sleep.

Only the reeds that clustered here and there on the brink of the stream were silent; they grew sad as they listened to the songs of the others, and drooped their heads nearer the water.

"What a dreary life is ours," they said to each other; "while all things round us are glad, and pour forth their joy in music, we must only stand looking at our unhappy selves in the mirror below."

Then the stream, and the birds, and the wind among the leaves, and everything sang out, and the reeds heard this in their singing:

"Forget your sorrow and be glad with us; listen to our songs and remember them, for they will cheer you, and some day you may have need of them."

Now Echo, the gay young goddess of the woods, caught the last of it: "Some day you may have need of them," she sang.

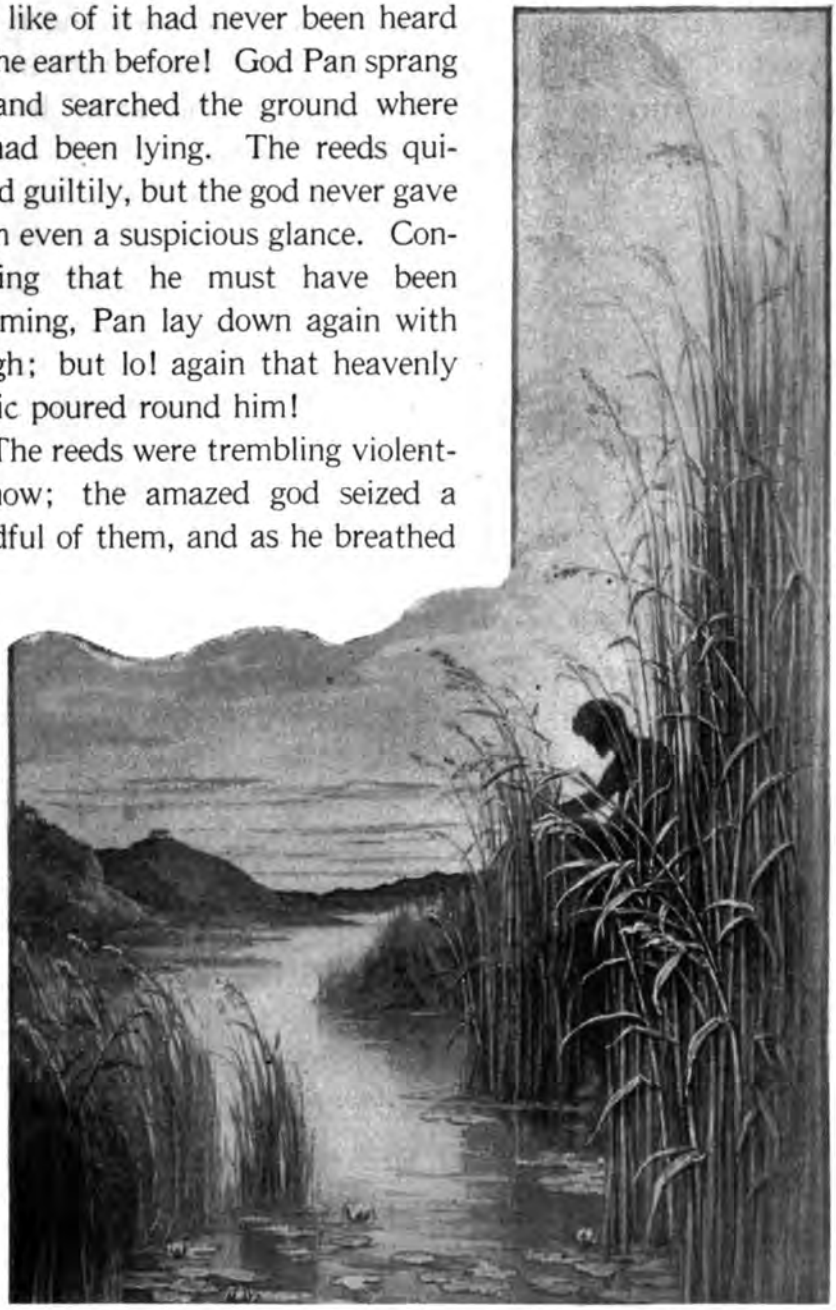
. . . . . .

One day the god Pan, tired and disheartened by the selfish world of men, came wandering through these woods. He sat down beside the stream and thought, as he watched the crystal waters rippling and running along: yes,— men were forgetting the true things they once knew; something must be done to teach them how to find happiness again! What could make them stop and listen? Pan shook his head and sighed sadly as he leaned back among the reeds on the brink of the stream. But what was that rush of musical sounds which, as he sighed, suddenly vibrated all around him?

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The like of it had never been heard on the earth before! God Pan sprang up and searched the ground where he had been lying. The reeds quivered guiltily, but the god never gave them even a suspicious glance. Concluding that he must have been dreaming, Pan lay down again with a sigh; but lo! again that heavenly music poured round him!

The reeds were trembling violently now; the amazed god seized a handful of them, and as he breathed



through their hollow stems, there drifted into the air music of utter sweetness, and of a strange and beautiful mingling of all the woodland sounds.

Ah! the reeds could indeed sing now! And weary Pan, hence-

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forth the God of Music, cut the stems of the reeds and bound them together with grasses; and as he went wandering through the woods, blowing through the hollow reeds, he knew he had found a new way back into the hearts of men. O. S.

THE SNAIL

BY CHARLES LAMB

THE frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out, and, if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn,—'tis well,—
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.



IN SNAILTOWN

A friendly chat at the corner of Twig Avenue and Roseleaf Drive

He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no quarter day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam,
Knock when you will, he's sure to be at home.— Selected

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"Just look at that," said one gull to the other, "it is a beautiful little wave, and yet it will spoil itself by going flat just because it is cross."

"Queer that it does not always want to be a beautiful white-foamed wave when that is the one thing it can be to perfection," said the gulls as they flew away down the coast.

"Come, come, little wave," said the sun, "I want to see your white spray dash so that I may shine through it and make a beautiful rainbow for the gulls to see the flying fish jump through."



"Who cares about gulls and rainbows and little watery waves!" exclaimed the wave in a pet.

"Why, I do," said the sun. "You seem to have forgotten that I gather up part of the mist you make by your continual breaking into foam and spray and make it into beautiful clouds, which in their turn gather together and form rain, which falls on the land to water the trees and flowers. These would die but for the mist that you waves continually toss into the air."

"Oh shame! little wave," said the great ocean, "do you not know that if you stopped rolling and turning over, that all the other waves would stop rolling and turning over and then the great earth would stop breathing and I would be alive no more? Do you not know that in your continual roll you are doing your duty, and that to stop your duty would be very disastrous? Think how much depends upon your simple duty, little wave."

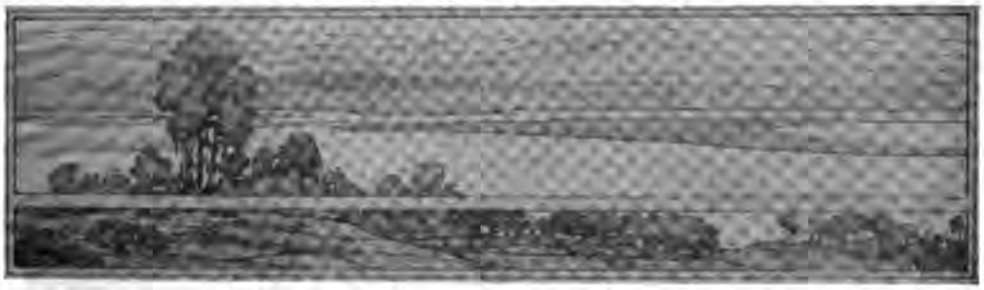
"Why!" said the wave in surprise, "I never dreamed that I was

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of so much use, and that in doing my duty I really helped things to live, or that I was really needed to do just what I am doing."

"Indeed you are, my wave," said the ocean. "One never knows how far the doing of a simple duty may reach. You have no cause to be discouraged in the least."

So the little wave was happy after that. It tossed the spray and foam high in the air for the sun to catch and danced along the top, singing a song of joy, while the ocean caught up its sweet harmonious note in the great undertone which came from the shore. EUGENIA



THE SUNRISE

ONE morning I watched the sun rise — it was very interesting to see the different colors change. First of all there was a soft reddish flame-color, which was very, very light over the mountains, but grew warmer and brighter above.

It looked as if someone had taken a paintbrush with pink paint and swished it carelessly across the sky. Later I looked again and everything was gray, as if it were going to rain; but when I looked again, everything was changed: the sky was blue, and some goldish yellow had come and mixed with the blue and made Swedish colors.

I still watched and saw a little white speck all off by itself; it began to spread; and as it grew it left a trail that reminded me of a train that leaves its smoke behind. Soon, lit by the sun's rays, it turned pink, and the whole sky was filled with delicate beauty.

NEVADA ALLEN, aged 11

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PUSSY-WILLOW'S SECRET

PUSSY-WILLOW had a secret that the snowdrops whispered her,
And she purred it to the south wind while it stroked her velvet fur;
And the south wind hummed it softly to the busy honey bees,
And they buzzed it to the blossoms on the scarlet maple-trees;
And they dropped it to the wood brooks, brimming full of melted snow;
And the brooks told robin-redbreast, as they babbled to and fro;
Little robin could not keep it, so he sang it loud and clear
To the sleepy fields and meadows: "Wake up! Wake up! Spring is here!"

— Selected

A LETTER

DEAR CHILDREN: This is a picture of us two going to school. Our teacher calls it *après les vacances.* She says it is French, but we are not quite up to French yet. This picture was really taken a long time ago. We were three years old then. We were only babies. Now we are almost four. When we were babies we learned to spell ATTENTION. Now we can read sentences on the blackboard. We can say "two times one equals two," up to "two times twelve equals twenty-four." That is pretty hard, though.



WHAT SHALL WE TELL TEACHER?

Today is teacher's birthday, and we are waiting to greet her — don't you think that she will be happy? We are bringing her a nice white carnation.

We don't study all the time. We love to play in the garden. We love to ride on our kiddy-kars and have races down the hill. If you come to Lomaland you may play with our kiddy-kars, too.

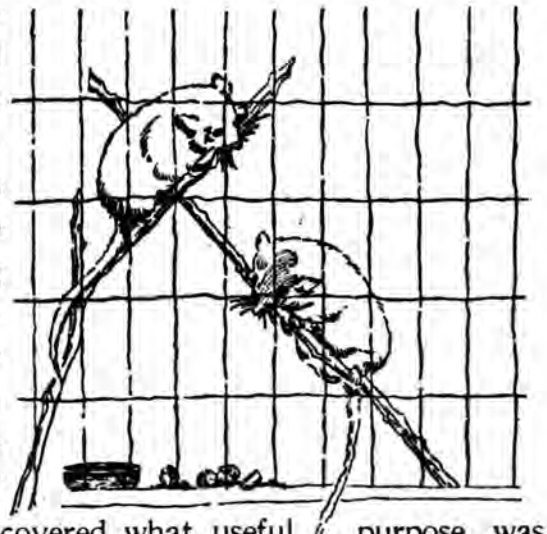
Good-bye, Your little friends, MARY-LOUISE and ESTHER

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THE DORMICE AND THE NIGHT-ALARM

MANY years ago I kept a pair of dormice in a cage which was furnished with a revolving wheel. There was also an apartment fitted up for general gymnastics; but as a steady recreation the mice preferred their treadmill. Every evening after they had disposed of their modest supper of nuts and apple, they would enter their wheel and spend the greater part of the night in making it spin round as fast as they possibly could.

The mice lived in my own bedroom, and the sound of their various nightly activities — begun after the lights had been put out — served as a soothing lullaby to my slumbers. First came the serious business of the supper and the sound of sharp teeth drilling holes through the hard nut-shells; and when their hunger had been partly satisfied, you could hear them roll the empty shells all around the floor of their cage. It was never discovered what useful purpose was served by this performance; but the mice evidently considered it as an important item in the program of the evening. After their light exercise with the nut-shells, they would start the wheel revolving, when a low, continuous, rumbling noise gave notice that they were busy with their favorite pastime.



My father slept in the room below. Now one evening it so happened that instead of resting on its usual shelf, the cage was placed upon a portion of the flooring on which there was no carpet. After their usual supper the mice went into the wheel for their customary recreation and a low rumbling sound filled the room, somewhat intensified by the hollow flooring beneath, which acted as a sounding-box. Just as my respected father was dropping off into his first slumber he was aroused by a most alarming noise. It sounded as if

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somebody was hard at work with a boring instrument. The sound could hardly come from overhead because everybody was known to be fast asleep in the upper rooms; so it must certainly be a burglar trying to remove the iron bars which guarded the windows in the basement! Dressing in haste, my anxious parent went downstairs and listened very intently as he tried to locate the sound. But seeing that the sound was being produced in the top story, of course it did not penetrate so far below,— so hearing nothing, he felt satisfied that he had been mistaken and so went back to bed.

Hardly had he laid his head upon the pillow when the grinding noise again forced itself on his attention and another descent into the lower regions was made to discover the cause; but just as before, the most profound stillness reigned throughout the lower portion of the house. Once more the weary guardian of the home sought out his couch and tried to get a little sleep; but still the lively little mice, intent upon their innocent enjoyment, steadily kept the wheel turning. This was their proper time for fun and they were quite determined not to let the opportunity slip by unused.

"There must be some smart housebreaker below," said my father to himself, "who is cunning enough to stop work when I go down, and begins again the moment I leave." How many times the journey up and down stairs was repeated, it is quite impossible to say; but by the time the morning came the head of the household felt as if he had been mountaineering in the Alps all night.

The thrilling story of the night's adventures was narrated to a wondering audience around the breakfast-table; but the glamor and romance of the episode quickly evaporated when I offered the simple explanation. The chief actor in the affair was able to give me excellent and very convincing reasons for keeping my mice more quiet for the future; and ever afterwards the nightly frolics of the mice interfered with no one's slumbers but their own. The family as a whole has never regretted the occurrence, for although somewhat disastrous for the chief actor, it has furnished a highly entertaining addition to the stock of family legends. UNCLE PERCY

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A NURSERY SONG

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS



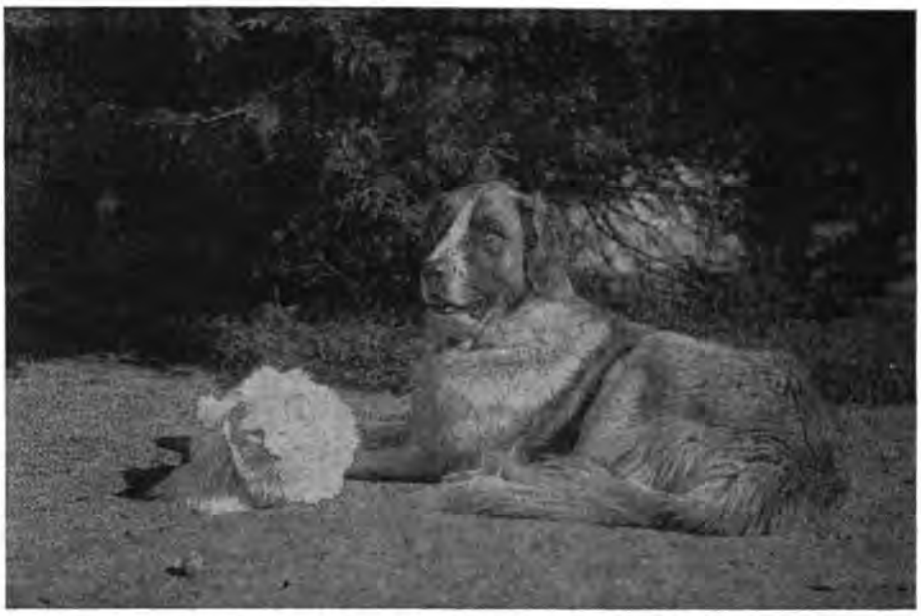
OH, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout
Are two little goblins black.
Full oft from my house I've driven them out,
But somehow they still come back.
They clamber up to the baby's mouth,
And pull the corners down;
They perch aloft on the baby's brow,
And twist it into a frown.

And one says "Must!" and t'other says "Can't!"
And one says "Shall!" and t'other says "Shan't!"
Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,
I pray you now from my house keep out!
But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh
Are two little fairies bright;
They're always ready for fun and chaff,
And sunshine is their delight.

And when they creep into Baby's eyes,
Why, there the sunbeams are;
And when they peep through her rosy lips,
Her laughter rings near and far.
And one says "Please!" and t'other says "Do!"
And both together say "I love you!"
So, Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile,
Come in, my dears, and tarry awhile! — Selected



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TWO ANIMAL FRIENDS, JEAN AND HAFIZ, ENJOYING THE SPRING SUNSHINE IN LOMALAND, AFTER WINTER RAINS

ALTHOUGH it sometimes rains cats-and-dogs in Lomaland, Jean and his little friend did not arrive with the winter showers. Jean is a native son of California, and Hafiz came from Persia, as you might guess from his long white coat. Next month he will tell the children about his life there.

THE QUEER OLD PARROT

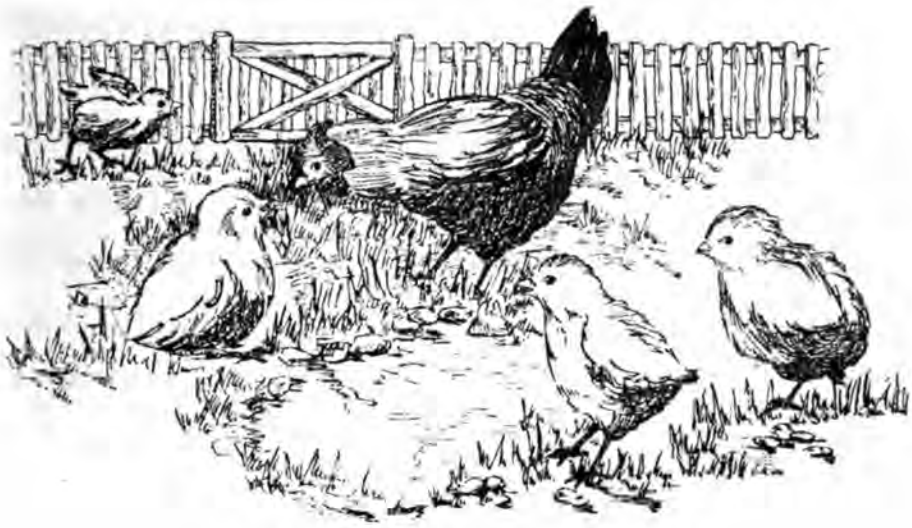
There once was a funny old
parrot
That lived upon cracker and
carrot.
And each day at high noon,
She drank soup from a spoon,
This funny old green polly
parrot.



THE PROPER WAY TO TAKE SOUP

Not so; but *so!*

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A RĀJA-YOGA REMINDER

SAID the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A nice fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A nice fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
"Oh, I wish I could find
Some nice soft yellow meal!"

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"Oh, I wish I could find,
A nice green little leaf!"

"Now, see here," said their mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
You just come and scratch!"— Selected

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PLAYTIME AT THE BEACH



WHAT SHALL WE PLAY, LITTLE WAVES?

WE went down to the beach one day, and there were puddles. We took off our shoes and stockings and waded about in the pools and on the slippery rocks.

I stuck my toes into a big sea-anemone, and it began to close up. I almost squealed. But I remembered that I am a big girl; so I just pulled them out bravely before they got eaten up!

We gathered nice smooth pebbles and pretty little shells that always whisper to you when you hold them to your ear.

We saw all the waves, too. The big noisy ones chased us and the little ones whispered "Come and play."

When we did we got all wet and had to come home quickly and change. But the waves didn't mean to be naughty. It was just their fun. You see, they are wet all over, so they could'nt help it; and we are still good friends with them. A.

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Râja-Yoga Messenger

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUTH
Conducted by
Students of the Râja-Yoga College
Published bi-monthly, under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California, U. S. A.
Entered as second-class matter, December 27, 1904, at the Postoffice at Point Loma California
Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley
Subscription (6 issues) $1.00. Foreign postage 20c. extra; Canadian 10c.

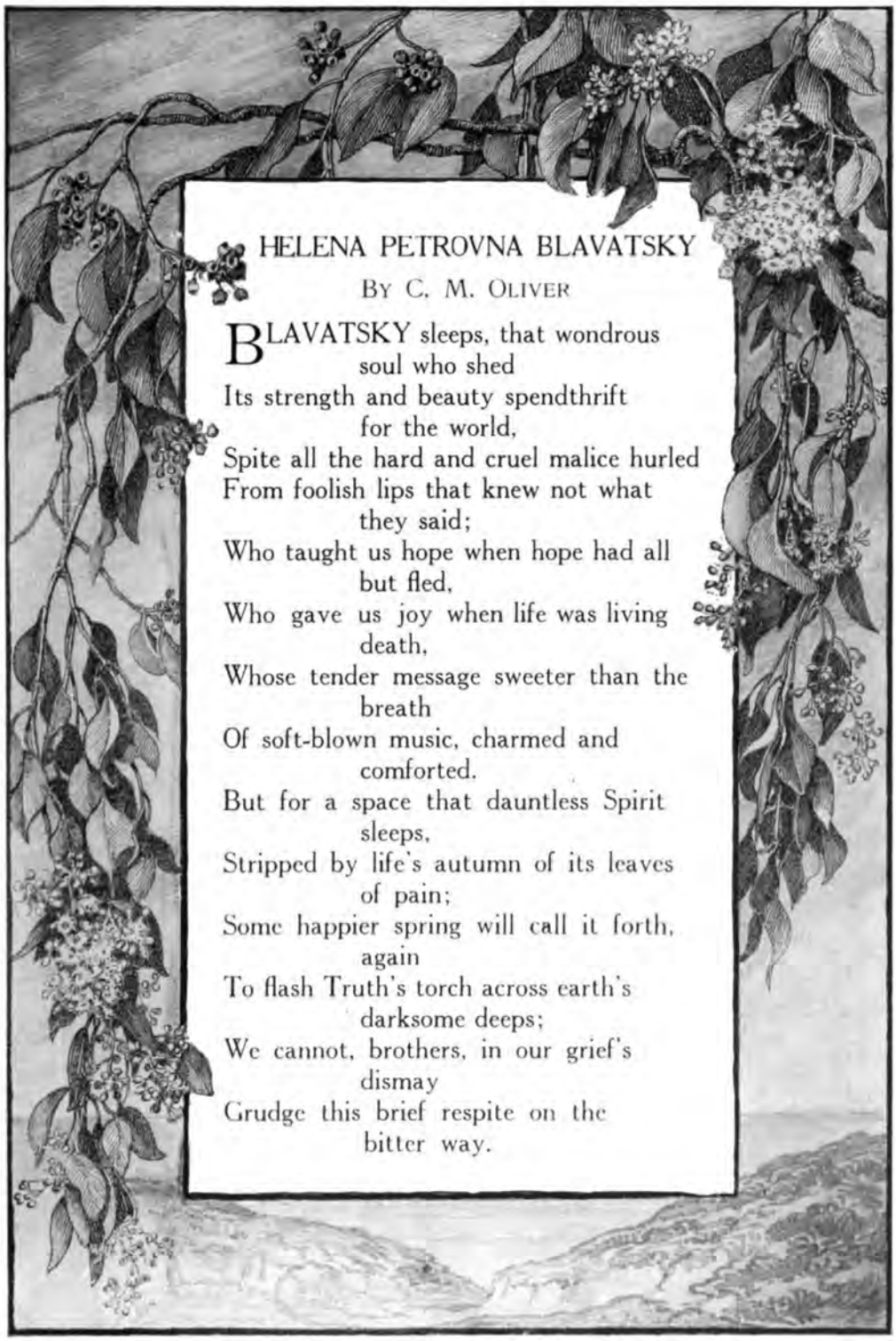
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HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

By C. M. Oliver

BLAVATSKY sleeps, that wondrous soul who shed
Its strength and beauty spendthrift for the world,
Spite all the hard and cruel malice hurled
From foolish lips that knew not what they said;
Who taught us hope when hope had all but fled,
Who gave us joy when life was living death,
Whose tender message sweeter than the breath
Of soft-blown music, charmed and comforted.
But for a space that dauntless Spirit sleeps,
Stripped by life's autumn of its leaves of pain;
Some happier spring will call it forth, again
To flash Truth's torch across earth's darksome deeps;
We cannot, brothers, in our grief's dismay
Grudge this brief respite on the bitter way.

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IN ONE OF THE 'WILD GARDENS' OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE GROUNDS

Geraniums, Wild Flax, and California Poppies

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVII, NO. 3 MAY 1921

"Let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain, nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed."— H. P. BLAVATSKY

COMPASSION, THE WARRIOR'S CROWN

"Here was one out of the Heroic Age, who challenged all souls."
— Kenneth Morris



IF it be true that "nothing great is ever accomplished without enthusiasm" it is equally true that nothing of lasting worth was ever brought forth without hard work. And under all ordinary circumstances the harder the work and more intense the effort, the more perfect and lasting will be the product, both in worth and appeal. More can be said even than this. No immortal work can be produced without labor and suffering. For there is something about pain and sorrow that burn away our superficial and passing ideas and feelings and lay bare those attributes which are of the gods. Look searchingly into any deathless masterpiece and you will find it wrought in tears. Examine into the origin and inspiration of any great institution which is a real benediction to the race, and you will find that somewhere suffering and pain have brought it forth. In the world today many thousands of people are enjoying blessings and opportunities, the creation of which some few great souls in the past have paid for with long lives of suffering and renunciation. The keynote of those lives, those heroic lives, was Compassion!

It can hardly be correct to speak of any real human virtue as 'negative' unless it be the rather doubtful virtue of avoiding evil action. Still the human mind naturally thinks of the virtues to a certain extent as coming under two heads: the positive, assertive, vigorous attributes; and the gentle, tender, and perchance, non-heroic ones. Under the last head one naturally places such attributes as love, sympathy, compassion. Indeed at the first mention of the latter quality do we not instinctively associate it with a gentle, yielding and tender nature? Does it not on the first glance suggest itself to us rather as a beautiful 'sentiment' than as a heroic quality? How false this

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conception is we discover in those immortal lives of heroism, the essence and mainspring of whose efforts has been a sublime compassion.

"Truth is a strong thing," and only the strong man or woman can live his or her life so as to body forth some aspect of truth. The reason for this is that it calls for the attainment of impersonality and selflessness — qualities only attainable by strong natures.

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the Foundress of the modern Theosophical Movement in 1875 — the anniversary of whose death on May 8th the Râja-Yoga students never fail to commemorate as White Lotus Day — has been constantly characterized by those who knew her and worked with her as Lion-hearted, and Compassionate. No more superb example of the heroism of compassion is to be found than that which her life presents. She was one of those heroic souls who know not fear in any form; one who, having espoused a sublime cause, will face endless and unutterable pain and suffering, yea, death itself rather than desert that cause.

The heroism of this quality of compassion lies in this: that we surrender all those joys, those comforts and consolations which in the indulgence of individual and personal friendships and attachments make life sunny and kind and dear. Weighing anchor in the smooth, snug harbor of personal friendship for the few, we sail out into the great sea of life and dedicate our love and comradeship to the *real* welfare of the *many* — of all. To do this is at once to be persecuted and misunderstood — to take pain and sorrow as our portion in life. This is what Helena Petrovna Blavatsky did — to meet from the outset (now from the traditional enemies of progress, and now from those who placed self-interest above gratitude) with what would have crushed a heart less devoted to the welfare of humanity as a whole.

"Let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain, nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed." — Her words. Well she knew the anguish of those "burning human tears" and loyally she let them fall upon her own great heart, and sought to assuage the pain that gave them birth. In her grand life she vindicated the adamantine strength and heroic splendor of that tenderest of all human attributes — divine, all-embracing Compassion — the Crown of the Warrior! M. A. M.

"SHE sowed the fields of thought with poetry, aspiration, faith in the divine order of things. She made spiritual thinking possible."

— *Kenneth Morris*

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HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

THE story of the life of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky has been told many times, but not so often but that we shall always be glad to tell it again; for Madame Blavatsky was a wonderful woman, and because she was so great, she has been much misrepresented.

She was born on July 31, 1831. To visit her birthplace, we should have to travel far away to Russia, to the village of Ekaterinoslaff.

Her ancestry is very interesting. Her father was of a German family — the von Hahns — and her mother was descended from some of the old families who traced their ancestry back to Rurik, the first ruler of Russia.

As a little girl she was surrounded by myth and legend. She loved to ramble by streams and into the woods, where she told her friendly little wood-playmates she saw smiling and beckon-nymphs and fairies mother having died ing to her. Her young, she went to when she was quite father in Saratoff at live with her grand- age. He had a large only eleven years of little Helena's ready, castle there, and to was full of interest imaginative mind it loved to wander in its and wonder. She only because of the dark passages, not because she could en- mystery of it all, but with the books she joy solitude there, favorite of hers was a dearly loved. One tled 'Solomon's Wis- book of legends enti- dom.'



HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

In the evenings she would gather her playmates about her and, seated on the back of a large stuffed seal, tell them thrilling stories, in which she often figured as the heroine. Then again, she would pick up some stuffed animal from her grandfather's large collection, and tell in a very interesting way the story of its life.

Everyone recognised her as being far above the average child, and many prophecies were made then that she would do great things in the days to come.

When she was seventeen she was unhappily married to General Blavatsky, and after this she started on her extensive travels. Egypt, Greece, France, England, Canada, the United States, Mexico, Japan, and India were among the countries she visited. While traveling in these countries she studied and learned many wonderful things, which she later gave to the people of the world through her writings and teachings.

One always remembers and pays tribute to Madame Blavatsky as a friend and Teacher of humanity. She had a very compassionate heart;

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but at the same time she was very determined in her protest against what she knew to be the dangers of the time. She suffered very much because she would not be silent where she could throw in her word of warning; and because she spoke and acted so courageously when she knew it to be her duty to do so, she has come to be called "The Lion-hearted."

Her books have challenged the worth of existing books on philosophy, religion, and science, and are so all-embracing that one marvels at the intellect that possessed so much knowledge.

It is possible to write almost without end of the value of the life of H. P. Blavatsky. The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society stands as a monument to her, for it was she who founded the Theosophical Society. She founded it for the benefit of the people of the world. One of her students writes "We know that because of her labors and sufferings, because of all that we learned of and from her, we shall the more quickly recognise and the more strenuously defend all who come after her. We know that some day we shall again be privileged to uphold her mighty hand." S. H.

COMPASSION

EDWIN ARNOLD

YE are not bound! the Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will: that which was Good
Doth pass to Better — Best.

Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surely sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.

Unseen it helpeth ye with faithful hands,
Unheard it speaketh stronger than the storm.
Pity and Love are man's because long stress
Molded blind mass to form.

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!

— From *The Light of Asia*

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IN THE LAND OF PETER THE GREAT

"Russia is not a State; it is a world."

RUSSIA, that "dreaming Titan," is a land of immensities. Its great expanse of territory, covering two-fifths of Eurasia, embraces a motley assemblage of races and "fragments of forgotten peoples," from the frozen, ice-bound coast of the north, to the verdant Crimea. Vast steppes, like an ocean of snow in winter, turning to a green-gold ocean in spring, jewelled with cornflowers purple, blue, and violet; these set off with fragrant yellow spikes of broom; clover pink and white, tulips, crocuses, and hyacinths; and a forest zone comprising one third of the total area, covering the land with hardwoods, pines, willows, oak, birches, and evergreens.

In mineral wealth Russia is a treasure-house. Its geological formation is unusual, containing strata of the oldest and the most recent formation; and is rich in marbles, malachites, sandstones, jade, and granite, which make the cathedrals and public buildings such piles of beauty. Coal, iron, petroleum, gold, silver, zinc, asbestos — in short almost every mineral is there in bountiful supply; their resources as yet scarcely touched. Platinum, and precious stones abound; diamond, sapphire, emerald, tourmaline, topaz, and amethyst, garnet, jade, beryl, aquamarine and chrysoberyl (a gem resembling opal in its play of color). These wait in a profusion of wealth to embellish the cathedrals, among which St. Isaac's, in Petrograd, was perhaps the most astonishing house of worship that Europe could boast. Its images of the saints were heavy with precious stones, rails of solid silver guarded the altar; while pillars thirty feet high of malachite and jade soared to the golden roof.

In art, music, and literature, the Russians have struck a profoundly deep note. In pathos, realism, aspiration, one feels the soul of a people of gigantic possibilities trying to express itself in large enough terms. Atmosphere, intensity, and color, color, color, everywhere. One sees it in the sparkling spires and minarets — gold, blue, silver, red — of their palaces and churches; in the hand-embroidered, gay costumes of the peasants and native peoples. It is one of their few recompenses for the hard life they have had to lead. Flaming scarlet blouses, high boots burnished like mirrors, medals, decorations, blue, green and purple trousers and skirts, veils heavy with silver, long yellow beards, and straw sandals are everywhere; and to the eye accustomed to the rather low-toned coloring of our American streets, the effects risk becoming gaudy.

Drifting nearer the Caucasus — the borderland where Asia and Europe meet — one comes to the city of Nizhni-Novgorod, where are held the famous Novgorod Fairs, whose trade represents a value of millions of dollars between July 29 and September 10. The Russians bring their cotton, woolen, linen, and silken stuffs, and barter in furs, iron-ware, leather, and food products.

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Asia pours in her share of silken and golden embroidered wares, leather, rugs, brass-ware, saddles, caps, and gay costumes.

Education is the great cry of the Russians. Though it has been denied them so cruelly, they are determined to have it. Close acquaintance with



A MIDSUMMER FROLIC
Swedish Folk-Dance in national costume at the Râja-Yoga College

the people reveals their thirst for knowledge, and the sacrifice they are willing to make to obtain it. Russia has had a hard time, from the years when the Tatars repeatedly burned 'Mother Moscow,' with all the records and treasures, past the horrors of Ivan the Terrible's reign, to the throes of the present situation. Peter the Great, by his single might, lifted Russia three hundred years forward on her path, and others have tried to follow in his footsteps.

But the soul of Russia still sent up a cry; her vast energies still pent up found no adequate expression even in her great musical geniuses; and so, one might say, the aspirations of centuries found their expression in Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. She had resources to draw from in the forces hidden in the national genius — resources of endurance, of world-wide capacities, of depth, and daring: Russia seems to be a fit setting for such a character; and when the distracting problems of today find their solution, and a breathing space comes, the Russians will find, if they study her life, that they need little other enlightenment from without; for their own country gave birth to one of the grandest characters of Western history — one whom the whole world in time will recognise in grateful reverence. K. H.

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to the fact that the plants yielding them were used medicinally by native races in their original habitat. Likewise animals, unless domesticated, avoid poisonous plants and use medicinal ones without reference to any *materia medica!* It seems, then, that there is a knowledge of plants, certain and reliable, which has nothing to do with the brain-mind processes of finding out by experimentation the effect of such on the human and animal systems. Then why not a knowledge, forgotten possibly, of the effect produced on the mind by the contacting of certain flowers, from which knowledge, decadent though it may be now, has sprung the modern language of flowers?

We are inclined to take the position that there are certain feelings aroused in the human mind from the contacting of flowers — different feelings from different flowers — and it may be that the name Agapanthus, literally meaning Love-Flower, was intuitively given it from the feelings it called up in its admirers — a drawing forth of a deeper love than they had previously experienced. We feel the flower is well named — it was the favorite flower of Madame Blavatsky, one whose life was a living example of love and compassion.

It was not only the favorite flower of Madame Blavatsky, but it is stated that she suggested that it ought to be planted around every home. Now we know that Madame Blavatsky has added vastly to our store of knowledge in the domain of science, helping us to understand many things which were hidden formerly from us. In fact scientists today are proving the truth of statements she made decades ago. She knew whereof she spoke, while they, by laborious methods, are proving the truths she taught. So it is well when she makes a statement or suggestion, even although it may be only about the planting of a certain flower around a home, to consider well the why and wherefore of them.

In this case let us look at her life for the answer. She worked unceasingly to arouse a love and compassion between man and man, nation and nation, and likewise to awaken a better home-life. The flower she asks to be planted around the home has been named the love-flower or agapanthus. Was it simply as a decorative plant that she makes the suggestion? We think not. She was, we feel, giving out some of the knowledge which the ancients held regarding the virtues of plants, and it may be that the real virtue of the agapanthus is that of calling forth a deeper love from those contacting it. She knew, while we can only suggest.

There was a time when ancient peoples recognised these inner secrets of nature, and doubtless the Egyptians were among them. Can you not imagine the hour of night in the gardens of the Temple — the breathless Egyptian night, with a myriad wondrous stars shining down into the waters of the sacred Nile? About the temple rise the slender flower-stems of the Agapanthus — Lily of the Nile — crowned with their wealth of turquoise blooms.

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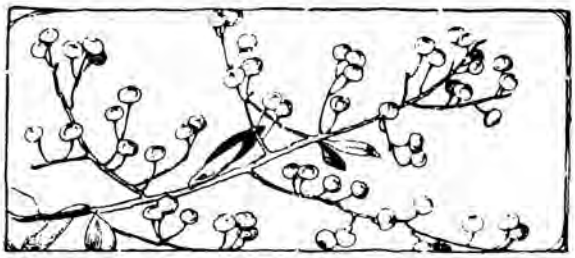
From the temple-courts rises the mystic singing of an ancient hymn to Ptah; in this harmony of color and sound which holds the wandering mind rises another voice out of the silence, whispering "Peace! Peace! Peace! to all that lives."

The flower is known to the botanists as *Agapanthus umbellatus*. The specific name of ***umbellatus*** being given it because of the arrangement of the flowers on the flower-stalk being an umbel — the flowers radiate like the stays of an umbrella from a common center. It goes under various names, such as: Love-Flower, African Lily, Lily of the Nile, etc.; and it is a native of the Cape of Good Hope. The flower-stalk is a scape, that is, it arises from the ground; and when it ascends to the height of about three feet then it is crowned by an umbel of lovely, bright-blue flowers. The leaves are long and strap-shaped, somewhat leathery in texture, forming a fine rosette from which the flower-stalks are surrounded as they ascend from the rhizome — for it is a rhizome although it is often mistaken for a bulb or a tuber. The mistakes originate from the fact that the rhizome is at times very much swollen giving it the appearance of a tuber, and as the leaves rise from the rhizome they are enclosed in a sheath which at the base resembles a bulb in shape. Under good conditions the flower-heads have frequently more than two hundred flowers.

Now when we have said all that is botanically known about the plant, what have we told you about the real plant? Have we not only just given an outside view of it? We would prefer to say something about its real character but we do not know, and so we would like still to imagine it as the love-flower. Although it has been over two hundred years in cultivation in known times, and is a magnificent plant both for pot and garden culture, yet it is not frequently met with — perhaps because the human family has not desired to contact the quality it radiates. All the same we feel the flower has a very great future.

In Lomaland among the Râja-Yogas it is really the flower of love and its flowering time is anxiously looked forward to. We say the flower of love because it occupies the first place on the Sixth of July in the offerings of love from the Râja-Yogas and Students to Madame Tingley on her birthday. So here in Lomaland it has found its true mission, not only as a radiator, but as a bearer of love and unity.

BOTANIST



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THE HUMMING-BIRD

KENNETH MORRIS



WEE thing with whirry wings
And little needle-beak,
Silling there on the emply air,—
Teeny twiller-squeak,
You could tell me fairy-tales
If only you could speak!

Here and there and off and on
Round the eucalypt,—
In what magic waters
Was your gem-throat dipped? —
Off you streak, Twiller-squeak,
Like a pellet flipped!



Somewhere up the canyon,
(Under the ragged tree,
And round the manzanita bush,
And then count three
And shut your eyes and turn round),
Are the Gates of Faerie;



And once you used to live there,
But playing hide-and-seek
You lost your way to Fairyland
And the tongue you used to speak;
And the songs you used to sing, poor thing,
Were turned to a twiller-squeak!
(Now when you're good they let you in
For an hour, once a week!)

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"THOSE were dark days — dark days — and may they never come again; and may those who brought them never have to meet the full price of their deeds! Forty odd years, it is now, since that day. I was at the head of the Indian Scouts in these parts then — had to keep track of the red men on these reservations. And I tell you I learned the lot of the red man then, and as long as I live I shall regret the work I had to do in those days. And all the years I may yet put in, serving the Indians, won't give me all the peace of conscience I want. No sir, those were dark days and this view right here calls them to mind."

The fine old white-haired Chief Scout waved his hand towards the rolling prairie below where we sat:

"See that stretch of plain, down yonder? It wasn't always the way you see it now. Not by any manner or means. — The night the tribes broke loose from the reservation? — they'd had all they could stand and I don't blame them making a strike for liberty. But they stood no chance, and me and my boys had to go in and get them beaten and coralled again. That was a wild night. The air was full of war-whoops and different tribal yells; and shots went whizzing in all directions. But as I said, the redskins didn't have any show and before dawn we had them all back on the reservation, broken and dispirited, wailing the loss of their best men.

"Next morning we went over the ground. War-arrows, stray eagle-feathers, and bits of finery, with which some of them had decked themselves for the fight, were scattered all over the place — here and there a victim of this forlorn hope. It was a dismal sight. I remember it was nearing sunrise-time and we were headed eastward. Pushing aside the branches of a blooming acacia-tree, which scattered a rain of fluffy yellow balls all over us, we came near stumbling over the body of a sleeping Indian girl.

"I hope to live to be an old man, but I shall never be old enough to lose the memory of that picture. Winona, I think her name was — the big chief's daughter — the pride of the tribe — one of the most beautiful Indian girls I ever saw. The sun was just coming over the hill and its first rays came glancing through the big golden acacia and fell on the sleeping maiden.

"Sleeping, did I say? No, she wasn't sleeping — leastways, not the sort of sleep you and I take. No; she didn't move or sigh, and there wasn't any

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motion of breathing — she just lay there silent and still, with the smile she had upon her lips when she breathed out her young soul to the Great Spirit.

"We laid her in the ground under the acacia, covering her up with earth and stones to keep the coyotes off. At the head of the little mound we planted a young cactus, and after repeating the invocation sacred to her tribe, without another word we turned away.

"Well, it was some years before my work took me around to these parts again. Then at last, after a long ride over the desert, I found myself one night with a few of my boys in this neighborhood. Although it was night, the moon was full and the place was nearly as bright as day. In the distance I recognised the great acacia and turned my horse over in that direction. Reigning up before the little mound I dropped to the ground and stood bare-headed in silence. At the head of the mound stood a giant cactus with its weird arms stretched out holding one single white blossom — beautiful as a star — pure and radiant as a maiden's heart. As I looked at that flower



I somehow knew the Great Spirit had claimed his own and had set the sign of his benediction here in this silent desert-place. — It's somewhere's over near the foot of that low mesa." E. N.

DISPENSING WITH ICE

IN THE early pioneer days of refrigeration, machines of the cold-air type employing air as the refrigerating medium were used with considerable success, but since 1880 the compression system has been adopted.

In the compression system a volatile liquid such as ammonia or carbon dioxide is used as the refrigerating medium, the underlying principle being the physical property, which is possessed more or less by all substances, of absorbing heat at a constant temperature while passing from the liquid to the gaseous state and of rejecting the same quantity of heat while undergoing the reverse process of condensation.

In practical application the ammonia or other refrigerating medium is caused to evaporate and absorb latent heat in tubular coils, around the exterior of which the air of the storage chamber, or water to be frozen into ice, or whatever other substance is to be cooled, is allowed to circulate, while the resulting vapor is drawn off by a compression pump and discharged into a condenser, where it is cooled by circulating water to which it rejects the heat and is restored to the liquid state to be used over again.

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HOME-LIFE IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM

CHINA has often been called a 'Land of Walls,' and perhaps no name could be found to suit her better. The Great Wall of China, built by the Emperor Shih Hwang-Ti in B. C. 214, is the most impressive example of what greets the foreigner at every turn. Every city has its wall, and after the gates are closed at sun-down only the most pressing business, or a very handsome *cumshaw*, (the Chinese for tip), will corrupt the watchman into granting entrance to the belated voyager. Every house is enclosed in its compound with at least six feet of bricks and mortar, while the temples and shrines — and the palaces above all — have their intricate labyrinths to keep out the evil spirits, who, ever traveling in straight lines, become confused and lose their way at unexpected turns and corners.

All these are, however, the least insurmountable of the many walls that forbid entrance to the stranger. When he is confronted with the suave courtesy of the Chinaman who politely refuses to obey some order with the omnipotent words 'olo custom,' let him recognise that he is confronted with the whole immovable feeling of the Orient, that has held up filial piety for long ages as an ideal, and that considers it irreverent and improper to improve on the customs of ancestors. And then too, if he is at all inclined to seek admission to the Chinese home, he will come upon another set of moral walls: a complicated system of etiquette, that most effectually masks the real inner life of the home. The women, particularly, in their traditional seclusion, are still surrounded with the charm of mystery; for although a favored few have been within the compound walls of some ancient family, they were but visitors — and do we not all know that home is never quite its natural self when guests are being entertained?

Miss Elizabeth Cooper, however, has succeeded remarkably well in

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bringing us into very close touch with the refined and charming atmosphere of the real high-class Chinese home — and this not by memoirs or anecdotes of personal experiences, but by a most sympathetic and delightful translation of the letters of a Chinese lady to her husband. They were, Miss Cooper says, shown to her years after they were written, and give us a very unusual



ON THE TERRACE

From a fifteenth-century Chinese masterpiece

glimpse into the sequestered life within the compound. The recipient of these charming letters was a very high official, who accompanied Prince Ch ung on his travels around the world, and later was appointed the Governor of Kuang-Si. His wife, Kwei-li, was the daughter of a viceroy in Chi-li, a man of advanced ideas, who started a vast educational movement for the youth of the kingdom. Perhaps to prove the practicability of this new

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system he had his own daughter educated, engaging for her instruction Ling Wing-Pu, a famous poet of his province.

The letters of Kwei-li give a simple and very true picture of her life in the beautiful ancestral home of her husband, high on the quiet mountain-side, near the busy city of Su-Chau. Every seventh day my lady of the courtyard wrote to her lord "all that passed within her household and her heart." This was an unheard-of breach of the proprieties of the old *régime*, which quite scandalized the Honorable Mother-in-law. —"It was not seemly," she protested, "to send communications from her (Kwei-li's) hand to his," and held that "the younger generations had passed the limits of all modesty and womanliness." She desired that "the Writer, or his brother, should send him the news of his household." But this Kwei-li would not permit — for which we may indeed be grateful, as it has added a most valuable page to our too scant literature on this fascinating subject.

In one letter she writes with pride, that her Honorable Mother has entrusted her the keys of the household, and describes the manifold duties that this great responsibility entails.

"I arise in the morning early," she writes, "and after seeing that my hair is tidy, I take a cup of tea to the Aged One and make my obeisance. Then I place the rice and water on their dishes before the God of the Kitchen and light a tiny stick of incense for his altar, so that our day may begin auspiciously. After the morning meal I consult with the cook and steward. The vegetables must be regarded carefully and the fish inspected, and I must ask the price that has been paid, because often a hireling is hurried and forgets that a bargain is not made with a breath. . . . If the servants or their children are ill, they come to me instead of thine Honorable Mother, as in former times. . . . Then I go with the gardener to the terrace and help him arrange the flowers for the day." In another letter a little later she says prettily: "The hours of one day are as like each other as are twin blossoms from the pear-tree. . . . The mornings are passed in the duties that come to all women who have the care of a household, and the afternoons I am on the terrace with thy sister. . . . Mah-li and I take our embroidery, and pass long hours watching the people in the valley below."

She speaks also of a new daughter-in-law who has recently come into the home, and who meets with disapproval from the Honorable Parent for her light and airy manner. But Kwei-li calls her "our butterfly," and says, "To me she is the light of the old palace; the true spirit of laughter." The Venerable One was, however, determined to subdue her frivolous spirit and so decided that both she and Mah-li should daily learn a text from the sage Confucius for penance: "Love of goodness without the will to learn casts the shadow called foolishness. Love of knowledge without the will to learn casts the shadow called instability," and so forth. They set about this task

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in the inner courtyard, continually interrupting their recitations of the 'Six Shadows which attend the Six Virtues' with merry chatter and peals of laughter, presumably during the much-appreciated siesta of the Honored Parent.

One great adventure that Kwei-li describes in detail is a shopping expedition to the city — quite an unheard-of excitement for the women-folk of the household. Li-ti, the new daughter-in-law, had made up her mind that



MOUNTAINS IN MIST

the purchases should not be made in the usual way — by having the merchants bring their wares for inspection to the courtyard — but that the ladies should all go and finger the pretty goods within the shops. At last the August One consented to order chairs, and the long procession filed out of the compound.

It was market-day within the city, and the narrow streets were made nigh impassable by the baskets of the fish and vegetable vendors that lined the way. Long lacquer signs with letters of raised gold, and black and red ones with characters carved and gilded hung before the shops to call attention to the tempting wares within. Rich festoons of gaily colored silk nearly swept the ground before the fan-shop. "We bought silks and satins and gay brocades," she writes; "we chatted and we bargained and we shopped.

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We handled jade and pearls and ornaments of twisted gold, and we priced amulets and incense-pots and gods. We filled our eyes with luxury, and our *amahs'* chairs with packages." She speaks of the strangeness of the crowded, threatening, bustling city, and says that it seems like another world from their own quiet, walled-in dwelling, where she feels as if life's hurry and distress will only pass them by — not touch them.

Following this is a very charming picture of the school within the compound, where all the little ones of the household — the children of the many servants and dependants of a Chinese home — are taught to drone their sing-song recitations. At times she goes into the school-room and tells them the quaint stories she used to beg of her *amah* as a child; and then they crowd around her, pleading for more. Her Honorable Mother does not approve of this kind of diversion from study, but Kwei-li says the little ones love it — "and they grow so tired of the hard benches and Chan-tai, the teacher, who glares at them so fiercely when they speak not quickly enough."

Some of the most exquisite passages in these letters are the descriptions of natural scenery, where the writer, in the true Chinese spirit, seems to call upon nature to interpret the moods of her own mind. The abstract is ever represented in concrete terms by the Chinaman, who will always express beauty in whatever form by some simile from the world of mountain, forest, sea, and sky. For example, my Lady of the courtyard writes to her lord and master: "The hillside is purple with the autumn bloom, and the air is filled with a golden haze. The red leaves drift slowly down the canal and tell me that soon the winter winds will come. Outside the walls the insects sing sleepily in the grass seeming to know that their brief life is nearly spent. The wild geese on their southward flight carry my thoughts to thee. . . . Not at twilight, nor at gray of dawn, can I find happiness without thee. . . . Endless are the days as trailing creepers."

And again she describes the beauty of the coming fall: "The summer wanes and autumn is upon us with all its mists and shadows of purple and gray. The camphor-trees look from the distance like great balls of fire, and the eucalyptus-tree, in its dress of brilliant yellow, is a gaily painted court-lady."

She mentions, too, the rains of spring and autumn, the seething, yellow torrent that rushes down the mountain-side, and the valley shrouded in mists. Then by contrast she speaks of the fresh, cool showers of spring-time, of which she says: "The happy rains of spring are here. It is not the cold, drear rain of autumn, but dancing, laughing rain that comes sweeping across the valley, touching the rice-fields lovingly, and bringing forth the young green leaves of the mulberry. I hear it patter upon the roof at night-time, and in the morning all the earth seems cleansed and new; fresh colors greet the eye when I throw back my casement."

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Perhaps it is not that nature is any more beautiful in China, but only that the Sons and the Daughters of Han, down all the long ages of their history, have remained very close to her at heart — so close, in fact, that each changing phase of her beauty, each tiny note of her music, calls forth a vibrant echo from these happy people of the Flowery Kingdom. M. B.



THE FAÇADE OF THE ROCK-TEMPLE OF ABU-SIMBEL, UPPER EGYPT

Giving entrance to a series of sculptured halls, chambers, and vestibules which penetrate the granite cliff to the depth of over 200 feet

WONDERS OF SCIENCE

THE modern traveler in Egypt, China, India, or Central America, on seeing the temples, the fine roads, gigantic aqueducts and other remnants of long-forgotten civilizations scattered over the earth, cannot help but wonder at the scientific skill the ancients must have possessed. It would exceed the powers of our best modern engineers to build the Pyramids of Gizeh or to reproduce the arrangement of the stones in the royal palaces of the Pre-Inca dynasties — simply because we have not the instruments with which to do the work; notwithstanding

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the fact that our age rightly boasts itself an age of giant engineering feats.

We doubtless thought we had done well when we first achieved communication by telephone, so that distance, as regards the human voice, was practically eliminated. But now it is found through tradition (substantiated by historic evidence) that the Ptolemies communicated with their temples and with people at a distance by means of wires!

And if we possessed the records of those ages we now only know by myth, saga and tradition, we might find to our astonishment that we are as yet mere children in our scientific knowledge — a fact which some of the greatest representatives of modern scientific research have had to admit. In the new light which archaeology has thrown on the past history of the human race, we begin to realize that perhaps after all there have been giants of power and knowledge in past ages to whom — through their living in closer harmony with nature's laws — nature revealed more of her secrets.

When Roger Bacon discovered the composition of gunpowder he discovered nothing new. The Chinese were acquainted with the destructive properties of that explosive thousands of years before the Oxford monk startled the English court with his discovery. In this connexion it is interesting to note that only recently the scientific world received a new shock when experts in the agricultural department of this country declared their belief that the cause of the terrible explosions which occasionally occur in large threshing-machines was that the very fine grain-dust produced when the machines are working is so infinitesimal that its *atoms* combine with certain atoms in the air, and in these new combinations form powerful explosives.

Another interesting feature recently referred to in our scientific publications is an 'air breakwater.' From having actually denied that air had substance and power of resistance, we have come now to provide our great stone structures designed to resist the ocean-waves with conduits through which compressed air is driven up through the billows.

Along the line of astronomy, an interesting discovery recently made is that of the existence of a definite connexion between the periodically recurring sun-spots and the varying conditions of productivity on the earth. It is claimed by one scientist that there is a distinct connexion between the appearance of sunspots and the migration of certain birds. We seem to be treading on unknown ground in more than one department of life.

Had we learned to devote more of our greatest discoveries to something worthier than instruments of destruction, had we learned to regard Brotherhood as a fact in nature and to live accordingly, possibly nature would again yield to us the secret of building not only Pyramids, but beautiful and sanitary cities, and bright homes. She might also show us how to give to our modern civilization that Heart-Touch which would make the world a better and brighter place — the one touch which is most sadly lacking today. L. E.

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Photo. by J. J. Ward, Coventry

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL, AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON
Containing the Memorial Theater, Picture Gallery, and Library

A VISIT TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON IN JUNE

JUNE 4th dawned dull and gray; the air felt quite chilly. Nevertheless, having made up our minds to visit Stratford, we started off gaily, hoping the weather would improve — in which we were not disappointed, for soon after we arrived in Stratford the sun dispersed the clouds, and the rest of the day was beautifully warm and sunny. Leaving Stratford station, I felt a thrill of excitement run through me, remembering that in this old-world town had lived one whose name is renowned far and wide, one whose greatness but increases with the passage of time.

The first object of interest encountered was a drinking-fountain presented to the town of Stratford by an American citizen, George W. Childs of Philadelphia, on the occasion of the jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1887. There are several quotations inscribed on it; one, I remember is: "Honest water that never left man in the mire" (*Timon of Athens*, Act I, Sc. 2).

From there we went to the Shakespeare Memorial, a fine-looking structure in Elizabethan style, which combines a library, picture-gallery, central tower, and theater. The building was begun as far back as 1864, and not completed until about twenty years after, being very substantially built, with walls some three feet in thickness. It is the idea to place in the Library every known edition of Shakespeare's plays and works associated with him. The picture-gallery is reached by a stone staircase lighted by stained-glass windows.

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A portrait of Queen Elizabeth hangs at the bottom, and one of Shakespeare at the top; and when you hear that in the picture-gallery hang paintings of Macbeth and the Witches, Coriolanus, Romeo and Juliet, Phelps as Hamlet, Lady Macbeth, Titania reposing, Rosalind, and others, as well as portraits of famous Shakesperean actors and actresses such as Ellen Terry, Henry Irving, David Garrick, and Mrs. Siddons, your interest will be thoroughly aroused.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The Theater will hold from 800 to 900 people, and on the drop-scene is a picture of Elizabeth going in state to the opening of the Globe Theater.

Holy Trinity Church, our next *rendez-vous* — an old fourteenth-century edifice standing on the banks of the Avon — had a very picturesque setting. Within its walls lie the remains of Shakespeare and many of his family.

Midday found us in Henley Street, where the birthplace of the great poet-dramatist is situated. It contains books and manuscripts of great interest, and numerous other articles of the Tudor period. Formerly the house did not look as it does now; at first there were two houses, one being the dwelling of the Shakespeare family, and the other next door the wool shop of John Shakespeare, the poet's father — now used as a museum. The building has been sold and re-sold many times, being occuped as a tenement house, a butcher's shop, and an inn; and has undergone many changes in structure. In 1847, however, the houses were purchased by the nation for the sum of $15,000, and it was then that an attempt was made to remodel them in their former style. The furniture now seen in the house by visitors and tourists is not the original, but only furniture of that period found and brought there,

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also such things as implements for brewing, a bolting-hutch, rush-dips, leather bottles, pewter pots, a dripping-pan, and a tinder-box; but we shall speak more of these things later.

This old house belongs to a time that is very different from our own; house-cleaning was then almost unknown; people had no soap; they would throw their garbage out of the front door on the street, and as long as the



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

pile did not get too large, nothing was said or done about it. Rush-lights dipped in tallow and lit with flint and tinder-box furnished illumination. If the housewife needed a new dress, she had first to weave the material for it. Money was not used or thought so much of as it is today. People very often — especially in these little towns — used to exchange goods with one another. They had practically no books.

It is interesting to note that in the house itself, among the names scratched on the walls in the birth-room (and there are many), appear the familiar ones of Sir Walter Scott, Carlyle, Lord Byron, and Charles Dickens.

In the afternoon we went once more to the Tudor Garden, which contains only flowers and plants known in Tudor times and those mentioned in Shakespeare's works. These gardens are made in the grounds of New Place, the residence which Shakespeare bought in the latter part of his life, and where he died. It was first built in the reign of Henry VII, by Sir Hugh Clopton, sometime Lord Mayor of London; and in later years, long after Shakespeare's death, Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I, slept there while on her way to meet the king at Kineton with an armed force, escorted by Prince Rupert.

Beyond the Guildhall, is the Grammar School, built in 1424, and attended

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by Shakespeare, tradition has it, as an assistant master. It is the writing-desk from this school that is now to be seen in the museum at the birth-place; for it must be remembered that it was not John Shakespeare who would be wanting a writing-desk — he was entirely ignorant of the subject. It was quite common for people not to know how to read or write in those days; parents were not compelled to send their children to school, and they often kept them at home to help earn money.

On leaving Stratford, a walk across fields led us to Shottery. How brilliantly the sun shone upon the little old-world village, so quaint and picturesque. Anne Hathaway's cottage was, to me, one of the most interesting sights of our visit. Although this building is well known to all as Anne Hathaway's cottage, this is not literally true. The building in the first place is not a cottage, but part of an Elizabethan farm-house, which like Shakespeare's birthplace, has been divided up at different times into tenements. It has been proved that Anne Hathaway herself did not live in this house. There were three families of Hathaways in Shottery at that time, all intimately connected, and it is highly possible that Shakespeare did visit this place many times. The house had been in the possession of the family of Hathaway from 1470 to 1897.

In the living-room we saw rush-lights, peeled and soaked in tallow. The rush was put into a sort of clip, and as the rush burnt down, it was moved up. Then there were the dinner plates, which at one time were made of wood and called trenchers. These were used on both sides, and as this made the tables dirty, reversible tables were made — and thus you see the origin of turning the tables on anyone. After the wooden trenchers came pewter plates, and then china, and in this cottage there were all these three types of dinner service.

Our attention was next drawn to the leather bottle, in which farm-workers used to carry water to their work. When these bottles commenced to leak, holes were cut in their sides to show they were of no more use. Here is a good verse about it:

"And when at length the bottle grows old
And will no longer good liquor hold,
Out of the side you may make a clout
To mend your shoes, when they're worn out;
Then take and hang it upon a pin
'Twill do to put hinges and odd things in.
So we hope his soul in Heaven may dwell
Who first found out the leather bottle."

Outside is the courting settle on which Anne Hathaway and Shakespeare sat.

Upstairs in one bedroom is the bed of Anne Hathaway's parents. It has been in the same room for 360 years. On it is a rush mattress. In some churches one sees carved on the tombs a rush mattress, and this indicates

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that the person there buried died in his bed, and not on the sea, or by violence. On the bed is some beautiful drawn-thread work, done by Elizabeth, Anne's sister. In Anne's own bedroom, is some material called linsey-woolsey, which has a linen warp and wool weft. In *All's Well That Ends Well*, Shakespeare makes a lord say to a soldier "What linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?" (meaning what tom-foolery, or gibberish).

In the living-room are some skillets, (little pots) and saucepans without lids, of no particular size. In *Othello* you find Othello saying: "Let housewives make a skillet of my helm."

Before we left I plucked from the garden a few sprigs of rosemary. My visit to Stratford will ever remain in my memory, so full it was of incident and interest; and when I see Shakespeare acted or read his works, I see again the little Warwickshire town, with its Old-World buildings, its beautiful surroundings, its ancient church half hidden among the elms by the river — all like a vivid, living picture from a glowing past. M.

NIGHT-SKIES IN LOMALAND

III



N connexion with ORION, the great jewelled warrior of the skies — who will soon have descended in his rapid westward march beneath the horizon — there are a number of magnificent stars to speak of.

The *alpha*, Betelgeuse, on the right shoulder, is named from the Arabic *Ibt al-Jauzah*, the Arm-pit of the Central One. It also has the title *Mirzam*, the Roarer or Announcer — as the herald of the remaining stars of the constellation. This star, irregularly variable, and orange in color, has received special prominence recently from Professor Michelson's experiments in discovering the magnitudes of the various stars. In the case of Betelgeuse, it will be recalled that he made the astounding, although apparently reliable, revelation that this star has a diameter of 260,000,000 miles — that is, a little more than three hundred times that of the Sun, and nearly as large as the orbit of the planet Mars. The brilliant surface of this star, it has been estimated, if placed as near to us as our Sun, would fill the whole visible heavens. Fortunately, however, our brilliant neighbor is somewhat aloof, since the light we see coming from it at any given moment started on its way (at the rate of 186,000 miles a second) *one hundred and fifty years ago!* That is to say, Betelgeuse is distant from our Earth 150 'light years.'

Professor Michelson established these facts by means of an instrument known as an 'interferometer,' in which the spectral interference bands shown by two rays of light are utilised as a means of measurement.

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The *beta* of the constellation, Algebar in poetical works, but more generally known as Rigel, is from *Rijl Jauzah al-Yusra*, the Left Leg of the Jauzah, and is situated diagonally opposite to Betelgeuse. It is a double star, both bluish and white, and as "Orion's greatest star" has been given a marine significance and associated with navigation, the whole group being given a



GROUP OF FORMER STUDENTS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA DAY SCHOOL OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, PHOTOGRAPHED AT SAN JUAN

With the party are Mrs. Emily Lemke-Neresheimer, Mr. Iverson Harris, Jr. (Mme. Tingley's Traveling Secretary), and Sr. José Pujals (Caretaker of Katherine Tingley's San Juan estate).

stormy character. Rigel is usually more brilliant than Betelgeuse, although it is lettered below it. *Gamma*, in the left shoulder, is Bellatrix, a pale yellow star — the Amazon Star — having an Arabic title *Al-Najid*, the Conqueror. In an Amazon River myth Bellatrix figures as a young boy in a canoe with an old man, Betelgeuse, chasing a dark spot in the sky near Orion.

Delta, *epsilon*, and *zeta* — *Mintaka*, the Belt, *Al-nilam*, the String of Pearls, and *Al-nilak*, the Girdle, are the three stars in the belt from which a number of small stars seems suspended to do duty as the sword. To the Chinese these stars of the belt were known as the Weighing Beam; to the early Hindûs, the Three-jointed Arrow; to the Scandinavians, Freya's Distaff; to the Laplanders, Kaleva's Sword; and to the Greenlanders, *Siktut*, the Seal-hunters, who were bewildered when lost at sea and transferred together to the sky. *Theta*, in the sword itself, is important as marking the location of the great Orion nebula, referred to in our last article on 'Night-Skies.'

We are now in May, and the great gleaming constellations of the winter months are fast disappearing, and can only be mentioned here in passing.

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Careering over the western plains of heaven, TAURUS, the Great Bull, will be out of sight unless we hasten to note him as he nears the horizon. With Aldebaran, his first-magnitude *lucida;* the Hyades, harbingers of rain; the Pleiades, all rich in beautiful myths and symbology — there is much in this constellation to hold us. But more detailed reference must await some other occasion.

East of Orion we have the glorious constellation of the Great Dog, CANIS MAJOR, with its beautiful blue jewel, Sirius, one of the splendors of the entire heavens. The constellation itself was originally named after the hound of Actaeon, but has also been known from earliest times as the Dog of Orion. By Homer as well as by many of the ancients the name of the Dog seems to have referred alone to the great *lucida* Sirius. To this 'star of Autumn' the Romans offered sacrifices as early as 238 B. C., to secure prosperous harvests. It is said to be the only star identified by us with absolute certitude in the Egyptian records—its earliest 'worship' in the north of that country seeming to have been about 3258 B. C. It is stated, moreover, that certain astronomical periods known to the Chaldaeans could not have been known had they not observed Sirius from the island of Zylos in the Persian Gulf on Thursday, the 29th of April, 11,542 B. C!

Northeast of the Great Dog rises the Lesser Dog, CANIS MINOR. As in the greater constellation, so in the lesser the Greeks chose the name of the principal star, Procyon, as the title of the entire system, the word signifying that the Lesser Dog rose before the Greater. Procyon, the feature which principally attracts our attention to the constellation, is a binary star, in color yellow and yellowish white.

Northeast of Canis Minor rises GEMINI, The Twins, a large and well-defined constellation, the principal attractions of which are the twin stars, Castor and Pollux.

Here again we have a constellation rich in mythological lore. The sons of Leda, they were placed in the sky by Jove in recognition of their strong tie of brotherly affection. With the Arabians they were the Two Peacocks; with the Chaldaeans or Phoenicians, the Two Gazelles; and with the Egyptians, the Two Sprouting Plants. In the constellation, *beta*, Pollux, is the brightest star, Castor, *alpha*, coming second. Other stars in the constellation are Almeisan, Proudly Marching One, and Wasat, the Middle. M.

"No artist work is so high, so noble, so grand, so enduring, so important for all time as the making of character in a child. No statue, no painting, no acting, can reach it, and it embodies each and all the arts."

— CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

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LIFE IN BURMA



HE Irawadi is a deep, broad and swift-flowing river. If we were to take a trip on it, starting from Rangoon for Mandalay, we should have to be prepared for a journey of several days, traveling on a large paddle-steamer of the Irawadi Flotilla Company. This is a good way to see real Burmese life: the many picturesque villages; the fishing-boats; thatched houses built upon strong wooden stakes or poles, with small creeks and streams flowing underneath; and mothers bathing their children and themselves in the cool waters.

The steamer has to stop at a great many places, for it carries a large store of goods and useful articles to the village folk from the big city. Crowds of small boats are always waiting ready to be filled with exchange goods. There are beautiful lacquer boxes fitting very neatly one inside the other — a whole nest of boxes — with exquisite and carefully executed designs. If we examine the inner substance of these boxes we find that they are made of very neatly plaited basket-work. Fancy trays, flower-vases, drinking-cups and many other useful articles are made in this way. Then there are toys for the children: horses that move their heads and tails and gallop; very fat stuffed Burmese dolls; animals of the village and farm, and wild animals of the jungle. Ornamental metal gongs of all sizes are to be found. One hears the musical tones of these gongs everywhere in the towns and villages of Burma, sounding the hours throughout the night, their sweet tones hovering about the precincts of the pagodas. Here are also pretty sunshades and umbrellas made of silk and bamboo, terra-cotta ware, fruits, and sweets. These and many other goods are exchanged for useful articles brought from the great markets in other parts of the world.

The river presents a very gay spectacle during the season of the Water Festival. The Burmese hold many festivals and days of rejoicing, and are devoted to their rivers, hills and fields, as well as their animals and pets. The turtle and a peculiar kind of fish are regarded as sacred: swarms of these can be seen in the pools and lakes near the large pagodas. In these places one is literally mobbed by the children, who thrust little saucers of sweetmeats and popcorn upon one, to feed the fish.

The festivals are occasions for much sport and merrymaking. There are processions of boats lavishly decorated and carved. Long canoes holding thirty or more rowers compete in races: the rowers stand, holding on to a rail, and propel their craft by coiling one foot around the paddle. They move in perfect unison, exercising great precision and self-control, for these boats are quite narrow and have no keel! Usually the winning team has to snatch a flag from the hands of a boatman at the winning-post. In the excitement of a close finish one or another of the canoes will sometimes capsize, amid shouts and merriment on the part of the onlookers.

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The Water Festival is by no means confined to the river. Along the railways and at the stations, the boys and girls stand in rows armed with primitive bamboo syringes, and buckets, with which they douse the occupants of the cars. Sometimes a shower comes unexpectedly from the carriage windows;



LITTLE BURMESE CHILDREN IN CEREMONIAL DRESS
AT A RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL

this is always a surprise, and causes much amusement and astonishment.

The scenery along the river shows continued variation. There is a long range of mountains on either side of the stream — those of the left being called the Arakan Yoma, and those on the right the Regi Yoma. Between the mountains and the river are long flat stretches of country, mostly used for rice growing. During the rainy season these are for the most part under water, and have the appearance of extensive shallow lakes. The tiny thatched houses upon their wooden supports, standing far apart out in these muddy fields, present a very lonely appearance.

Far beyond these watery plains can be seen the blue tinge of the mountains. The hills are covered with vegetation — great varieties of ferns and lichens, and the giant maiden-hair amongst others. Along some of the bends in the river are wide stretches of sandbanks, while at other places the dense foliage grows to the very water's edge. From early dawn when the pearly mists hang over the waters, through the long day to sun-down, the scene is ever changing along this great highway. TRAVELER

"THE world is my country, to do good my religion."—*Thomas Paine*

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THE NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, SANTIAGO DE CUBA
View from Katherine Tingley's estate at San Juan Hill

"PLAY BALL"

"JIMMY, put away that baseball guide and finish mending the fence."

"All right, Mother." — Jimmy spoke cheerily enough, but was far from feeling it. He was at that age in which boys have a craze every other week, but to imitate 'The Rail-splitter' had not yet been one of them. First he had wanted to go on the stage; then for two months his reading consisted of the automobile advertisements in the magazines. He could tell by the sound whether a car had a six-, eight-, or twelve-cylinder engine, and could talk learnedly about the 'body' and the 'beauty of outline' of such and such a make, etc. Three weeks later he was reading only those pages marked 'Financial' and 'Investments'; for then his ambition was to be a banker.

His father was cashier of the First National Bank and he thought he would stop Jimmy's crazes right there; so he gave him a bank pass-book and an account-book. His mother made the entries every night and at the end of the week his father balanced the books.

Jimmy walked slowly to the yard and started mending the fence, but his thoughts were out in the field, pitching curves with a marvelous 'shoot' to them, or batting home-runs. The woodpeckers were saying: "*Strike* one; *strike* tu," and the crickets were going: "Batter out, batter out, batter out." In Jimmy's mind this conversation was going on: "Let's go and get up a game." — "No, I have to finish this fence first." — "Oh, that can wait." — "Well, if I go it's Disobedience, and it will cost me $2.50. Let me see if I can afford it," — and he pulled out his pass-book with the air of a man of fifty. On the inside cover was pasted a slip of paper with what his father called the "Price List, subject to change according to circumstances":

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TRUTHFULNESS ...	$3.00	....	DECEIT
BROTHERHOOD	2.50	....	SELFISHNESS
OBEDIENCE	2.50	....	DISOBEDIENCE
I-WILL	2.00	....	I-DON'T-CARE
GENTILITY	1.50	....	BAD MANNERS
PUNCTUALITY	1.00	....	TARDINESS

His entries for the week were:

Monday ...	Brotherhood...	$3.00	I-Don't-Care ..	$2.00
			Tardiness	1.00
Tuesday ...	Punctuality ..	1.00	I-Don't-Care ..	2.00
Wednesday...	Gentility	1.50	I-Don't-Care ..	2.00

"That was when mother saw me take my hat off to old Mrs. Cook," said Jimmy to himself, musing on the last credit. "Still, I can't afford to play ball this afternoon." And he snapped the elastic around the book with a professional air.

"Jimmy," said his father that evening. "I notice a certain Mr. I-Don't-Care draws rather heavily on your account. He's a bad investment, son."

"Oh, Dad, I don't care about that now. I want to be a star."

"A star! I thought you had given up the stage."

"Not that; I want to go on the diamond."

After a few moments his father said: "If this coming week you can show five dollars to your credit in the account-book I will help you to get up two teams and we'll have a game Saturday. I will umpire."

Jimmy was a model boy that week, but during the game it turned out that his balls did not have those wonderful curves and his batting average was very low.

"Jimmy," said his father after the game. "You tell mother to debit you $1.50 for using 'language.'"

"Why Dad, I thought we were going to drop all that!"

"Oh, no son. You made a contract with me not to drop this banking business for a year."

"But Dad —."

"You don't play fair, Jimmy. You want to drive a car without having to bother about tires and oiling up, or be a bank-president without studying bookkeeping. It can't be done. It's like drawing money from the bank before you have put any in; or like playing in the infield before you learn how to catch. And when you find that it can't be done you throw up the game. Everybody is playing some sort of game in this world, and for this year your business is to play this banking game with me the best you know how, and play it fair. And I am going to be the umpire — Play Ball!" M.

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STRAY BEAMS

"PURITY, even in the secret longings of our hearts, is the greatest duty."
— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"REMEMBER this: that as you live your life each day with an uplifted purpose and unselfish desire, each and every event will bear for you a deep significance . . . and as you learn their import, so do you fit yourself for higher work."— *W. Q. Judge*

"FAILURE usually means lack of sufficient moral courage to continue."
— *W. Q. Judge*

"A MAN is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best."— *Emerson*

"HE who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause."— *Beecher*

GOOD humor is always a success.

"HAPPINESS," said the Pessimist, "has to be cranked up, but trouble always has a self-starter."

A STUDENT'S THOUGHT-NUGGETS

"WE know the DOCTRINE of the equality of man, but not the equality itself."

"FOR many, pain is the mother of wisdom."

"MANY good impulses are suppressed because each one is afraid of what the other will say of him."

"WORDS and figures impress many by their mass rather than by their truth."

"JUDGE a man by his attitude towards women."

"EXCUSES are only used in a bad cause, a good one does not require any."

"IF truth was popular we would hear it oftener."

"RELIGION, instead of representing philosophic truth, often distorts it."

"MANY people are judged by what they seem rather than by what they are. This is because they often appear to be what they are not." — *W.W.*

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ready enough to go, but he remembered in time to put the ring over his eye, and at once he saw that the messenger was the terrible Lady of the Greenwood with autumn leaves growing out of her head for hair, and the horns of a stag on her, and last year's acorns set in her face for eyes.

"Owen Gwynedd shall have my service when he needs it," said he. "I will not go with you, Lady of the Greenwood."

One evening he met a lady on the moorland who seemed in trouble. She told him that she had lost the way to her home, and begged him to help her; but he put the ring over his eye, and looked at her, and she changed.

"You are the Lady of the Greenwood," he said. "It would be an evil thing for me to go with you."

Another time he was in Powis at the court of Owen Cyfeiliog, and after the feasting in the evening, Owen, who was himself one of the greatest bards living at that time, arose before all the poets and chieftains of his court, and spoke of Einion's great fame and begged him to sing to them. But while he was speaking Einion put the ring over his eye.

"I will sing for the bard-king Owen," he said, "whenever he may ask me, but I will not sing for any goblin such as you."

Everyone was so amazed to hear him speak to the king like that, that there was silence for a moment; then it was seen that the throne was empty, and just then Owen himself came into the hall. So they all knew that Einion had driven away some spirit that had taken Owen's place.

After that the Lady of the Greenwood had no more power to trouble Einion, and in a little while after he went home.

He came to Trefeilir at dusk one evening, and he was very much changed at that time, with his beard grown and his clothes worn and the dust of the roads on him. He found the place full of lights and people, and heard from one of the servants that a chieftain from Lleyn was there, who had come as a suitor to Angharad.

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She had been much troubled by this Lleyn man, and had told him that unless he brought her the half ring of gold that she had given to her husband, and so proved that the latter was dead, she would not see him any more. So that evening he had brought her a half ring that fitted on to her own half quite well; but she knew that it could not be the right one because there was no magic in it; when she put it over her eye she could see no further into people's hearts than she could before.

They were talking about this when Einion came in, and as he was a bard they agreed to put the matter before him and let him decide it. No one knew him, not even Angharad herself.

He took the two half rings and looked at them, and changed the false for the true one, which he had himself, without being seen. This he gave to Angharad saying he thought it must be the right ring, would she try it?

"How shall I try it?" said she.

"In the way you know of," said he. "And if you have tried it before, it will be well to try it again."

She looked at him for a moment, and then said, "Well, I will try it." And with that she put it over her eye.

"You are Einion my husband," she said. "And you," turning to the Lleyn chieftain, "you are the Lady of the Greenwood."

After that they were not troubled by the Lady of the Greenwood any more.



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YOUNG RÂJA-YOGA AGRICULTURISTS WAITING FOR THE INSTRUCTOR

Demonstrating while they wait — how *not* to get into a wagon

THROUGH THE ORCHARD

THE little Brownitos of Lomaland had long had a hankering after the orchard. Not because of the fruit — which generally came to the table in good time — but because of the old rickety wagon. There was something fascinating about that old wagon. If you once got in, no telling where it might take you: it all depended on your imagination — and then there was the mysterious process of getting in.

The day came when the Brownitos were taking a walk through the orchard and the old wagon stood empty and unhitched. No sooner was it spied than it was manned, no sooner manned than the horses were called for. As if by magic two large white heads came nodding slowly around a bend in the orchard. . . .

George had been plowing deep furrows between the long rows of avocado trees — or perhaps he had been as far as the orange-grove. Looking down long straight rows of dark green trees one could see the bright gold of the oranges beyond — bushels of them.

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George is not the man to disobey a command issued by eleven small, shrill voices, and the horses were hitched to the wagon. Now for a ride. They could do all the driving themselves, bless you — no difficulty in shouting "gee-up, gee-up!" and "whoa!" It made George smile. George is a man of experience. He was invited into the wagon when a swift ride was proposed — not a bad idea to let him take the reins this time. They were only very little boys after all, in spite of the overalls.

The great thing was to turn the corner swiftly. One breathed hard and held on to the wagon. It creaked a bit, but that didn't matter. Then came a glorious ride — full speed, as the Brownitos said — down a long row of avocados. Another corner to be turned, and then down alongside the big flower garden, with the Front Gate Hill just beyond. Up and down the hill went the automobiles, hooting and purring. No nice big white horses in front to say "Gee-up!" to, to feed after the journey, to pet and unhitch. See, here comes a visitor up the hill in his car. "How jealous he must feel," think the Brownitos, "when he sees us driving our white horses. He has only an engine in front of him, and that won't always go!"



GEORGE ARRIVES WITH HIS HELPERS
Behind are the Avocados, or 'Alligator Pears'

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READY FOR BUSINESS

Front seat reserved for drivers only. Question: How many passengers?

Then came another of those exciting corners. Now we are driving along in a line with the main road, where more autos come whizzing and tooting along. George took that last corner so fast, it was almost like an auto race. But at length the wagon arrived at the



INSPECTING THE ORCHARD

Notice the keen interest shown in the trees

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plowed land and the horses had to get back to their plowing. But the Brownitos had had an 'expert' ride, as they declared, and more than one now felt he had a right to consider himself a part of George's Outdoor Department and to include the avocado orchard as part of the playgrounds. Yes, the orchard was a fascinating place,



"FIRST AID TO THE HUNGRY"

First attention given the hardest workers at the close of the day's work

with its fruit, its big rickety wagon and horses, and several of the boys decided then and there that when they were men they would have a great big orchard filled with great big orange trees; and they would have a lot of fine big white horses and many big wagons, all new and freshly painted. And they would come down to their orchard and see how the trees were getting on, look at the horses, plow and then ride around in the fine new wagon.

Meanwhile the horses must be taken out and hitched to the plow, an operation which all watched with keen interest. But before that they must feed the horses after their hard work. After all had contributed towards a very varied but substantial meal for their two big friends, George hitched up the team and plowing was resumed, while the Brownitos went home to talk over the fine time they had had helping down in the orchard. K. N.

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NEWTON AND HIS LITTLE DOG

NEWTON, the sage, had a little dog, who was called Diamond because he was so small. He loved him very much, because besides being very pretty and pleasing, he was a companion to him during the long hours when he was working in his cabinet on the discoveries which made him so celebrated. Newton was fifty years of age when the incident we are about to relate occurred.



"MASTER, WHY ARE YOU SAD?"

Diamond was accustomed to run around in every part of the room, and from time to time if he saw that his master was thoughtful, he would approach him, wag his tail, frolic a little, jump on Newton's knees, and would even climb up to the table where he was writing and kept all his papers; but Diamond seemed to know the value of those papers and would try not to crumple them. For more than twenty years Newton had been studying the theory of light and had been writing the result of his observations.

One evening dark and cold, when he had been working with great earnestness, Newton went out of the room. While he was gone, Diamond awoke, looked about him, and, not seeing his master, jumped on a chair and from there to the table to wait for him. On the table there was a candle burning, and Diamond without knowing stumbled and knocked down the burning candle on the papers, which commenced to burn.

A few moments after, Newton returned to the room, to see all his memoranda, which were the result of so many years of work, reduced to a heap of ashes. One can imagine how great must

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have been his despair on seeing his work of twenty years destroyed.

And there — sad, bashful, crestfallen — sat Diamond, who without knowing it had been the author of so much evil. Newton looked at him, showing him at the same time the burnt papers, as if to say: "Look, Diamond, at the harm you have done me." Another person less considerate would have been filled with anger and given the dog the most terrible punishment; but Newton did not let himself be carried away by passion, and he said to himself: "Diamond has never done any harm, and if he did it this time, it is because he could not help it."

He looked at the little dog, who was dejected and bashful with the fear of punishment. Diamond knew he had done something very bad, because he had never seen his master so sad and disconsolate.

Filled with emotion, Newton tried to calm himself; he sat down, made the dog lose all fear, called to him with a voice that he tried to make sound serene, and when Diamond approached little by little — still with some fear — Newton passed his hand over his head several times, gave him some little pats, and said, "O Diamond, Diamond, my friend and witness of the work I have spent on this that you have just finished destroying! You do not know the harm you have done!"

This event that injured him so much in his scientific investigations made him lose his health and tranquillity for some time; but by the way in which he treated the little dog, we can see the sweetness of his character and the grandeur of his soul.

When we allow ourselves to be carried away by passion, we can commit an injustice, while by reflecting we can avoid it. The reason, the understanding, the superior intelligence with which we are endowed, demands of us a more humane treatment of the inferior creatures; and the farther we progress, the more we train and better ourselves, the more tolerant we shall be with animals. It can be seen by this, that brutal, stupid and ignorant people are accustomed to treat the animals badly, while cultured, wise, and good men like Newton not only treat them well, but even forgive them the harm that they do without intention. F. E. (From the Spanish)

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WHY IT WAS COLD IN MAY

HENRIETTA ROBINS ELIOT

THE Year had all the Days in charge,
And promised them that they
Should each one see the World in turn,
But ten Days ran away!
Ten Days that should have gone abroad
Sometime in early May —
So, when May came, and all was fair,
These Days were sent to bed,
And ten good *Winter Days were sent,*
To see the World instead!— Selected

JIM CROW, ESQ.



ABOUT the characteristic cunning of the crow, many stories are told; but none that I have heard are more interesting than that of 'Jim.'

Mr. Jim Crow was one of the numerous pets of a New England boy who had found and brought him home after he had fallen from his nest. He was fed by hand until he could feed himself, after which he began to make things interesting in the household by hiding every bright object within his reach.

Woe to anyone who left their work-basket uncovered; for all the thimbles, scissors, and other bright objects disappeared — often never to be found.

A key left by a neighbor under a door-mat mysteriously disappeared, and all hope of ever finding it was given up, when one day Jim was seen poking something among the bushes, and lo and behold! — there was the missing key where he had hidden it.

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Jim early learned to talk, and imitated to perfection the rich brogue of a maid in the family who had recently landed from the 'old country,' much to the delight of all who heard him. One of his favorite pranks was to hide in the trees above the sidewalk in front of the house, and say "Hello, mamma!" or "Hello, papa!" to passers-by, who would look around mystified as to where the voice came from.

He frequently indulged in pranks from pure love of mischief. One day a neighbor left some feather pillows on the porch to air. Along came Jim and ripped them open from end to end so that the feathers flew in every direction. When the exasperated housewife berated him, he took refuge in a tree and laughed at her discomfiture.

Next to bright objects his delight was to pick at anything red, and many a lady was startled by having this large black bird descend and seize the red cherries or flowers on her hat, and, if possible, fly off with them, hat and all. His many mischievous acts caused bitter complaints among the townspeople, so that when he became older and began flying away in the summer with flocks of crows, his return was not encouraged, and he finally ceased to return.

— But to this day a lone crow stays about the town through the winters, and occasionally lights on the barn of Jim's old home. V.

THE LITTLE ELF

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I MET a little Elf-man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you." — Selected

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HOW PUSSIES KEEP CLEAN

PLEASE excuse me a moment, children, until I finish what I am doing here. You see, we pussies are very careful to keep ourselves clean and tidy and this takes a lot of time. It is not very easy



A LOMALAND KITTY, MR. M. TIGGS, REMOVING A SPOT

to wash one's face when it is covered with fur! How much easier it must be for little children, and how clean they must always be!

We pussies cannot use soap, or brushes, or towels, either, like children can. First we scrub one of our paws with our rough tongue; then we wash our cheeks with one side of the paw and use the other for a towel. It really takes us a long time;

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but we like to do these things for ourselves, like Râja-Yogas, and not trouble our master and mistress, who do many kind things for us. We are very careful of our clothes, too; for you see we pussies have only one coat, and that has always to be kept ready for company.

We like to clean and trim our claws best on lace curtains or bed-covers.---MONTAGUE TIGGS



THE

SONG-SPARROW'S TOILET

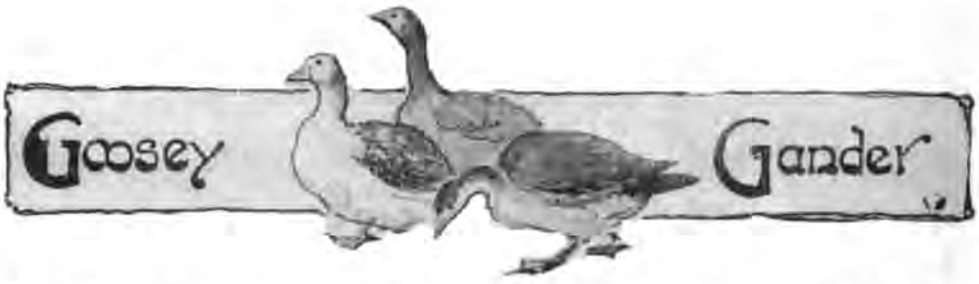
A SPLASH into a silver brook;
A dainty little dipping;
A dart into a quiet nook
With all his feathers dripping;
A little shake, a little tweak,
To stir up every feather;
A pretty preening with his beak
To lay them all together;
A stretch of wing, some fluffy shakes;
A flash — he's flown away!
This is how the sparrow makes
His toilet for the day.



—Selected



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WOULD you like to hear some more about Mother Goose's little family, Gosling, Gander, and Goosey-Goo? Gosling had always been very handsome, and he used to strut around the farmyard, feeling very grand. His mother was very pleased with him, and her heart was filled with pride when the farmer came out into the garden one day, and said: "What a fine young gosling, just the thing for my table, too." And he took Gosling away with him. But when she saw that he didn't come home that day, or the next day, or for many, many days, she got very worried and sad and cackled all day long: "Now don't you puff your feathers, Gander; and Goosey, remember to be modest and never cackle aloud when there are people around. 'Little geese should be seen, and not heard.' If you try to attract attention you will find yourself on the table some day, and that is too high up in the world for either of you to go." When Gander and Goosey saw that their brother never came home again they knew that their mother was wise in what she said, and they did as she told them after that. M.

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Râja-Yoga Messenger

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUTH

Conducted by

Students of the Râja-Yoga College

Published bi-monthly, under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter, December 27, 1904, at the Postoffice at Point Loma California
Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley
Subscription (6 issues) $1.00. Foreign postage 20c. extra; Canadian 10c.

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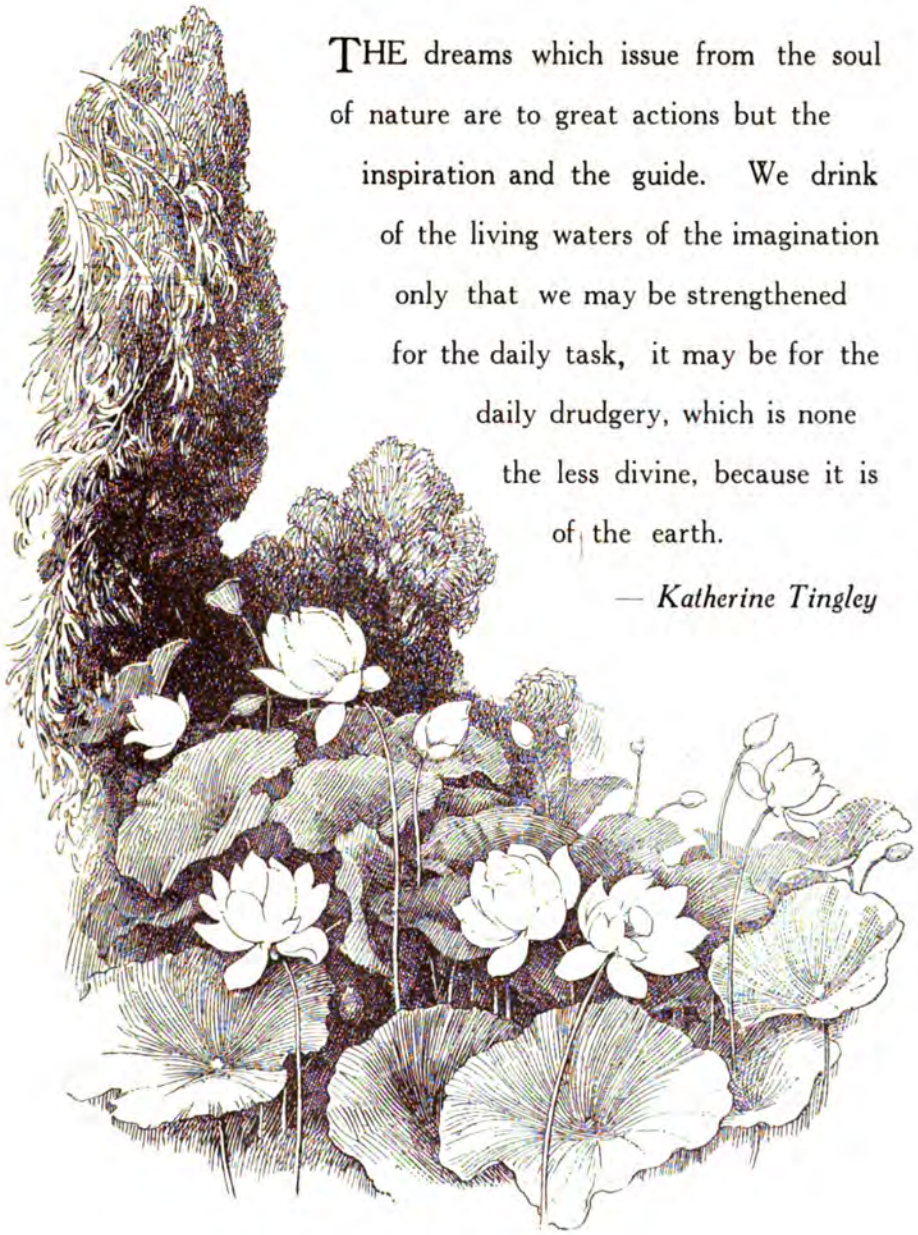
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THE dreams which issue from the soul of nature are to great actions but the inspiration and the guide. We drink of the living waters of the imagination only that we may be strengthened for the daily task, it may be for the daily drudgery, which is none the less divine, because it is of the earth.

— *Katherine Tingley*

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVII, NO. 4 JULY 1921

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.
— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

"I WILL MAKE THE DAY ONE OF SUNSHINE . . ."



I WILL make the day one of sunshine. . . ." These words, from a quotation given by Katherine Tingley to her students as a keynote with which to begin the day, contain great wisdom. Like all really wise sayings it is very simple, and characterized by depth rather than effusiveness.

The same idea might have been worded: "I will not let my day be cloudy," or "I will not be moody today." But in either of these forms of expression a great deal of power is lost.

Have you ever noticed when you are out of tune or 'carrying a chip,' what an important part in your small world-drama the audience makes? How important it is that everyone shall realize that you *are* bearing a burden! — That however good life may be to other people, in your case, at least, the universe has fallen very far short of its duty. And doesn't it annoy you beyond words when some big, good-natured, unsusceptible fellow comes up to you without any of that finer sense of fitness (!) and gives you a hearty clap on the back? "Hello, old boy, how are you? —Never saw you looking better!" are the words with which he greets you. And all the time you have been trying to make it perfectly obvious to everybody that yours is a case of a really worthy character shamefully misused. You try to freeze him down to a requisite degree of pessimism to hear your tale of woe with a sympathetic ear; but to your increasing disgust he seems to be nothing but crude, clumsy good nature, and quite below appreciating life's subtler sorrows. So, if you have not sense enough to 'thaw out,' you leave him, with an added score against this unfeeling world.

The fact of the matter is that one of the characteristics of that little imp which attends to keeping us in a mood is that of feeding on attention and notice: sympathetic attention if he can get it; if not, then even the attention of opposition — just so long as he gets recognised in one way or another.

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Now, whenever one says "I won't give in to such and such a failing," he is making two serious mistakes: he is taking as his watchword for battle a *negative* statement, which contains an inherent weakness; and he is giving the patron imp responsible for that particular failing a nod of recognition and acknowledging him as one of his circle of acquaintances. The imp goes into the fight with the first advantage — he has secured recognition.

Hence the wisdom of those first words as a keynote for the day: I WILL! With them you step from your pavilion into the lists of battle with head high, eyes turned to the blue heavens, and filled with the thought and care of things whose very aroma makes any lurking imp shiver and turn tail — you have *taken command*, and the first great advantage is yours.

Now as to the words "I will make the day —" These contain another bit of deep wisdom. It is not every man who undertakes to "make the day": he is generally wondering "what will turn up tomorrow."

Of course each one of us has already "made the day" to a very large degree by our use of all the preceding days; so that certain general characteristics are as sure as that the sun will rise. But here is a thought: every circumstance has two aspects; the external event, and the man whom it confronts — and *neither of these aspects is the essential nature of the circumstance!* The essential feature is the *relation* or *interaction between these two*. For instance:

Tomorrow morning five rows of onions are to be pulled up on the farm (Circumstance). *A* is to pull them up (Agent, or man whom circumstance confronts). The application of muscle, brain, temperament, etc. to the task — the essential. And that essential necessarily differs with each agent. Thus: onions to pull; agent, *A;* relation, laziness, distaste, indifference. Result: a poor job; an appreciable amount of energy wasted; an appreciable addition to the negative, selfish, disgruntled current of the world's thought; an appreciable addition to the already enormous selfish human inertia; an appreciable slipping backward on the path of progress of *A*.

Again, the same task; agent, *B;* relation, keen business sense, attention to work in hand, good human energy. Result: a job well done and its good effect added to the constructive force of the world's life; the realization in part of a purely mercenary project with the consequent addition of the I-want-for-me idea to the already strong selfish stream of the world's thought.

Yet again, the same task; agent, *C;* relation, love of the work for its own sake, openness of mind and heart to the forces of nature with which the worker labors, making of the task an offering of the best he has to give laid on the altar of this Higher Self. Result: one more blow struck for the liberation of man from the forces of selfishness; a commonplace task dignified and ennobled which in its turn has ennobled the worker; the world's thought-current enriched by a stream of pure altruism and selflessness; the worker

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one step further on the path, and the whole of humanity therefore the recipient of an infinitessimal urge upward and onward.

Here you have the *essentials* born of the *relation* of a man to his circumstances; and case after case may be supposed in which that essential will always vary with the two aspects of the circumstance. So, to get back to our original subject — whatever the day may be, we have created for ourselves; its *real* significance or value lies in our *relation* to it — what we make of it. The great point is *to will to make* our day and not let it make us.

And now as to the last words — "one of sunshine." The simile has many valuable aspects: he who would enjoy the sun is not apt to go down into the coal-cellar and shut the door on himself; he who is looking for spiritual light and guidance should not shut himself up in the still smaller and darker cellar of his own personal wants and wishes. Sunlight is prismatic and composed of seven colors; he who would find Truth must search not one path only or develop one aspect of his nature only, he must understand his own nature in all its aspects before he can catch a gleam of the white light of Truth. Sunlight is a wonderful chemical agent and purifier; "there is no purifier to be compared with Spiritual Knowledge."

And then there is a very ancient teaching which says that the Sun is a huge magnet and reflector, causing the sensation of heat but not being hot itself. The idea is applicable here. He who would "make the day one of sunshine" must calmly and coolly take his stand in that impersonal side of his nature wherein he becomes a reflector — his heart reflecting the light from the Eternal Source into each act, word and thought. From this standpoint he must handle all the circumstances of the day.

There may be nothing patently heroic about this course of action; but the capacity to maintain this attitude, to make every day "one of sunshine" in the face of suffering, annoyance, disappointment, pain and sickness, calls for the truest and most genuine heroism. He who says "I will make the day one of sunshine" — not *my* day, merely, but *the* day, for all about me — and *does it*, every day, need not worry about the progress he is making — he is most surely moving steadily on an upward path. M. M.

"I AM not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right: stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."— *Abraham Lincoln*

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A VIEW FROM 'LAUREL CREST,' KATHERINE TINGLEY'S CHILDHOOD HOME AT NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

In the distance a glimpse of the Merrimac River.

WHAT THE GREAT WILLOW SAW

MUSINGS OF A FOREST PATRIARCH ON 'LAUREL HILL,' AT KATHERINE TINGLEY'S CHILDHOOD HOME

WELL, the long summer twilight is here at last! How warm these July days are — we shall be having a thunderstorm, I expect.

How glad I am when the golden light on the beautiful Merrimac turns to azure and mauve; when one star burns in the gathering dusk. Then I feel my branches lift and quiver with the evening breeze; soon a cooling dew comes, as the long twilight dies and the magic mantle of the summer night enfolds me.

Ah, these lingering summer twilights, heavy with grassy scents and the perfume of pine, laurel, mock orange, and wild flowers — what memories they stir in me! A hundred summers I have seen — one hundred and odd. Some peaceful, drenched with sunlight and singing; some gray with foreboding, and wan with sadness and heartaches; some dour and dark with misfortune — when the stars were but weeping eyes, and the dew great tear-drops of sorrow. But ever the day has had its close; the comforting twilight has stolen softly over the hills, and like a great mantle covered the sorrows of men. And now, in the twilight, old memories come back to me.

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Who are those two figures I see now — forgotten warriors looming up out of the mists of memory? Here they come once more, riding over the old Ferry Road from Newburyport, quaint heroic figures in the fighting array of the early pioneer times. Ah, yes; those were days of darkness — the first dark days — when I had supposed the world a place of abiding peace and beauty. Then came my first taste of sorrow, when in winter the old Ferry Road was plowed up with marching men — cursing, shivering, ill-clad.



OLD FERRY-LANDING BELOW 'LAUREL CREST'

The old town of Amesbury seen across the Merrimac.

And great black lumbering cannon were dragged down to the ferry and taken across to Salisbury. Yes, I remember them yet — the two giant hearts of those days of gloom — General Washington and General Lafayette. Yes, and now I recall how they drew rein right under my branches, and discussed the dark fortunes of that crisis, while they listened for the oars of the ferry-boat amid the sigh of the wind and the patter of falling rain. Then it was that I learned from the sight of these two great heroes and the words they uttered that sorrow was a real thing — a specter that could haunt these lovely laurel hills and pine woods, and wring tears from our blue New England sky.

Till at last the war-clouds lifted, and one day the land grew loud with rejoicing — Salisbury, Amesbury, Newburyport, Haverhill — all had their pealing of bells, their cannon salvos, and victory odes. For out of the

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shadows, it was said, great Washington — *my* Washington of that stormy day — had brought forth a new nation, dedicated to liberty and progress.

— Then comes another picture: a joyous home-picture of a happy family living up here on the brow of Laurel Hill — the Westcottes. In those days there was a fine old lodge-house here at the foot of the great drive near where I stand, and a great house up on the neighboring hill. Ah yes, and well I remember the father and mother, as they stood here looking across the river and talking of their loved trees and of all this beauty. He liked the pine and she liked the maple, and so they agreed to have these two planted alternately up the broad winding drive to the house. In those days the great poet Whittier and his friend Nathan would linger here under my branches, talking of beautiful things, which it is said the poet wove into wonderful verses that sang of the trees and the river.



UNDER THE TREES AT 'LAUREL CREST'
The old seat where Katherine Tingley first talked of the great school she would establish in the "Gold Land."

Yes, and often with the fine old grandfather who was the poet's friend, would come a dear little granddaughter, dancing along under the trees, singing like a nightingale, all life and spirits, loving the hills and the river as did the poet, and knowing them as well as he.

Under my branches they would sit, this little girl and her grandfather. And in the falling twilight she would tell him her own most precious secrets; her thoughts about the birds and the squirrels, about the river and the beautiful woods; the latest trick of her pony, or what she had seen while rowing her boat on the river. And grandfather would listen to her childish stories — listen,

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it is as though a great silence fell over the woods and the river. Father and Mother are gone; the white-haired grandfather comes no more. My little playmate of the quivering bird-voice no longer makes the woods echo her songs and laughter. My great boughs bend beneath the burden of the long lonely years, and the joy of the wind and the river are now only memories.

But hark — what notes are those? I hear young voices in the woods . . .



THE MERRIMAC, WITH SALISBURY BEYOND

The four trees at the right mark what Katherine Tingley as a child called her 'temple.'

who is this coming down the great drive? A group of young happy faces with laughter in their eyes and voices. And in their midst comes their teacher who is telling them of the old days —"*my* old days"— and the old memories here by the banks of the Merrimac. As they stop under the shade of my branches she tells them, as I have told you, about George Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette, and about the great poet Whittier. . . . That is the voice of the little girl who used to sit here long ago! Now she has found her Gold Land, and her dream has come true! — These are Râja-Yogas from the school she first built up there under the four great trees by the river!

And now she tells them of a great fairy-play they are soon going to give in my meadow — *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, she calls it. My word, how enthusiastic they are — they simply can't contain themselves. And

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their enthusiasm is contagious, I feel my old limbs growing young again. Surely, the beautiful years of the past have come back. These are the blessed childhood days of Laurel Hill and the pine woods, recreated by the Teacher and her Râja-Yogas!

By the words she is saying, by the tones of her voice, by the joyous ardor of her Râja-Yogas, I, who have been gathering wisdom here by the river



HELPING TO PREPARE 'LAUREL CREST' FOR RÂJA-YOGA

A team from the countryside passing by the great willow.

through these long years, know a benediction has come to these shores for the benefit of the children of the world. Because the little girl of the long past years has realized her grand unselfish dream, because she is here with her joyous messengers of good tidings, I know a new day is dawning for this land. Katherine Tingley, the good Fairy Godmother of all these happy hearts is bringing the message of Râja-Yoga to her beautiful childhood home. Râja-Yoga — the herald of peace and goodwill!

The twilight turns from mauve to dark purple; the stars burn jewel-like overhead. The dews fall cool and caressing. The little group stand under my branches with bare heads and voices hushed, feeling the sacred wonder of the moment. . . . "Let me have my song now, children," says their teacher. Then I feel a shudder of delight thrill through all my leaves as these young, joyous voices take up the lines of their beautiful song:

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"There is music by the river and music by the sea
And music in the waterfall that is gushing glad and free.
There is music in the brooklet that singeth all alone
There is music in the fountain with its silver tinkling tone. . . ."

— Their singing dies away. A deep brooding peace takes the blue night in its keeping, and there is joy in the wind and the river. M. M.



RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE ATHLETIC FIELD, JULY FOURTH

LIFE ITSELF

MOST of us know nothing of Life as it is in itself, apart from and independent of any of the circumstances that surround it. Life in itself, if we could get at the feel of it, is Joy. "The principle which gives life dwells in us and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent, is not seen or heard or smelt, but is perceived by the man who desires perception." Real life *can* be found, and now and then somebody succeeds in doing so. Here is part of a letter written several years ago by a woman of well-known name imprisoned for a political offense in one of the countries of Europe:

"It is my third Christmas in my cell, but don't take it tragically. I am as calm and joyous as ever. Last night I lay awake a long time — I can never sleep nowadays before one o'clock, but have to be in bed by ten, then dream all sorts of things in the darkness.

"Last night, then, I thought how remarkable it is that I live always in a joyous intoxication without any particular reason. So, for instance, I lie here in the dark cell on a mattress hard as stone. About me in the building reigns the usual deathly stillness. One imagines oneself entombed.

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WILD CANTERBURY BELLS

"RING out wild bells, to the wild sky."— The familiar words are brought to mind when thinking of an experience of long ago: A wild, Scottish mountain-side with many crags and crevices — a display of rugged grandeur which instantly commanded and held the attention in wondering awe; the sky a wild scene — laden with heavily-charged rain-clouds, driven hither and thither by the fury of the gale, as if some fierce Titan were pursuing them in revelous glee and they eager to escape him. The rocks, sprayed with the driving rain, added their rejected water to increase the volume of the many mountain torrents already dashing onward at a speed which carried all before them. The whole made a picture as wild and grand as the human mind could conceive. — And there in a crevice where human foot could barely gain a foothold, and swaying with exquisite grace on tremulous hair-like stems were many dainty, bright-blue flowers with drooping bell-shaped heads; drooping — yet seemingly undismayed by the fierce forces of nature playing around them: evidently assured of a strength that could stand the fiercest mountain blasts — and meanwhile swaying and pealing out their merry laughter to the wild sky at the joy of it. Well may Scotland honor them in song as the "Blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells," for such they were, although named by the botanists *Campanula rotundifolia*. An ancient lineage is theirs

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— ancestors as they are in turn of their more highly cultivated yet less graceful Canterbury Bells. Little wonder is it that so many risk broken bones to pluck a bunch of these dainty, slender and tempting blossoms.

Another scene: The sky above as azure as it is possible to think of skies; the air warm and bracing as the air of Southern California can be when the heat of the sun's rays is tempered by the ozone-laden sea-breezes; the foot-hills aglow with life and color, as if some wondrous piece of purple-colored tapestry had been loosely thrown over all, displaying twists and turns that captivate the eye — a piece of nature's tapestry, woven in the color royal by a profusion of the so-called 'Wild Canterbury Bells.' The exquisitely beautiful scorpioid spike with its numerous bell-shaped flowers, gives rise to the error of naming them thus, by those who miss the beauty of the minute differences of the floral world. Bell-shaped though the flowers are yet they do not belong to the family of *Campanulaceae*, but are kith and kin to our ancient *Yerba Santa*, and therefore members of the greatly revered 'Waterleaf' family, the *Hydrophyllaceae*, to which our dainty and pretty 'Baby-Blue-eyes' belong. Although not members of the bell family, they do not discredit it by being named 'Wild Canterbury Bells.' The botanical name is *Phacelia Whillavia*.

It is interesting to read the intelligence of the bell family in its evolution of a perfectly bell-shaped flower. At first the five petals were all separated, and through long ages it must have watched its pollen not only dropping through the spaces between the petals, but also, to its dismay, crawling insect marauders stealing the nectar secreted at the base of the pistil and incidentally destroying the pollen that was intended to serve the purpose of perpetuating a strong race by cross-pollenation. It had, by the beauty of its color and its nectar, already well advertised its presence to the many winged insects — bees, butterflies and others — inviting them to visit it and in their flight to carry the pollen to its rightful place; but how to protect itself against the crawling insects now occupied its attention and thought. Slowly the idea dawned upon it that by uniting the petals at the base it might defeat the efforts of the enemy. So the bases of the petals were welded together. But the rampart thus raised was still not quite sufficient to serve its full purpose — it kept the pollen from falling through, but the enemy still scaled the minute walls. At length it evolved the idea of welding the petals together from base to tip and turning the bell thus formed downward. Complete victory was the result; not only were the insect invaders repelled, but rain also was henceforth prevented from washing the pollen away.

When next we see a bell-shaped flower, let it remind us of the intelligence, patience and industry it has displayed to bring it to such a state of perfection. For see: the winged insect must enter just where it is wanted to, and in its entrance it must touch the stigma with the pollen it has carried.

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In departing it is bound to take the pollen which the stamens have to offer and carry it to other flowers; so that cross-pollenation is assured. So now the bell family, through its victory after ages of struggle towards perfection, serves to beautify the world with its presence, just as man — after having gained his experience until he has perfected himself — will attain his appointed place — that of rendering noble service to all that breathes. BOTANIST

A GIANT STAR

SOME interesting comparisons of the size of Betelgeuze are made possible by the recent measurements of this star made with the 'interferometer.' This instrument, briefly mentioned in our last issue, is the invention of Professor Michelson of Chicago University; and it has been successfully utilized at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California.

Professor Michelson's method of measurement is quite original. It depends on an ingenious treatment of the rays of light coming from the star, and their examination through an interferometer attached to the great telescope. The system is too technical to be described in detail here, but it depends upon what is called the 'interference' of waves of light with one another under certain conditions. The beautiful colors in certain shells, in soap-bubbles, and in the thin films of oil seen in the streets sometimes, are caused by interference.

The star just measured at Mount Wilson observatory is Betelgeuze, in the brilliant constellation of Orion, now high in the south in the early evening. For a long time it was known that Betelgeuze must be a large star; but no one imagined it to be nearly as enormous as the measurement has proved — it is indeed gigantic. To make a true picture to ourselves of the size of the sun is practically impossible. It would require one million three hundred thousand globes the size of our earth to make a globe as big as the sun, which is not far from *one million* miles across. What shall we think then of the size of Betelgeuze, when we learn that it is *two hundred and sixty million* miles from side to side, or about three hundred times the diameter of the sun!

If Betelgeuze were as near to us as the sun, its great disk would cover nearly the whole sky at noon, leaving only a small band of sky around the horizon. The earth is nearly ninety-three million miles away from the sun, and Mars, the next planet in order outwards, is one hundred and forty million miles from the sun. Betelgeuze, if we imagine it to be hollow, would provide plenty of room within itself for the earth to travel its long annual journey round the sun, and almost enough for Mars also! Yet the great star is so far away as to seem nothing but a minute, twinkling point.

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We do not know what is the limit of size of the stars, but Betelgeuze is probably not as large as some. There is another in the southern celestial hemisphere called Canopus, which is very much farther away from us than Betelgeuze, and much brighter — astronomers believe it may be the largest of the visible stars. We shall look forward with great interest, therefore, to what the new method of measurement can tell us about the size of Canopus. It is visible in southern latitudes in the evenings of the winter months; but it rises only a little way above the southern horizon. UNCLE SOL

PANSIES



PANSIES, when I see your eyes
Wink and gleam with bright surprise,
Then I think God sent you here
Just that we might have you near,
To allure us with your wiles
Into unexpected smiles —
Pansies, when I catch your eyes
Laughing with a bright surprise.

When your hearts are glowing bright
With a sad, deep golden light,
Is compassion burning there
For our sorrowings and care?
Would you tell us what you know
We forgot an age ago,
Dear, wise pansies, hearts a-light
With a fire compassion-bright?

Pansies, when your petals glow
Purple, yellow, indigo,
Creamy white and tender blue,
Oh, it is like looking through
Into ancient worlds to see
Mystery and mystery —
Pansies when your petals glow
Creamy white and indigo.— *H. S.*, Râja-Yoga Student

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THE PRIEST OF LAO SHAN*



ONCE, long ago, says an old Chinese tale, there was a young man named Wang, who was filled with a great desire to be wise in the arts of magic. Having heard of a Taoist priest who was said to possess magical powers, he set forth to see him at Lao Shan. Here on the peak of a high mountain he found him in a secluded monastery, seated on a rush mat in calm meditation. Bowing low, he said: "Great indeed is the report of your power, O Wise One — even in the most distant provinces of the Flowery Kingdom do men speak of your fame. Wherefore have I come on a long pilgrimage to seek you. Instruct me, I pray you, in your mysterious doctrines, and impart to me some of your great knowledge."

The priest smiled quietly at this request: "One like you, reared in ease and luxury, could never endure the labors of a novice; you would not have the fortitude to pass through even the first trials. Accept then, the counsel of an old man, and do not invoke the Gods too soon to take you as their disciple."

But the young man was not to be turned aside; and repeating his request, he urged his right to be given at least a trial. Unable to deny him longer, the sage accepted him on probation.

At dusk when the disciples assembled, he joined them in their devotion and did reverence to the sage. Very early next morning he was called by his master, was given a hatchet, and was bidden to set out with his companions to chop firewood. He obeyed respectfully, and for many weeks went out daily, laboring in the

*One of the many strange tales told by P'u Sung Ling — the 'Last of the Immortals'— whose stories are familiar throughout China, much as the 'Arabian Nights' are in Western countries. He lived in the latter half of the seventeenth century.

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forest, till his hands became covered with blisters and his feet were sorely swollen. Then he began to ponder that he had been long at the temple, but that he was no wiser in the arts of magic than on the day that he came; and secretly he meditated returning home.

One night when he came from his work he found two strangers sitting with the priest. The twilight had faded fast and already the chamber was dark. The sage cut out a circular piece of rice-paper and stuck it to the wall, where it immediately became a shining moon, illumining the chamber so that even a hair or beard of corn could be seen by its light. All the disciples crowded into the room to attend the guests and to behold this marvel. One of the strangers then turned to the master, saying: "On this festive night were it not meet that we should all drink together?"

So the sage took up a kettle of wine and bade them drink their fill. Wang watched in amazement, for the vessel was small and could not hold enough for more than five or six; but all the disciples filled their bamboo cups and yet the kettle brimmed with sparkling vintage.

Then the priest took up a chopstick and flung it into the moon, and a lovely maiden sprang forth upon its shining beams. At first she was but a foot in stature, but as she touched the ground she became of mortal size. She danced before them the ancient figures of the Red Garment, and sang weird strains of fairy music in a high, clear voice that rang through the hall like the tones of a flageolet. Then, once more, she sprang upon the table, and, with all eyes fastened upon her, shrank into a little lacquer chop-stick.

The disciples stared, while one of the strangers suggested that they finish their entertainment in the Palace of the Moon, and the three friends took up the table and walked into the moon, where their shadows could be seen. Soon dark clouds covered it, and the disciples brought lighted candles into the room. The sage was sitting alone in meditation upon his rush mat. He asked them if they were content with their revels, and bade them retire that they might not be late with their woodcutting on the morrow.

Wang was delighted with the marvels he had seen, and went back next day to his labors, forgetting for a time his thoughts of returning home. However, ere long he again became discontented, and going to the sage, said:

"Master, I came many weary miles to seek you, and to profit by your instruction, but you have given me no knowledge of your arts. Many moons I have been chopping firewood for you; my hands are sore and my back is bent with labor, but you have taught me none of your magic charms. Therefore I pray you, if you will not divulge to me the secret of Immortality, will you not, at least, teach me some small trick of magic, that my coming may not have been quite in vain?"

"Did I not tell you," replied the sage, "when you first came to me, that you would never have the fortitude to go through the initiation of a disciple?

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Tomorrow I will provide you and you shall start on your homeward journey."

"I have worked for you very long and hard," said Wang, "will you not at least repay my labors with some little charm? . . .

"Well," smiled the priest, "what is it you desire to know?"

Wang thought a moment and then replied, "I have observed that when you walk, walls do not stand in your way but seem to melt before you. Teach me but this, and I shall be well satisfied."

The priest laughed and said: "That will be easy enough, if you will remember to recite this *sûtra* when you desire to pass through an obstruction."

— Wang recited the magic words after him, and advanced upon the wall; but it was still before him, looking very hard and solid, and he paused a moment in hesitation.

"You must have no fear," said the priest, "put down your head and rush at it, and the stones will give way before you."

Though secretly doubting his words, Wang did as he was told and immediately the wall yielded before him. Then giving him some coins for the journey, the sage counseled him to be wary in the use of his power, lest by its abuse it should some day forsake him. So he set upon his homeward way, filled with pride, and constantly repeating to himself the magic charm, for fear that he might forget it.

When he reached his native village he boasted of the great knowledge he had gained through his labors, and bragged of his contempt for walls. His wife was very proud of him and called in many neighbors to see him perform some magic feat. When all were expectantly waiting, he rushed with great force at the compound wall, crashed his head against the bricks, and fell in a heap on the ground. When his wife went to help him up he had a bump like a goose-egg on his forehead, and was overwhelmed with shame. He loudly denounced his master for his false teaching and ingratitude, being unable to see — through mist of his own conceit — that it was through his own carelessness and vanity that the magic *sûtra* had lost its power on his lips. M. B.



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the voice of a dog is often heard to advantage at a distance, and that is why I was put so far off. Afterwards they gave me some water out of a bottle, which was very refreshing after drinking the Pacific Ocean. Some of the boys sang, and for some reason they got more applause than I did. — Perhaps it was just to encourage them.



"GOOD MORNING, STRANGER — LET'S MAKE FRIENDS"

One moonlight night before I went to bed, I ran outside and thought of those beautiful lines:

"Boys and girls, come out to play,
The moon is shining as bright as day.
Come with a whoop and come with a call.
Come with a good will, or come not at all."

Then from the bottom of the orchard I heard the long-drawn 'whoop' of a coyote which was followed by the 'call' of another. I gave an answering shout and ran out to meet them; but my master called me back. I hardly like to repeat what he said; but I know I may rely upon my readers to keep it quiet. He said that the coyotes eat their meat raw and bolt it down without any chewing! Also that they never wear any collars and refuse to come when they are called! Worse than all, they never dream of taking out a license at the first of the year as I do! But my master said coyotes were my "poor relations," or something, so I think all this had better be hushed up.

I don't see why people should be proud because they know a little Latin. It is just as easy as anything. I overheard a Latin class the other day up at the Lotus Home. Someone said: "Decline bones," and a boy said "*Bones,*

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bony, bonier, bone 'em"— and a lot more like that. Well, I know all about bones; but as they do not suit my digestion I always *have* to decline them. Then someone said "I love, thou lovest, he loves." Well, of course I have known all about that, too— ever since I was old enough to chew crackers. If you love other people they love you, and that makes it comfortable for



"EXCUSE ME, I MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE!"

everybody all round. Then someone said "*Cane 'im*, the dog"; but I didn't want to be caned, so I made off. I don't think I should like to learn Latin — though I heard the teacher say that anyone could learn Latin if he set himself *doggedly* to it. I believe that there is a special kind of Latin called 'dog Latin' — invented especially for us fellows, I suppose.

I know some people have laughed at me because I am so much in earnest when chasing a ball. The fact is that I always like to fancy that I am one of a pack of dogs, and that if I don't get the ball some other dog will. This gives interest to the chase and keeps up the excitement. I find it's no use to do anything in a half-hearted way: put your whole soul into it or leave it alone, I say. When I play tug-of-war with my master, I tug at the strap with all my might. I make believe that a big St. Bernard and I are both pulling at a nice juicy strip of meat, and this gives an interest to the contest. I pretend to be very angry and growl like a bear, and lay my ears back as far as I can to keep them out of the way of the other dog. My master usually lets me win and then I stop growling and smile and prance away with the strap in my mouth.

All dogs should try to be polite. If offered water when he does not happen to be thirsty, a well-bred dog will always lap up a few sups just to show that

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he appreciates the attention. — Always accept a piece of cracker very gently, so as not to bite the fingers of your friend. Do not pester to be let in and out all the time. Make up your mind to stay out sometimes instead of whining to be let in, unless of course the weather is cold or rainy. A dog can always lick his coat over or take forty winks or attend to his toes to pass away the time.

Whenever I leave the house I always like to pick up a ball. You never know when you may need it, and anyway it is very pleasant to have something to grip with your jaws. Besides you feel that a piece of portable property has been entrusted to your care; and it's nice to be trusted, don't you think?

Sometimes a dog is put to guard a place while his master is away, and then he has to 'talk turkey' and show his teeth. Even if a friend comes along he must order him off — all in the way of duty. Some people seem to think that my temper has gone sour all of a sudden; but of course it is only 'bluff.'

The other day while studying wild nature on the hillside, I had occasion to jump into a low shrub, when suddenly I found myself sitting on one of these prickly-pear cactus plants. I gave a call for help and my master came up and pulled the prickles out. My word! but didn't it hurt? My master said that it was an unpleasant experience for me. I never knew before what an experience was; but if they are all as prickly as that one I hope I shall never land on an experience again! I have sometimes heard of people going *through* experiences, and that must be even worse than sitting down on one of them.

Not long ago while prowling about at South Ranch I had another surprise. I saw a very queer-looking dog with such a winning smile that I wanted to make friends with him at once. But for all his friendly looks his posture was so stiff and statuesque that I must confess I felt a wee bit scared. However, I put on a bold face and walked up to rub noses with him, a salutation very commonly used amongst us dogs. The stranger took no notice of me whatever, but kept on smiling as before. He smelt more like a paint-shop than a good honest dog, however, and I very soon discovered that he was nothing but a kind of toy-dog. It gave me quite a 'turn' as people say; but it only goes to show that Longfellow was not far wrong when he wrote:

"*Things are not what they seem.*"

I heard afterwards that this dog is one of the characters in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, called 'Tige Starveling'; but I really think that I could act better than a dog made of half-inch board. My friend Ivan, the handsome Russian wolf-hound, really does act on the stage sometimes; but I am only a little yellow dog after all and perhaps I am happier in private life.

I had intended to conclude with some verses of my own composing; but Master says: "Better not, Hugh. The readers would never stand for any of your 'doggerel'." I suppose that is another word for canine poetry. HUGH

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SION AP SIENCYN

IT was on a Thursday, and the day of the full moon, and the white thorn was in bloom, and the birds were singing on the mountain-side; and it was towards evening by that time, and the sunlight lying mellow-golden on the long green fields.

Sion ap Siencyn stood by the farmyard gate, and thinking, was there something in that sunlight now, and was there a tune in the air with the birds, or something, that he could make a little song of them? Then the pigs set up a squealing and a pother, meaning to say it was dinner-time with them; and out from the old yellow-washed farmhouse came Gwen his wife with the pail in her hand to fill their trough.

"Sioni," said she, "for shame upon you loafing there, and me toiling all day, and slaving all night, to keep a loaf on the board, and the dirt from the floor here."

"Yes, yes," said he; "what is on you now, whatever?"

"And the pigs themselves crying out that but for me they shouldn't have bite nor sup, nor support for their lawful ambitions."

They certainly were crying out something; and Sion ap Siencyn was all for a bit of peace, with that little song in the air and all; and he wasn't going to argue, with his wife and the pigs against him.

"What is it, indeed now?" said he.

"You do know very well what it is. Bronwen Cow is after her meandering up the mountain, and in the Field of the Pools of Stars she will be; and she knowing well that I will be waiting to milk her. Such spiteful ways you do teach the creatures, woe is me!"

"Well, well; it will be little for me to go to fetch her," said Sion; and with that, off with him.

In the farm kitchen old Catrin, Sion's mother, was in her chair by the hearth. "Where is Sion bach?" said she, when Gwen came in.

"Fetching Bronwen from the Field of the Pool of Stars he is," said Gwen.

"Uneasy is my heart for that news you are telling me; and this the Eve of May, and the faery night of all the nights in the year."

Sion went up through the long Field of the Stream, and the beauty of the world was delighting him, and the song in the air was coming nearer to him, but he was not catching it yet. And he went up through the green Field of the Hollow, and the way the light lay on the rushes, he had never seen the equal of it before. And he went through the gate in the hedge, and into the Field of the Pools of Stars; and there was Bronwen Cow out before him. He called her; but perverse she was, and walking on, and he must go after her; and the more he called, the more she went, and the more he must follow; and she put seven hedges between herself and the farm before he could even come near her; and all the while the song coming nearer to him, and it the loveliest song in the world or Wales, he was thinking.

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And just as he came up with her, lo, there was the root and the source and the fountain of the song out before him; it was a bird on the blossoming hawthorn tree; it no bigger than the druid wren, but its feathers a glimmer of white like the evening sunlight on the snow on the mountain-top; and every flirt of its wings, a ripple of song stealing out over the world till you could know that the mountains were laughing in their deep hearts for pleasure of it; and in his deed, he must stop a minute and listen to that, whatever.

And stop he did, and listen; and every sorrow he had ever known, he made nothing of it.

But there; wonder was on the world that day, certainly it was; as he listened, he was aware of a song on his south that was better than the other



"And stop he did, and listen; and every sorrow he had ever known, he made nothing of it.

one; and turning, saw a bird among the rushes there, crested and crowned, and blue as the heavens, and shining like a jewel, and making song to bring the stars drooping down out of heaven. Never could he turn to go back while that might be there for his hearing. And wondering he saw what the power of that song was; for the earth and the skies were changed about him, and the mountains that he saw were better mountains than any he had seen before; and the populations roaming about them, and in the valley, were beautiful, lovelier than human, flame-bodied, and with delicate plumes of flame over their heads. And lovely lights were rising out of the mountains; and it was a greater joy to him to be alive, than any joy he had known formerly; and he had little thought for Bronwen Cow, or for Gwen his wife, or the farm.

And then came a third bird, colored like the rainbow; with a better song

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than either of the others had; and in the sweetness of its discoursing it seemed to him he heard all the wisdom of the deep world. And it seemed to him that the Kings of Wonder were about him, and the huge mountains their palaces; and he on a footing with them, as it were; and if there was anyone called Sion ap Sieṇcyn, he was not remembering that one; instead, he was remembering the ages of the world, and delighting in the Beauty beyond time. . . .

Then the three birds flew away, and the stars were shining; and in the dimness he could see Bronwen Cow descending towards the farm before him. "It was as I had heard the Birds of Rhianon sing," said he. They were faery birds that were in Wales at one time; you could listen to either of them for a hundred years, and think it was barely an hour you had been listening.

There was firelight and candlelight in the farm kitchen, and the door was open, and he looked in, and stopped there on the threshold, for what he saw and heard was not what he expected to hear and see. A very old man was on the settle by the fire; and opposite him a young man that might be his grandson; and there were three children on the hearth between them; and moving about the kitchen a woman that had the voice and the look of Gwen with her, only there was something strange with her too.

"Indeed," she was saying; "for shame that you don't go out after Bronwen Cow, and she after her meandering out on the mountain."

"Let you him be," said the old man. "Were you never hearing what befell the great-grandfather of my grandfather?"

"Ah, tell us the story!" cried the children, all at once.

"Three hundred years ago it was," said the old man; "and the Eve of May it was; and a cow from this farm strayed on to the mountain; and the great-grandfather of my grandfather"—

"What was his name?" cried the children.

"Sion ap Siencyn was his name," said the old man.

"There's somebody at the door," said the woman. "Come you in, and welcome to you."

No one came. "It was the wind sighing," said the young man. Then the grandfather went forward and told them the story of Sion ap Siencyn. "They say it was the Birds of Rhianon sang to him," said he. K. V. M.

WISE SAYINGS



THE best way to win an argument is to keep out of an argument.

A PRUDENT man is like a pin, because his head always prevents his going too far.

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COCOANUTS

BOYS — does not the word 'cocoanut' bring to you recollections of your friend Robert Louis Stevenson — of Long John Silver and pieces of eight and "But one man of the crew alive, What put to sea with seventy-five"?

What a pity that one of those gentlemen of fortune did not write home to his folks! Now you or I would have been more sensible and sent a letter home once in a while. How interesting it would have been for the mother of — say the gentleman who wrote such a neat hand — to have received the following letter:

Off the Jamaicas,
18the Septbre 171 —.

DEARE MOTHER: *Yeſterday did we take two merchantmen and haue ſafely buried the much treaſure founden in them. I am well and Happy.*

As you are ſo curious to know about the COCKERNUT *I ſent you I will tell you about it in this lettre. The Sauages of theſe iſlands are extreamly fond of it, and truely the cockernut-nut tree (or as you call it* COQUO) *prouides them with all the Needs of life. You muſt know that the cockernut is an immenſe ſeed ſometimes over a foot long; indede I haue herd that in the* SEYCHELLES *there are fruite to be found of a foot & a half in Bigneſſe. The outer rynd or matting is thickly knitt and uery durable, out of it the Natiues do make mats and ſuchlike. From the hard ſhell they alſo make Drinking-cups moſt curiouſly & fantaſtically*

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carued. Finally the meat inſide is one of their chiefeſt Foodes, and from it they make an Oyl in appearance much like unto ſoft ſope. But what I like beſt is the Mylk that is to be found in the freſh fruite to the quantitie of a tumblerful or more. The nut I ſent you contains the meat after it has hardened. Haue no fear of eating of it as it is both delicious and nouriſhing. Beſides the fruite other parts of this remarkable tree prouide Materiel for uſeful purpoſes. It grows up like a round ſtick and bare to the uery top, where, amidſt its crowne of long leaues the nuts grow in bunches. They like to grow on Iſlands or near the Sea. I wonder if that be the reaſon why they grow ſo crookedly, for I haue neuer seen one ſtraight and majeſtick like the royal Palm. I haue been told by a PORTUGALE *who has been to the Philipinas that there is a yet more remarkable cockernut to be found in the Seychelles Iſlands in the India Seas which reaches up to ſixty or ſeuenty feet. It has alſo been told me that the* HURRICANOES *which regularly do uiſit that Region and are called by the Moormen* MONSOONS *carry the nuts from there to the ſhores of* INDOSTAN, *where anciently they did create great Wonderment before it was diſcouered whence they did come. . . .*

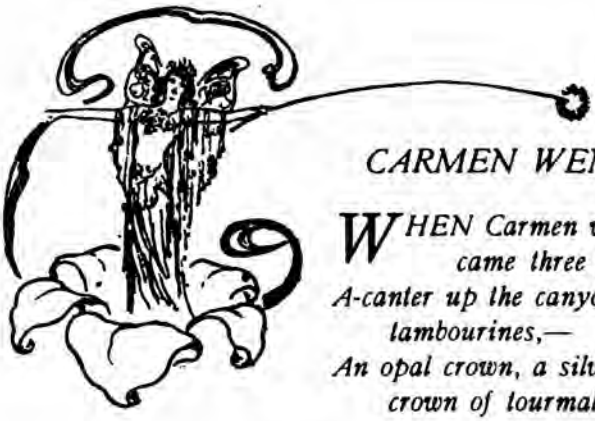
No more from your Dutiful ſon, JAMES.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

THOUSANDS of real lovers of science — great physicians and surgeons like the celebrated Doctor Hadwen, who has lectured recently against animal vivisection — have shown that it is useless as well as cruel and wicked. In time so many people will protest against these heartless experiments on living animals that it will be impossible for any man to continue to torture helpless creatures who cannot cry out or protect themselves!

It is of great interest in this connexion to know that Mrs. Warren G. Harding has encouraged a campaign in this direction from the White House, and that a great many very prominent people of the United States are joining her. This campaign is in support of a measure known as the 'Dog Exemption Bill' introduced in Congress last April to make vivisection, or the experimenting upon living dogs, illegal. Several state legislatures have introduced similar bills. This particular bill only refers to dogs and receives a great deal of support from the many people who keep pet dogs. But surely we should not think only of our own pets and leave all the other animals out! In Lomaland where all the birds and animals are cared for and protected, there is great interest in this new bill; and the Râja-Yoga students are all anxious to see other bills of this nature introduced which will prevent experiments not on dogs alone but on all living animals. M. A. M.

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WHEN CARMEN WENT TO FAIRYLAND

WHEN Carmen went to Fairyland there
came three Queens
A-canter up the canyon to a fluller of
tambourines,—
An opal crown, a silver crown, and a
crown of tourmalines.

"Carmen, Carmen,
Go to sleep and dream again!
Moon, rise! (Shut your eyes!)
Stars, begin to gleam again!
Now's the time the fairy men
Dance their dance adown the glen;
Go to sleep and come with us
To lovely Fairyland!"



Up she got from her while cot, and shook her
fairy wings;
They were like a butterfly's, with dark blue
rings,
And all tingled over with little glimmerings.

Her gown was like a hummingbird's, her cap
was like a rose;
She had ten teeny silver bells on her ten teeny toes,
And ten rings on her fingers,— what do you *suppose?*



Bunny sitting in the path
lifts a warning paw there:—
"You can't come to Fairyland
until you know the law there:—
Folk who've been to Fairyland
mayn't tell what they saw there!"

The Moon shone over the canyon; the breeze crept up from the sea;
An old man was fiddling 'neath the wild mahogany;
(By day it was a lowly bush; now 'twas a forest tree.)

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WHEN CARMEN WENT TO FAIRYLAND

And he was fiddling, fiddling, and every note he played,
There came a lovely lady in silver robes arrayed,
And floated through the moonlight, and vanished in the shade.

And suddenly they were dancing, all in the faery ring,
And Carmen holding hands with them, and they all began to sing;
And everywhere the dance swayed, the flowers began to spring.

A fairy played the oboe, and a fairy played the 'cello,
And London Bridge came tumbling down, and every time it fell, oh,
Blossomed a flower in golden brown, in purple, rose or yellow.

Then up they rose and far and wide they twinkled in their glee,
Till the great while stars flew down to them, and danced with them o'er the sea,—
Over the dark waters, to a wonderful minstrelsy.

And could it be really Carmen, that beautiful Star of Light
That shone amongst the other stars in the dark vast of the night,
And was so wise and wonderful, and shone so passing bright?

. . .

Over the mountains came the Sun, and his rays shone out o'er the deep;
And in at the window he laughed and stole a peep,—
And there was Baby Carmen in her white cot sound asleep!

— KENNETH MORRIS



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STRAY BEAMS

EFFORTS are always successes. It is a greater thing to try without succeeding than to succeed without trying.— *Anon.*

"WORK is given to man not only because the world needs it but because the workman needs it."— *Drummond*

HABIT may be likened to a cable — every day we weave a thread and soon we cannot break it.— *Anon.*

"BY taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it he is superior."— *Bacon*

THE BEST FIRM

"A PRETTY good firm is WATCH & WAITE,
And another is ATTIT, EARLY & LAIGHT;
And still another is DOO & DAIRET;
But the best is probably GRINN & BARRETT."— *Walter Doty*

"IT should be a happy thought always to those who have made mistakes in life, that they may win from a courageous facing of these, the power to warn and protect others in time of need."— *M. M. T.*

"THE secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do."— *Barrie*

"TAKE care of your spirit and conduct and your reputation will take care of itself."— *Alexander Hamilton*

A MAN should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.
— *Anon.*

"WHAT are the iron chains that hands have wrought!
The hardest chain to break is made of thought."— *Thomas Paine*

"A STRAIGHT line is the shortest in words as in mathematics."— *Edgeworth*

SOME people are always grumbling because roses have thorns: I am thankful thorns have roses.— *Anon.*

"Do thou but for one day hold thy tongue; on the morrow how much clearer are thy purposes and duties."— *Carlyle*

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AMATEUR GARDENING

WHEN you see the pictures on the next page you may wonder what these little Râja-Yoga boys are doing, what the rakes are for, and why the overalls? If you will listen just a moment I will tell you a secret; they have come out to help in the big International Garden. They heard the signal some time ago, and quickly got out their overalls and marched to the tool-shed to get their rakes and hoes. One little boy you see brought along a spade as well — raking and hoeing are quite ordinary, but digging is a little different and does not always enter into the daily work. One of the pictures shows a boy up a tree; sawing branches is another great privilege, often sought for.

One little boy looks very happy in the iris bed. Can you see him peeping through with his hat all tumbled off? He must have gone there specially to have his photo taken, although the other day he really was helping to clear that bed. I will tell you something about that: he liked it very well at first, but presently in putting his hand down to pull out dead leaves he encountered a big wet slug, and after that he was rather careful how he pulled out dead leaves.

Would you like to know to what purpose the hoes are put? The pathways outside the garden are kept clear of weeds, even though the ground beyond is wild woodland. The weeds must not be allowed too near the garden, or else the next thing will be that they will be inside, and that would never do. Once a little boy was left with a

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certain patch to do; later he was found with very few weeds done, but having the appearance of having been very busy — he had found an ant-hill out there and had become so interested in the ants that



INTERNATIONAL GARDEN, LOMALAND: THE TREES AND FLOWERS THERE ARE FROM NEARLY EVERY COUNTRY — THE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO WORK THERE ARE, TOO

he even asked if he could not make a garden around it and bring the ants food occasionally.

Some boys you may notice by banks; the garden is a sloping one and can only be used for plants by terracing. These banks have to be very well looked after; when first the boys went there to work they did not know how easily the banks could be spoiled, so they trod them nearly all down. After the boys saw their use, however, and the harm they themselves had done, they set to work to help to build them up again, and now they are all firm and hard. Much of that building up was great fun, because there were spades and water in use. Just think of it — little boys with spades and water — does not that sound inviting?

In one of the pictures is some bare ground marked with sticks.

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The little boys dug that ground all over themselves, took out the roots and then planted some dahlias there. After planting them they at once began to look for them to come up. The 'at once,' of course,



SPADING, TRIMMING, PRUNING, HOEING, RAKING, MENDING A BANK AND — WHAT?

The end of a July morning.

dragged into months, and it was not before they had quite forgotten them that the dahlias began to appear.

Before I stop about these little amateur gardeners I want to tell you one more secret about them, and that is, that they all work in silence, each in his own piece of garden. These little Râja-Yoga boys start the day among the trees and flowers, and in the silence they are able to learn some of the secrets that only the plants know.

You may think of them — these young Lomaland workers — busy in the sunshine and fresh sea-breezes, in a garden full of trees and shrubs, through which the wind goes singing; raking under shady trees where the birds build their nests and are never frightened; hoeing among flower-patches where in watering-time birds will come to take their morning bath and stay to drink a few stray drops. M.

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until the woods were full of the sound. The fireflies began to come up from the hollows and flick their golden lights about and soon we heard the sweet notes of the whip-poor-will — such pure liquid notes — never to be forgotten if once heard. It began to get very dark under the trees, the sky was like dark blue velvet on which the stars glittered very brightly. No electric light was there to dim their brightness, away out in the woods. . . . But how very dark it began to get!

"Come children," said Mother at last, "we had better get settled for the night and see how you like camping-out on straw beds upon the floor."

We girls were to sleep upstairs with Mother while Father occupied the big room downstairs with the boys; so with the aid of a candle and a tiny oil light in the hall between the two rooms upstairs, we made ready for our funny bumpy beds on the floor. It was thought best to burn the little oil lamp there in the hallway; but undoubtedly the 'beasts of the air' (as my brothers called them) would not have found us so readily but for the light. Certain it was, that we had not begun to get quiet before they arrived like guests to a feast: mosquitoes first, in spite of our care in providing a bit of an old iron oven-door on which to burn pieces of incense to drive them away.

Next came the 'June bugs' — dozens of them — flying back and forth over our heads, hitting the walls and crawling along the floor, with such a noise. Then came a screech from out of doors near by, which frightened us badly until Father assured us from the bottom of the stairs that it was "only an owl"— just a little soft feathery owl which could do us no harm. The katydids were making enough noise, goodness knows, and we wondered how people could ever go to sleep in the country.

And then that kitten! — we had brought her along of course. Having slept all the way out in the wagon, she was now ready for a frolic, and frolic she did — dancing and jumping and romping all over us as we lay on the floor. Nothing could keep her quiet; there was no place to shut her up; if we put her out of doors, she would

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have run away, so she had to have her play out before she settled down to sleep.

How hot it was and how those mosquitoes sung and stung! Every so often my good father would light more incense, and for a half an hour there would be a lessening of the attack from the mosquito horde, but it had little or no effect upon the other 'beasts'— especial-



THE REST OF OUR CAMPING-TRIP WAS A PLEASANT MEMORY

ly those of the beetle family, whose curiosity was much aroused by the small light. And strange to say, it had not dawned on either Father or Mother that it was the *light* that attracted all these pests!

The height of the beetle invasion was reached when a huge black fellow hurled himself into the room, striking terror to the bravest heart. Bumping along the ceiling, he seemed sure to drop upon our heads any moment; so fearing he would tangle himself in our hair, we lay with heads under the sheets in that swelter of hot air. Finally, Mother managed to give the creature a whack which landed him on the floor in the hallway, and, thinking to keep him still the rest of the night, set one of her shoes over him. What was our

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astonishment a few minutes later to see Mother's shoe moving across the hall at quite a rapid gait! Could it really be possible that the beetle was so strong as to move the shoe? Scooping it into a newspaper, she managed to keep the creature quiet until morning, when it was found to be of a very huge kind not often seen.

The beetle had no more than been settled before a little black bat sailed through the room — in one window and out of the other — and we, not knowing a bat from an owl, were not alarmed further. Not a breeze stirred a leaf on all the great trees that surrounded the house, and we tossed and turned and could not sleep. Father crept up the creaking stairs to light another stick of incense, and we listened to him scratching matches on the iron door. How *many* matches was he going to scratch to light it? I began to count them — one, two, three, four. . . . Father gave a grunt and began again — five, six, seven, eight. . . . "What is the matter with this incense?" Nine, ten, eleven. . . . Mother got up and held the little night-lamp so that he might see better — only to discover that the last stick was burned and he was trying to light the catch on the iron door!

The mosquitoes began their attack with fury now that the incense smoke-barrage was at an end, when Mother (unusually resourceful in finding ways out of most difficulties) concluded that it might be the night-light that had attracted the insects; so she quietly put it out about the time a faint streak of dawn appeared in the east. With it came a refreshing breeze, and at last we *slept!*

An early trip to town, the next day, however, brought back several bolts of blue mosquito-netting, hammers and tacks, and the remainder of our camping-trip became a most pleasant memory. COUSIN EDYTHA



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THE CRAB IN THE POOL



WHILE I was sitting on a large flat rock watching the waves, my attention was suddenly attracted by a movement in the pool of water between the rocks at my side. Looking more closely, I discovered a large crab trying to climb out of the pool over a bunch of seaweed.

He was an old fellow, evidently, and a regular veteran at that, for he had lost one of his large claws. He seemed also to be still wearing his uniform of bright colors, as his shell was streaked with red, green and yellow. A handsome old chap but for his missing claw.

He had climbed nearly to the top of the weed when, in a spirit of fun, I fluttered a bit of white paper toward him. He dropped back into the pool like a stone and crawled under the rocks out of sight.

"How long will it take you, old fellow," said I "to get over your fright and make another attempt to get out of the pool?" I determined to watch; so I sat down on the rock directly above the pool, saying to myself, "Now we will see who has more patience, and who can keep perfectly still the longest, the crab or I."

After what seemed a very long time, I noticed Mr. Crab move out from under the rock towards the other end of the pool and climb slowly and carefully up the weed. Again I shook the piece of paper and again he dropped and scampered under the rock.

But my object was frustrated by an extra large wave which came in, flooding the rock on which I had been sitting, and causing me to move quickly to a higher rock; but I had time to see Mr. Crab take advantage of the inrushing water to scamper up the seaweed and float away upon it.

I have no doubt, however, that had the tide been an ebb-tide instead of an incoming one, I could easily have spent the rest of the afternoon surprising Mr. Crab and driving him back under the rock, and that I would have been the first to become tired and leave the pool—not the patient Mr. Crab. SISTER SUE

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A GREAT DISCOVERY



BOTH OF ME

DEAR CHILDREN, You know I have made a great discovery—I have found that there are two of me—there is 'ME' and 'MY LOWER SELF.' If you look in this picture you can see them both plainly, but most of the time they are not so easy to find.

The reason I know they are there is that when I want very much to do a thing that I've been told not to, 'ME' says "I wouldn't do that if I were you, Jane!" and 'MY LOWER SELF' says: "Well, do it just this once, anyway."

Sometimes these two have long talks, but I generally know when they begin that 'ME' will win out in the end, because I cannot be quite happy unless he does. Only sometimes I wonder why I keep him waiting so long. I think there must be some little corner in my mind that just enjoys talking about it. But I know that 'ME' is really the stronger of the two, because he can make Jane very happy when she does give him his own way, which 'MY LOWER SELF' can't.

I am sure, too, that 'ME' has plenty of happy times for us both and lots to spare; because he always tells me to give all I can to everyone else, instead of just trying to get more for myself, as my naughty upside-down me always does!

Some day maybe I can tell you some more of the interesting discoveries I have made in the wonderful kingdom of 'MYSELF,'—and then you will also have interesting ones to tell of, I hope. JANE

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THE ELVES

THE elves have lighted poppy-flames
On all the hills of spring;
They've taught the happy linnet choirs
A hymn of joy to sing.

They've spread the trailing sunset-clouds
On trees and fields at night —
They're flowers and airy butter-flies
Before the morning light.

And last they found old Care asleep,
Haggard and gaunt and grim—
A mound of wild flowers hides him now,
And none can waken him.

— Selected



DAFFODIL

MY little canary is pale yellow, just the color of a daffodil; and so I named him after this flower. His pet name is 'Dilly.'

This little bird knows exactly what he wants and sometimes shows very plainly that things are not just as he would like.

Every morning I put the cage over a dish of water for him to have a bath. For months he made no use of the dish; but after I had put the bottom back on with fresh sand spread over it and

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How he liked it! No sooner was it in his cage than he started to eat it. He did not stop, either, until it was all gone. But after such food, in which there was molasses, he would not think of touching his ordinary seeds; so I had to stop giving him what he liked so much.

It is so funny to watch him in the warm afternoons when he gets sleepy. He does not dare to close his eyes, but sits there in a corner with one leg among his feathers and his eyes half closed, blinking. Any stir wakes him right up, and he is ready to see what is going to happen.

At night he puffs himself out into a fluffy ball, puts his head under his wing and goes to sleep. He does not seem to sleep very soundly; for often he gets hungry and wakes us up by cracking seeds and eating — sometimes as late as twelve o'clock.

When morning comes he sleeps on till I take off his cover; but sometimes I am too long about it, so he calls me to him by starting to chirp. I hurry to take off his cover, and then he always bursts into song.

DILLY'S LITTLE MISTRESS



TUMBLES

NOW when I take a tumble
I do not stop to cry,
But just jump up, and
dust my hands,
And pass the tumble by.

The world is full of tumbles,
We need not stop to mind,
But just get up, dust off
our hands,
And leave our falls behind.

— JULIUS

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for a very long time, but Mr. Beetle was too wise to come down. So that when Mrs. Cocky Doodles came home from her Mother's Meeting she found a verv hungry family waiting for breakfast. "Well chicks," she clucked, "so you're up at last, are you? I hope you have all learned a good lesson from this: that it is no use waiting for your breakfast to drop right into your beaks; always get up early, children, and look for it yourselves." M.



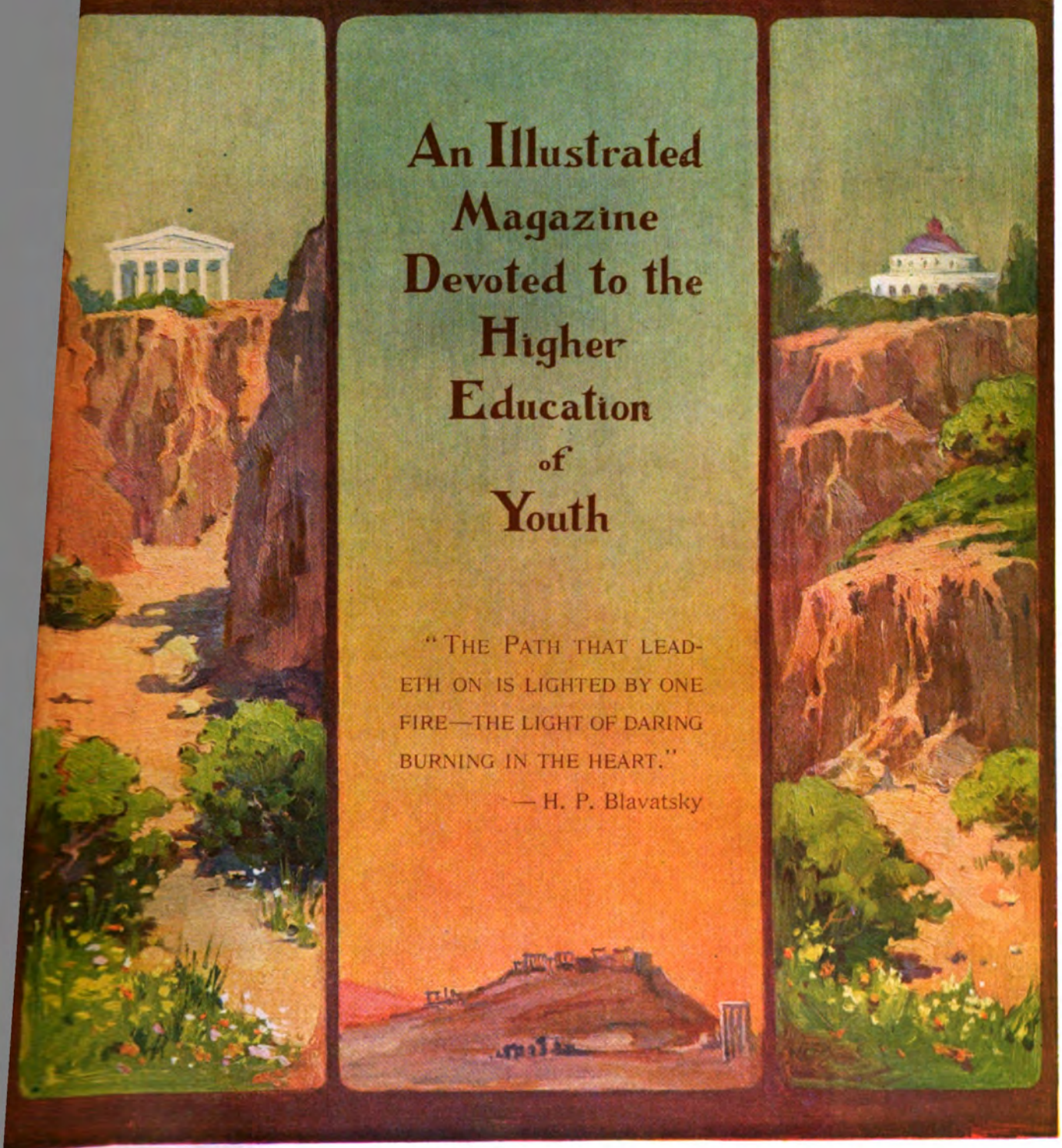
HAPPY THOUGHTS

Oh, Father dear is on the sea.
He said, "Now Daughter, write to me,
And tell me you've been good."
So I must write and let him hear
That I've been good to Baby dear,
As all big sisters should.

And Mother dear said I should say
That every day he's been away
I've done just as I should.
How happy Father then will be
To have a good report from me,
That Daughter has been good.---E. A

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER



An Illustrated Magazine Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

"THE PATH THAT LEADETH ON IS LIGHTED BY ONE FIRE—THE LIGHT OF DARING BURNING IN THE HEART."

—H. P. Blavatsky

SEPTEMBER 1921

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Râja-Yoga Messenger

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUTH
Conducted by
Students of the Râja-Yoga College
Published bi-monthly, under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California, U. S. A.
Entered as second-class matter, December 25, 1904, at the Postoffice at Point Loma California
Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley
Subscription (6 issues) $1 60. Foreign postage 20c. extra; Canadian 10c.

VOL. XVII, NO. 5 CONTENTS SEPTEMBER 1921

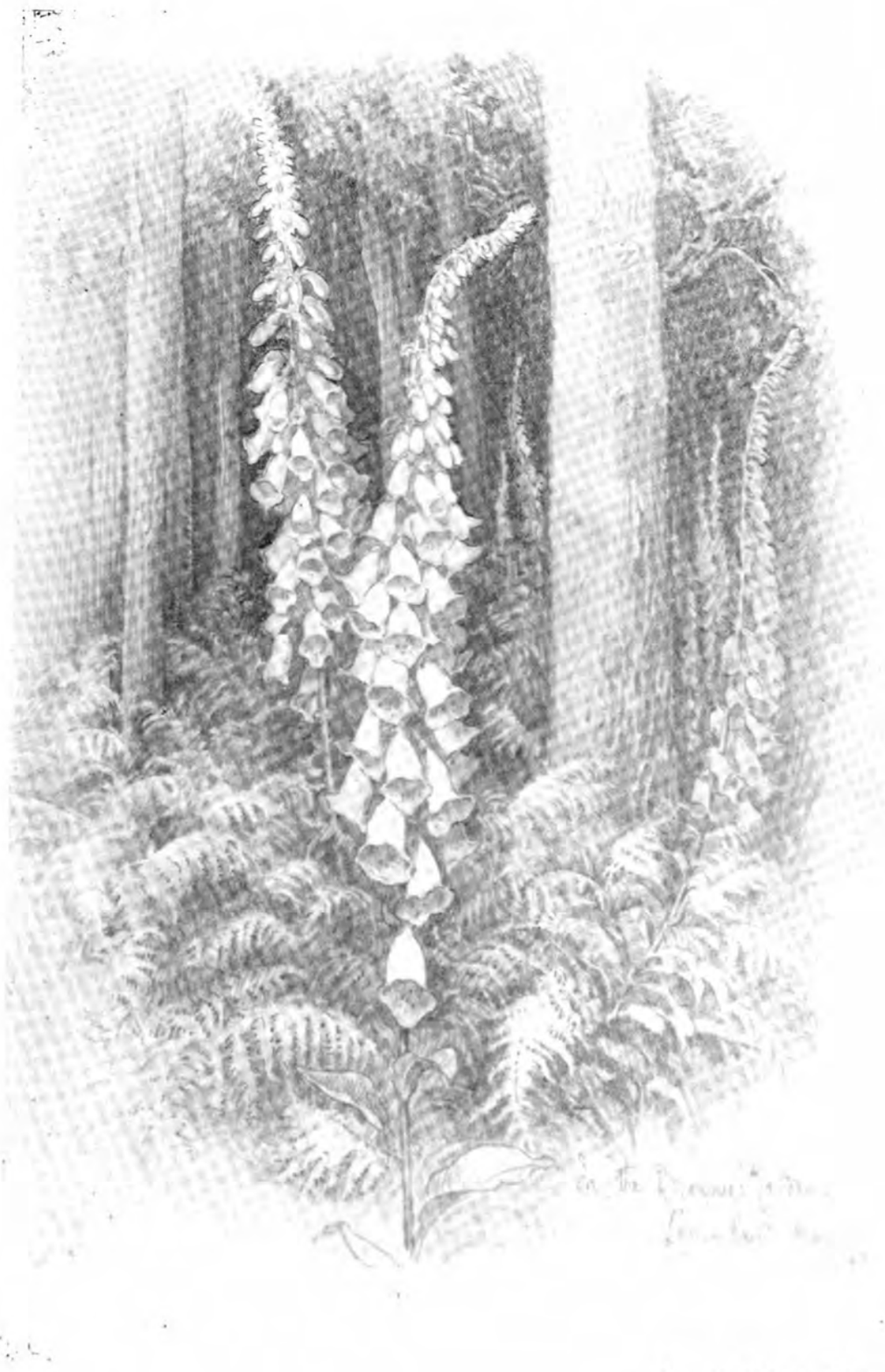
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FOXGLOVES

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVII, NO. 5 SEPTEMBER 1921

"Let us begin to follow the path of knowledge and look upon life in even a more serious way than we ever have before, and remember that one moment lost may mean years of sorrow to ourselves and others: that often one mistake, carelessly made, though unintentionally, may affect the destinies of nations. . . ."

— From Katherine Tingley's address at Helsingborg, Sweden, August 12, 1913

SOWING LIVES

"Every thought is a soul."— *Lytton*

PRAYERS had been offered and sacrifices made — to the Great Spirit, the All-Father; to the Sun Spirit; to the Spirits of the Four Winds, especially to the West Wind whence come the fruitful rains; to the Spirit of Fruitfulness whose hand pours the golden harvest over the land; to the Guardian Spirit who shields all good things from blight and destruction. All the prayers had been said and the offerings made, and the gods had been very good to our land. For many seasons the seedlings had sprouted rapidly, had grown wondrously and borne a mighty harvest. And this season the soil of our land, the Land of the Sun, watered by the Great River and watched over by our great medicine-men, was very rich and fertile.

The greatest of our medicine-men had called together the tribe, and after sacred ceremonies had exhorted them to go to their sowing with pure hearts and open minds; told them to cast their seed not to the soil alone, but also to the heavens — in offering to the Great Spirit; told them to sow not for this day only but with a thought to the benediction of other days and other peoples; taught them to sow not unto themselves but unto all that lives. And our chief medicine-man had invoked all the beneficent spirits that they might bless the corn and protect the harvest. And our warriors and squaws had lifted up their voices in sacred songs of our tribe that wrought big medicine — they had gone forth singing from the medicine lodge to their sowing.

And now I sat with my mother in the morning sunlight of that springtime — a little brown boy, the son of a great brave of an ancient and mighty tribe — and watched the sowers at work in the field near by. In our tribe not only the squaws tended the springtime sowing, but also the youths and

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the young braves. Only the great warriors took no part. Theirs it was to look on and call down the blessings of the Great Spirit. My heart was very light, for I loved the springtime sowing and rejoiced in the green fields, the bright sun and the sight of the many laborers. I watched them as they came and went, and studied each one closely — each was so different. Their faces seemed to my child's mind like windows through which I could look into the chambers within.

Here came one of our tribe. I looked through his window and seemed to see a pure, strong, happy warrior whose body was bent towards the earth but whose thoughts rose like tall straight lilies lifting their cups to the Great Spirit. Then came another. He was bent in body and in thought; his windows were dim, and cruel forms seemed to lurk behind them. He sowed not for the tribe nor for the Great Spirit, but only for the sower. Then came a young warrior of another tribe which was helping our people with the sowing. He was known for his greed and fondness of possessions. As he sowed he saw nothing but the seed and the soil and beyond that the yield and its value to him. Looking through his windows I seemed to see great cruel engines at work — engines that were built with great care and deep cunning — made to crush the life out of the harvest and wring the utmost value out of everything in the world that came to it. I watched him as he came down the field — watched his hand as it grasped and gripped the seed-corn and seemed loathe to plant it — watched his face with its great set muscles and hard calculating lines.

And as I watched a wonderful thing happened. I thought that behind him his seed had begun to spring up. But not into green shoots of corn, but into something else. First far behind him I saw a tall, tall tower unlike anything I had ever seen in any of our villages. It was very tall, very slender, and seemed to be round and tapering. And as I looked up at the top I seemed to see smoke pouring out — black, suffocating smoke. I looked down again, and there all about it had sprung up a lot of dull-red buildings with many dim dirty windows. And going into a door on one side were hundreds of the strangest people I had ever seen. Instead of being brown like the people of our village, the men were a yellowish white — as if they meant to be white, but had grown sick or were soiled with the smoke. Their bodies were not tall and straight as those of our people, and were all covered over with strange dirty, ragged clothes. And in their faces there was a terrible hunger and sorrow, as if their hearts were starved and they knew nothing of the goodness of the Great Spirit.

And I followed one of these strange men into the door of the great dull-red building. He came to a long room where there was a terrible roar, as if a storm were sweeping the forest and there were great waterfalls all around — only there was no grandeur in the storm and no music in the waterfalls.

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ONE END OF 'INTERNATIONAL GARDEN,' LOMALAND

Overlooking some of the fields and orchards near the Râja-Yoga Academy

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It was very dark, and in front of me and overhead were great, black belts and long, iron bars with great wheels on them that went whirring round and round all the time. A long bench ran around the whole length of the room and hundreds of these strange-looking people sat at it, each doing the same thing all the time.

I watched one of them whose face was not like the others, but whose eyes were brighter and who had an expression that was almost hopeful, as if he had heard of the Great Spirit. He did the same work as all the others, but all about him there seemed to be a host of tiny little people — bright people with happy faces and smiling eyes, and as I watched I saw that they were at work too, and they were building a wonderful medicine lodge — it was very, very tiny, but very perfect, and more wonderful in shape and beauty than any I had ever seen. It was made of white stone and sunlight shone through it and all over it, and as I looked closer I noticed that it stood upon a high hill with a great stretch of blue water all about it, and the ground it stood on was covered with gardens. And the gardens and the meadows and the harvest-fields in the home of these little people seemed to carry the blessing of the Great Spirit; for He was pleased with it, because they had made it for Him and to show their love for all His children.

I moved closer, and was about to enter the beautiful medicine lodge when suddenly it vanished, and I saw the Indian I had first been watching coming straight towards me. He came closer and closer, and before I could move, his great cruel foot seemed about to tread on me. I cried out in pain. . . .

. . . . . .

"Well, Arthur, you've had a pretty good nap this sunny afternoon. I've just about harvested this whole field while you've been sleeping here in the shade. And now I'll have to ask you to move over a bit."

I looked up dazed and bewildered into the kind eyes of my father as he turned towards his big team and reaper, then out over the broad stretches of yellow grain, where it lay fallen and ready to bind, all burnished gold in the late afternoon sun; then my eyes wandered down across the meadow to the farm-house under the trees. Again I looked at the fallen grain with its golden ears. Each head seemed to have a life of its own — the living thought that had been sown with it. Did my Dad sow that cruel factory and the hopeless, sorrowful lives that sprang from the hand of the grasping Indian of my dream, or was this the seed from which sprang the happy little people of my friend in the work-room?

I thought and pondered a long time. Life seemed to me a very wonderful and a very serious thing, for the thought came to me little by little that all through the days and the hours, in our labor and our planning, each of us is a mighty sower — sowing the seeds of human lives and destinies! M. A. M.

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Chief 'Running Fisher,' Gros Ventre tribe

THROUGH a general absence of knowledge of ancient American history, one is apt to feel that history and civilization began in this new-old world with the coming of the white men in 1492. An error indeed; — her civilization is so old that empires had been born, lived, and vanished, whole peoples and races had disappeared, before ever Columbus thought westward. The background that America presents is vastly different from that of ancient Britain as we know it. America was a land of lofty mountains, wide plains, impenetrable forests; a land of painted deserts and deep chasms; every beautiful and needful thing was in profusion. A "Land of the Best" it seemed — generous and abundant, for the enjoyment of the races who possessed it in peace.

They were a proud and fearless race — these red warriors of the forests — swift and silent of foot; strong and enduring in pain — a people of few words and deep thoughts, feeling the presence of the Master of Life upon them equally on the mountain-peaks, in the depths of the forest, or in the thundering voice of great cataracts.

As the Sun-Father journeyed over the land, from the shores of the Narragansett to the Waters of the West, every day he saw his children waiting to greet him. On the eastern mountains, from the serpent-mounds by the Father of Waters, from the *kivas* of the desert-born, and from the temple-pyramids and stone cities of the southlands — everywhere the Red Men stood with faces raised and hands uplifted to salute the Great Father.

They worshipped Him and loved Him always — all days were His; and they felt His watchful eye upon them in every act of their lives. Songs, dances and ceremonies in His honor kept alive His memory in the minds of His children. Very gladly they told the old tales, and taught to the young men the wisdom of their fathers, that not one word might be changed or lost. Days of purification and prayer they set aside for the youth, and many trials he had to pass through to prove himself worthy to enter the 'medicine lodge.'

The legends and stories and council of the elders daily filled the ears and

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the minds of the young warriors, who had ever before their mind's eye the example of their fathers — brave, resolute, sagacious — whose deeds they themselves must emulate, and if possible, excel.

It is a matter of regret and surprise, how little the background of America's heroic past has entered into our national consciousness. It has affected neither our racial nor mental life, as a whole, and not one trait of our complex heredity can be traced back to our predecessors in the New World. It is the reverse of the case with the English colonizers.

Through centuries, conquering bands of Jutes, Angles, Saxons, and Scandinavians — whose empire was naturally the sea — had sailed out from their mist-wet forests and dank morasses, dark fjords and glacier-plowed mountains, and sweeping down upon Britain, had made themselves masters of the land — and in some cases subjects to the genius — of the Celt. These were the people of delicate imagination, of fine courtesies, and poetry, and to the rude strength and simple honor of most of the invaders they added knightly refinement and chivalry. From them come our pictures of warriors with gold torques, and gay-colored mantles, of flame-headed spears and tuneful harps. But all had their beautiful and friendly gods, who in the memory of living men, had walked in familiar intercourse with the sons of earth.



Addressing the Council

All this is naturally a part of our make-up, now largely diluted with other strains, and over-crusted with the peculiar traits of the modern American. But with the first, the only real American — there is no tie, no faintest link, no single common interest.

It is a matter of supreme importance to appreciate and preserve all we can of the civilizations that preceded us in the occupation of America, and to incorporate into our general consciousness the splendid traits that marked the finest types of the race. The progress of archaeology and an intelligent study of the wonderful remains in this country have proved that America, instead of being a howling wilderness peopled with savages, was the home of enlightened and advanced races, and that their descendants, far fallen from their high origin, were the men who were found here by Columbus and the other bold navigators of a bygone age.

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Among the most striking remains, the first perhaps that come to mind are the Mounds of the Mississippi Valley. These are huge earth-works, built by a people whom the Iroquois called the Lenni-Lenape, who had already disappeared before the former came, and by whom they were recognised as their superiors. These remains of the mound-builders are found widely scattered, and are divided into two classes — erections supposed to be fortifications, of irregular shape and size, and the religious edifices, which were very different. These are frequently of geometrical shape, the angles, lines, and circles being perfectly accurate. Those long distances apart are sometimes of exactly similar dimensions. The orientation, size and general characteristics are the same all over the immense territory of the North, Central, and South American remains. Some of the Mississippi mounds are shaped like serpents, doves, turtles, ovals, and even the human form. The great Serpent-Mound is one which deserves particular mention. It is built on the summit of a hill, the body curved and tail coiled, being five feet high, thirty wide in the middle, and over a thousand long if uncoiled. The jaws are represented as swallowing a smaller mound in the shape of an egg.



Chief 'Pretty-voice Eagle,' Sioux

The western states are famous for their cliff-dwellings, towers, community-houses, temples, and edifices of brick or stone. Arizona has unquestionably had a dense population and a very highly-organized society, to judge from the remains of architectural and engineering skill still existing. One of these is an aqueduct, or immense irrigation canal, considered by experts to rank higher than modern work, cut 100 feet through solid rock, with four branches, the main stream being 120 miles long.

Progressing further, we come to Mexico — the land of the Aztecs and the Toltecs. They had their pyramids, their richly-carved temples, their statues, and gold and jewel-work. Much of this, together with their sacred books and writings, was destroyed by the Spanish conquerors, but enough remains to show — as was expressed by some of the Spaniards themselves — that they destroyed a civilization higher than their own. The Aztecs were adepts in metallurgy, were skilled in astronomy and medicine. They had poetry

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and a drama of their own, a splendidly organized government in many respects, and were a people of luxury and splendor in their private life.

Next comes the land of the Mayas and Quichés, whose civilization was perhaps the highest of the North American continent. They are an extremely ancient race, their very records carrying us far back into days when man was hardly supposed to have existed at all. Nearly all their cities — rich and beautiful — are now lost (and were lost even when the Spanish came), in a sea of tropical verdure; and their value and beauty has been appreciated only within the last few generations. The story of the discoverers who have gone into the forests of Yucatán, Guatemala, and Oaxaca, and brought back the priceless knowledge of these wonders, is not only fascinating, but inspiring. Our whole horizon of knowledge is widened and pushed back, until we see the races of antiquity — in America as elsewhere — becoming greater as we venture farther and farther back into the night of time.



Chief 'Two Moons,' Northern Cheyenne

The literature dealing with these subjects is very extensive, but the field is by no means exhausted. Details of the ancient American arts, sciences, and religion are constantly added to our knowledge, proving how high a source the remains must have come from. But the delight in the splendor and beauty of it all — the wonder and mystery of their origins, their history, and their fall; the romance of tracing their connexions with other nations of antiquity, the desire to preserve all that remains — all of this, wonderful and ennobling as it is, is still inferior to the touch of the mighty spirit that informed these people. It is no less than a benediction that comes from letting one's spirit free to wander down through the corridors of time, peopled with these great races that have left us the heritage of their thoughts, their achievements, and their precious knowledge, of which so little has yet been deciphered, to inspire the children of a far younger race to learn the lesson of their history, and attain those heights that can be reached only through self-knowledge and high aspiration. K. C. H.

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A MEMORY OF OLDEN DAYS

CLOTHED in roses and surrounded with peace, the little Indian village of Pala nestles among the San Jacinto Mountains. Dark clouds shot with silver encircle their summits, shifting and waving in the wind like "the doorway of cloud-curtains" that hides the face of Gitche Manito from his children. Driven from the lands of their fathers, corralled in corners of the vast lands they were sole heirs to, helpless in the hands of their conquerors, the Indians must feel that the Great Spirit has forgotten them, that he has turned his face southward, where the Gods go when they forsake mankind. Patiently believing he will return, and leave his pavilion of mists to stand before them on the Mountain, they wait in obscurity and privation, till the voice of his Messenger calls to them to smoke the Peace-Pipe, and waft its Pukwana to the Trues of the Six Directions.

The visit Katherine Tingley paid to Pala reservation last year in response to an invitation from Mr. W. H. Crane, a nearby mine-owner, surely seemed to them like a promise of that longed-for day. Those who know how quietly her most far-reaching work is usually begun; how her wide sympathy and compassion give her access to peoples often suspicious of the white race; those who had the good fortune to be present cannot doubt that much vitality is still to be found among the Indians, and that under just and sympathetic treatment, the seeds of a life now latent will burst into bloom.

The sojourn was a delight to all concerned. Installed in the home of Salvadora — a fine, queenly type of Indian woman, who has given her friends permission to call her by her own musical name,— the party accompanying Katherine Tingley enjoyed themselves like children out camping. The Râja-Yoga students took control of the cuisine, and under Mme. Tingley's skilled supervision, not only treated the grown-ups to three delicious meals a day, but added notably to their own experience.

All through the house and garden strayed the silent-footed, soft-voiced Indian children, never quarreling, never pushing, never obtrusive — always kind, gentle and courteous. Now and then a friendly horse would nose up by the hedge, or a big comfortable dog would stretch himself out like a living

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pillow at your back, if you chanced to be reading or writing on the porch. Dignified and solemn-eyed the matrons would walk in and out, to accept the friendly advances of the strangers, and to meet their new friend, whose face and voice gave them something more precious to their lonely hearts, than the gifts of medicine, food, and sweetmeats, toys and gay stuffs with which her hands seemed running over.

From the children who perched on her knee solemnly munching candy-sticks, to the oldest matriarch, who crooned the old songs like a health-giving *mantram* into their hostess's attentive ear, all were marked with a dignity and reserve of bearing, a self-possession, that at once called out the respect of the beholder. It was more like conferring a favor on one's self than on them, to shake hands with them, answer their brief questions, and offer them the presents which we had brought for them. In the presence of Salvadora's old mother — who was the most beauitful maiden of her tribe in the days of their prosperity at Warner Springs,— one felt almost as if she were giving audience; and awaited her pleasure to speak, before intruding one's small modern personality upon her majestic calm.

How deeply they feel the loss of their ancestral home! It is a hard task to explain away, or present in a light creditable to ourselves, this transaction, which evicted the Indians from Warner Springs because of the commercial value of the latter, and hustled them away to this small place, with its inadequate resources. The women spoke pathetically of the lack of proper sanitary arrangements, of the small houses with their big families —"so hard to keep clean." But never a word of complaint or reproach. Their natural pride and stoicism caused them to acknowledge with a mere bend of the head any efforts towards sympathy or condolence, but their dark eyes flashed fire, and somber gleams awoke in them, soon quenched with tears, when we said we hoped they would soon find their way back to their old home.

Their chief distress is that their children are not allowed to speak their native tongue, and that the young men especially have learned to disregard the faith and beliefs of their fathers. They laugh and hold lightly the things that were most sacred to the old folk, and this strikes more keenly to their hearts even than the fact that only in secret can they sing their old songs, and that so long have they been denied their native costumes, that now, even could they get the materials, they have forgotten how to make the ceremonial robes. They say promises are made to them — but they are getting old; their children say, "When? when?" — soon they will die, and it will be too late.

One evening Mme. Tingley entertained all who could come, in the schoolhouse. Music, vocal and instrumental, by the Râja-Yoga students, and a touching address by Katherine Tingley, gave them a slight glimpse of Lomaland life. The eagerness in their faces, and the ready applause were delightful recompense. After the formal program was over, tobacco and sweets were

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distributed, and the Râja-Yoga students took the opportunity to speak to those who were willing to speak English or Spanish.

The chief event, however, was a meeting at Salvadora's home, where the old chief and a number of the oldest women were invited. The old men



EVENING AT PALA

In the valley of the San Luis Rey, with the Pala Mountains beyond.

suffered severely from rheumatism through lack of the medicinal waters of the springs they are now deprived of. Seven or eight of the old women accompanied them, and sat around in a circle. Under the spell of their friend's presence, and her friendly words, translated by Salvadora, something warm and living stole into the atmosphere, and almost without request, they sang some of their ceremonial songs—*which have never been heard by white men before.*

As in the days of old, gifts were given, and the 'peace-pipes' lighted, and in the fragrant smoke, recalling the lines of *Hiawatha*

"with tobacco of the Southland,
Mixed with bark of the red-willow,"

all the faces seemed remote and wonderful, varied and ancient in type and expression. The archetypes of many races were represented there. One stately woman looked exactly like a picture I have seen of the wife of a Chinese mandarin; another like a Bedouin woman. Nearly all — both men and women — were dark-skinned, burnt by sun and weather, but all friendly.

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The eyes of the old chief glistened with tears, probably as he thought of the fate of his race, and how they are dying out, without a posterity to preserve and cherish their traditions. When he stood up — though bent and suffering acutely with rheumatism — he showed a tall figure, and in all cases the others looked to him for his word of command, and to direct and lead their chanting. It made the heart heavy to see them clad in old, faded clothes, while their sons are toiling for the gold of their conquerors. Pictures and panoramas — of these same figures, in stately solemnity— filled the mind, with their prayer-feathers, their plumes and ceremonial robes, erect and free, masters of the desert and its secrets, chanting aloud some of these impressive songs, understanding their meaning, and feeling their power. It was a strange spell they cast over us, and when at last the time came for us to break up, and they had to go because of white guests who had entered, a deep feeling of regret and disappointment was uppermost in each of us.

They passed out without a sound of a footstep, and as they embraced one another in a good-night kiss, one felt they had given a benediction to us all. Salvadora's grandson, pattering around looking for his mother, recalled us to the present life, and with a sigh of regret, we turned to find that the curtain had rolled down over the past, and the present century had returned. However, a link had been formed, new courage had been given to them, a new determination born to us, to use whatever possibility we might have, of helping to bring them to their own.

The day broke all too soon when we had to leave the little place we had learned to love so well. The road between the shady trees and the river, cool in the morning air, insisted that we delay no longer. Looking back, our last picture was of a little child embracing her mother, as they stood watching us disappear around the curve of the hill.

The tie is strong between the children and the mothers, they are affectionate and kind. No harsh word ever seems to come from them, no disrespect or discourtesy. Needless to say, all are looking forward to another such visit, and last fall, when Salvadora, accompanied by Mr. John Ortega, came down to see us in behalf of their tribe, all Lomaland was eager to do them honor, and open all doors to receive them. K. H.



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THE GENTLER SIDE OF DOCTOR JOHNSON



UR notions of great writers are mainly gathered from their books, in which even the most sincere are really acting a part and posing more or less consciously before their readers.

In the case of Doctor Johnson — best known as the maker of the first English dictionary — we are not limited to his writings. In the magic pages of Boswell's *Life* we can follow him to his private rooms, listen to his table-talk, and even watch his smiles and gestures while conversing with his friends.

James Boswell, to whom we owe our knowledge of this amiable sage, believed that a trivial action, a light remark, or a pleasant jest often reveals a man's character more clearly than his utterances and behavior on important occasions; and he has so filled his wonderful biography with anecdotes and conversation, that we have a vast mass of material on which to form our judgment.

Everyone has heard of the doctor's prodigious learning, and the cut and thrust of his remorseless logic in debate; but the more endearing aspects of his character are not so well known.

At one time he kept a cat named 'Hodge,' whom he treated with the greatest kindness. Often would he go himself to purchase oysters for him, because he feared his servants might object to running errands for a cat and visit their displeasure on his pet. Mr. Boswell writes as follows: "I recollect Hodge one day scrambling up Dr. Johnson's breast, apparently with much satisfaction, while my friend, smiling and half-whistling, rubbed down his back and pulled him by the tail; and when I observed that he was a fine cat, saying: 'Why, yes, Sir, but I have had cats that I have liked better than this'; and then as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, adding 'But Hodge is a very fine cat, a very fine cat indeed.' "

Hearing one day of a young man who shot cats for his amusement, he fell into a kindly reverie, and then remarked: "But Hodge shan't be shot: no, no, Hodge shall not be shot."

We have heard so much of Dr. Johnson's overbearing rudeness in discussion and his habit of shouting down an opponent whom he could not refute, that his tender feelings for a very ordinary cat will come as a surprise to very many.

Owing more to his good nature than to any special obligation, he turned his house into a regular asylum for the poor and the afflicted. There was the blind Mrs. Williams; Levett the horse-doctor; Mrs. Desmoulins and Miss Carmichael. The members of this odd human menagerie were always bickering among themselves; and though by reason of ill-health he must have suffered from their ceaseless discord, he patiently endured and supported them all. He had also a negro servant named Francis Barber, in whose welfare he took the keenest interest; and there can be little doubt that his

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vehement dislike to slavery was partly owing to the affection he felt for Barber. He once defied the public feeling of his time — which was largely in favor of slavery — by proposing this curious toast: *To the success of the next rising of the negroes in Jamaica.*

Returning home one night at a late hour, he found a poor woman so much exhausted as to be unable to stand. He carried her home upon his back and had her cared for at a considerable expense, and later on exerted himself to find her employment.



DR. JOHNSON

Portrait by his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

At one time when on a visit, he sat up late disputing with a friend; but although he evidently had the worst of the argument he was, as usual, very unwilling to admit his defeat. The next morning, however, when he met his antagonist at the breakfast-table, Dr. Johnson said: "Sir, I have been thinking on our dispute last night; *you were in the right.*"

His honest candor was very clearly shown when, on a visit to Plymouth, a certain lady asked him why he had defined 'pastern' as the "knee of a horse." Instead of trying to defend himself he frankly answered: "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance."

His undoubted rudeness in argument appears to have been caused more by the intense interest which he took in controversy than by bad temper. Oliver Goldsmith, who knew him as well as anyone, said: "Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner; but no man alive has a more tender heart. *He has nothing of the bear but his skin.*" He seemed to have looked upon conversation not so much as a friendly exchange of opinions for the purpose of arriving at the truth, as a contest of wits to determine which of the company was the smartest debater; and he talked more for the sake of victory than to defend the truth. He does not seem to have realized that anyone could be so sensitive as to have his feelings hurt by being "roughly contradicted," and he declared that he was sure that he had no "such weak-

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nerved people" in his circle of acquaintance — and we hope he was right!

He had a playful habit of contracting the names of his friends; so that Langton became Lanky; Dr. Goldsmith, Goldy; Mr. Boswell, Bozzy; Edmund Burke, Mund Burke; and Mr. Sheridan, Sherry — which he afterwards improved to Sherry-Derry. Although usually grave and melancholy, he was sometimes very much diverted in company by very trifling causes. One of his friends had just drawn up his will and the doctor was pleased to make great fun of the whole affair. He saw the comic aspect of it so keenly that as he walked home he kept up his joking until he reached Temple Gate, and here he burst into such a fit of laughter that he seemed to be almost in a convulsion. He laid hold of a post on the sidewalk and sent forth peals so loud that in the silence of the night his voice seemed to resound from Temple Bar to Fleet-ditch. Mr. Boswell saw him to his home, and by that time the sage had so far recovered as to give him his blessing at the front door. Johnson's laugh is said to have been "a good-humored growl" but Tom Davies the bookseller said: "He laughs like a rhinoceros." He sometimes behaved just like a schoolboy, and it is recorded that in Paris on October 22, 1775, he ran a race in the rain with an Italian gentleman and beat him.

It was during this tour that he visited the Menagerie at Versailles, and in spite of his defective eyesight he contrived to see a great deal of the animals. The brown bear, he tells us, put out its paws. The rhinoceros had broken his horn; but the doctor was hopeful that he would grow another, and was much impressed by his thick hide "like loose cloth doubled over his body." He set him down in his diary as "a vast animal as big perhaps as four oxen." The pelican was so obliging as to catch fish in a fountain; but his appetite seems to have been languid that day as he did not care to eat what he had caught. Although the doctor had the use of only one eye his powers of observation were as keen as those of most people — which goes to show that a strong and active mind can make very good use of poor instruments.

It is interesting to note that he was shown over a brewery belonging to Sansterre, who was to become a famous leader in the Revolution which broke out some twenty years later. At the time of Johnson's visit, however, all seemed to be calm and peaceful.

The doctor once procured work for a poor boy at a printer's, and being in the neighborhood one day he considered it to be his duty to call upon his protégé. "Nay," said he, "if a man recommends a boy and does nothing for him, it is sad work. Call him down." The boy accordingly was sent for, and the following conversation took place.

Johnson — "Well, my boy, how do you get on?"

Boy — "Pretty well, Sir, but they are afraid I an't strong enough for some parts of the business."

Johnson — "Why I shall be sorry for it; for when you consider with how

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little mental power and corporeal labor a printer can get a guinea a week, it is a very desirable occupation for you. Do you hear? — take all the pains you can, and if this does not do, we must think of some other way of life for you. There's a guinea. . . ." Boswell describes the doctor bending over "the little, short-legged boy" and speaking in his deep and solemn voice, while his young friend was overwhelmed with awkwardness and awe in the presence of so great a man. It made a very laughable picture, he tells us. A guinea was a very handsome tip, for Sir Joshua Reynolds got no more than twenty guineas for his famous portraits.

One day a proof-sheet was brought to him for correction; but seeing it differing so widely from what he supposed he had written, he became highly annoyed and asked that the compositor might be sent to him. The compositor arrived in due course with the manuscript and satisfied the doctor that he had faithfully followed the copy. Upon this he said with great candor and earnestness: "Mr. Compositor, I ask your pardon; Mr. Compositor, I ask your pardon again and again."

Although generous with his money he disliked to part with small sums, and once when Boswell confessed to being troubled with a propensity for paltry saving he replied: "Why, Sir, so am I; *but I do not tell about it.*" He often borrowed a shilling from Boswell and used to be annoyed when asked for it again. One day — as though to reprove Boswell for being such a strict creditor — he said: "Boswell, lend me sixpence — *not to be repaid.*"

Once when he was on a visit to the country, a hare was caught in the garden and condemned to appear on the dinner-table. Johnson took the frightened little animal into his arms, and before his friends could divine his intentions he had put the poor captive on the ground and let it run free. On another occasion he separated two fighting dogs at no small risk to himself.

Nothing was too small for his attention, and once he expressed his wonder at the curious formation of the bat: a mouse with wings. He thought it almost as strange as if one were to see a dragon. He was well informed as to the natural history of his time; but where the books were wrong, he was wrong, too, for he was no field-naturalist. He once declared that "Swallows certainly sleep all the winter. A number of them conglobulate together by flying round and round, and then all in a heap throw themselves under the water, and lie in the bed of a river." Although very far from the truth, his explanation was in perfect accord with the opinions of the naturalists of his day!

As his writing was very difficult to read, when he sent a letter to his friend Jenny Langton, aged seven, he wrote it in very large letters like printing, so that she might read it easily. It began: "My dearest Miss Jenny," and after some compliments upon her handwriting and much good advice it concludes: "I am, my dear, Your most humble servant, SAM JOHNSON." The letter is

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dated May 10, 1784, which was the year before the one in which John Adams was received at the English Court as the first ambassador from the United States. Johnson had a great love for all little children and had a pleasant way of calling them "pretty dears" and giving them sweetmeats, or as we should call them nowadays, candies.

One morning when on a visit to Ashbourne, Boswell and Johnson went for a walk before breakfast and watched the water flowing over a weir near the house. A quantity of floating rubbish obstructed the flow, and Johnson soon got busy with a long pole and worked hard for a time in pushing the floating wreckage over the fall. He labored long and heavily over a large dead cat and finally threw down his pole in despair saying: "Come, you shall take on now"; so Boswell accordingly "took on," and being fresh, soon tumbled it over the cascade.

Even the "most potent, grave and reverend signiors" may still preserve some sparks of boyish fun in the obscure recesses of their hearts, and it is well to remember that even the most serious of our elders still contain enough of the sap of their springtime to enable them thoroughly to sympathize with the rising generation and take delight in its interests. P. L.

LIFE — THE GREATER SCHOOL



VACATION days are over, the school-term has begun again — and this is the time to begin it in the right way, if that has not already been done.

First of all let us ask: Did we prepare ourselves to take up our lessons again, in a better way than we left them? Has our vacation enabled us to gather a new energy and determination to progress further in our studies? If so, then the vacation has been well spent and the first step of a good beginning has been taken.

The next step may be said to be the *will* necessary to apply this force in the right direction. But enthusiasm for excelling in studies — the mastery of the intricacies of mathematics (or whatever the subject for the day may happen to be) — is not the essential factor. Other points cannot be neglected, and the greatest of these herein is the *preparation for the greater school — Life.*

In this greater school, studies have their place as well as everything else, for every day we are "creating forces for good or ill" as the case may be. Each day we are progressing in the school of life just so far as we permit ourselves to do so, and *it is in advancing on this line* that the greater education comes into play — wherein lies the opportunity of applying all the splendid principles of Râja-Yoga. For in this 'Royal Union' — the perfect balance

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of all the faculties, physical, mental and spiritual — everything has its proper place.

In seeking to obtain this balance, surely are we not getting into touch with the vital truths of life, such as wise old philosophers propounded — transmuting lead into gold with the alchemists, seeking the Good, the True



THE ' TEMPLE OF PEACE,' GLIMPSED FROM A LOMALAND GARDEN NOOK

and the Beautiful of the ancient Greeks, finding Tao with the Chinese disciples,— under whatever names or teachings the sages and teachers of the different times have chosen to epitomize their instruction? Surely by this we are rightly preparing ourselves for this great school of life — just as we did for our school-studies; and we readily see how each different topic takes its place in this greater course of study.

Every day brings its lessons to learn — whether today or tomorrow, the choice is ours, but if unlearnt, the lessons will have to be repeated. So too, each night brings its chance to memorize the lessons of the day and rub off the blackboard — to seek in the silence a higher aspiration and renewed strength, after our last thoughts. G. B.

I WISH, I can, I will — these are the three trumpet notes to victory.

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ROSES!

THE tiny cottage lay basking in the sunshine; crimson ramblers and Cecile Brunners scrambled up its walls and peeped into the open casements, while the droning of bees and gnats filled the scented air. Under the shady porch, in a deep arm-chair, was Maggie — well-nigh buried beneath a mountain of roses. Only her pale, pinched face peeped over its glowing summit — her deep blue eyes lighted by a smile, though her little mouth was drawn with lines of pain. Close by her chair an old brown crutch leaned against the wall, half-hidden amidst vines and climbing-roses.



"I'm 'most too lucky to live," she whispered, caressing the fragrant blossoms with her cheek. "It's as good as being a queen. Sometimes I think that I am one, and that these are my little subjects whom I can send into the city, each with its beautiful message, to bring joy into the hearts of men and women." — In her fingers she held a sunset-colored flower, whose flaming petals hid its golden heart. She bent her face to it: "You are the spirit of Victory. Go forth and sound your call, and awake the happy warrior in the hearts of men." Close beside her stood a basket into which she laid each bunch after she had tied it and charged it with its mission.

A snowy white one next came to her hand and she kissed it softly: "Purity — take your message to a suffering woman, and fill her heart with peace."

Half hidden beneath the pile of tumbling blossoms peeped a spray of pale moss-roses. "You I will send to those who are in the darkness and doubt. They will find in your secret heart, hidden amidst moss and thorns, the answer to all their questions."

She laid the flowers tenderly amongst the others and picked up a bunch of golden tea-roses. "Little daughters of the sunshine, you I charge with a mission of gladness. Whisper joyous tidings of summer and sunshine and beauty in the ear of an innocent maiden."

Winking and laughing at her from her lap, a merry cluster of bright red ramblers seemed fairly to cry aloud to her. "Oh, you merry little joy-

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bringers," she laughed, "you shall go out to the city and fill the little children with happy laughter."

Thus, while she appointed each of her subjects to his special work, the mountain on her lap grew less and less, until there was but one deep red bloom left. She buried her face in its glowing petals, until the rich color seemed to cover her pale cheeks with a rosy blush. "Dear one, whose heart is filled with boundless compassion, bear forth the knowledge of another life. Enfold the bleeding hearts of men with love."

II

It was noon in the city, and from the busy shops and offices clerks and business-men came hurrying out, and rushed towards restaurants and hotels. Under the shadow of a tall church an old blind man was selling pins and matches, and a few paces up the street a cripple was drawing pictures on the sidewalk. Standing on the curb, with her tray balanced against the pillar-box, a woman approached the pedestrians nervously: "Won't yer buy my pretty roses fer yer lidy, sir? Only sixpence, sir, gathered this mornin' in the freshness and the dew!" A passer-by turned for an instant and glanced at the flowers, then resumed his lively discourse to a younger man. But something in the woman's tired face seemed to strike his companion. He turned from him and picked up a bunch of moss-roses from the tray, and, throwing down a shilling, gave an awkward laugh.

"I've always like these best. — I wonder why?"

"What a queer fellow you are, Jones," said the other, "Here you've been scrimping and saving to keep yourself off the gutter, and there you go throwing away a shilling like a king."

He looked guilty, but blurted out defiantly: "Well, I can go without my dinner or something to make up, can't I?"

With a shrug of his shoulders his companion said: "Oh, do as you please, but it does seem foolish."

The woman looked after them and began again: "Buy a bunch of pretty roses, lidy. Only sixpence, lidy. Picked in the dawn and the dew."

A well-dressed woman was hurrying past. She cast a hasty glance at the speaker: "These pedlars ought really to be taken up by the police. It's a perfect nuisance to be molested like this wherever one goes." Then, as she was about to pass on, some bright tea-roses caught her eye. "The color of these isn't bad with my dress," and she pinned them on. "Can you give me change for a shilling?"

The woman leaned back wearily and watched the faces of the crowd. She no longer ventured to speak but to the few who looked kindly.

She looked up the street . . . "Roses, sir! Won't yer buy?" . . .

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An elderly gentleman stopped and smiled at her. —"They're beginning to wilt, aren't they? Where do they come from?"

"All picked this mornin', sir, in the freshness and the dew. But it do git terrible 'ot by noon, sir, an' I can't keep 'em fresh so lite if folks won't buy. They comes from the country, sir. A cripple girl wot grows 'em sends 'em to markit every die."

"Poor child! Well now, I have a large family of my own. I think I'll take some flowers home to them and make them think it's a birthday." He put down half a crown and took up several bunches. "These ramblers shall be for the kiddies, and I'm going to give these white ones to my wife, who is very, very ill. She will love their purity. And how these others will brighten the house with their color and fragrance. Thank you — oh no, I won't take any change. I've got more than my money's worth right here. Next time you bring flowers to town be sure you save the best for me."

"God bless you, sir."

He walked on down the street with full hands, embracing all the world in his big-hearted smile.

The sweltering afternoon dragged on; the crowds returned to their business after the noon-hour; the woman sat down on the church steps with her tray beside her, and fell asleep. Several little urchins came by, whistling and shouting. One of them gave a careless kick at the tray and a horse-laugh followed when the flowers lay scattered over the pavement. The woman looked up quickly.

"Shime on you, lads," she cried, "You've spoilt a poor woman's tride and spilt 'er chinge in the gutter."

But the boys were already gone, and their whistling was drowned by the noise of the traffic. She picked up her empty tray and slowly walked down the street.

. . . . . .

Twilight and evening cool dropped over the city. The homeward rush of the business-men was over, and streets were deserted and still. A tall policeman walked his quiet beat, and a few belated workers hurried home. An old crossing-sweeper was collecting refuse, now and then bending down to pick up an unused match or tattered newspaper, from which he tried to spell out the news. Suddenly he stopped and took a crimson rose from a heap of trash in the gutter.

"Well! I'll tike it to Susie," he muttered. "She ain't seen a flower in a blue moon, and she's awful fond on 'em too. My word, this one smells real good. I wonder who jest chucked it down 'ere — I'd like to thank that feller. . . . But it'll surely mike Susie 'appy!" M. A. B.

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PALI THE NURSE



OLD PALI EVANS sat knitting at her cottage door, where she could see if any one came down the road from Cardigan, or up from Aberaeron way, and pass him the time of day; or, if he was a stranger, pursue inquiries, and with luck get his name, present business, and family history. The evening was full of summer beauty and the sweetness of summer flowers; her little garden, between the thatched white-washed cottage and the road, was dark and rich and fragrant with blooms of pansies and candytuft, phlox and sweetwilliam; Pali herself was a kindly comfortable old body, with large clear eyes, deep and gray, the very look of which would be cooling the fever and quieting the pain of the sick; — and very proper that it should, she being the nurse for the parish. *Click, click, click*, went the needles in the kind old hands, — four purl, four plain; and the stockings, please God, would fetch ninepence in Cardigan market, and last somebody a lifetime, whatever.

She was busy making a story, as her way was, for the last passer-by, from whom she had got nothing but a couple of foreign words. For though she knew enough English to inquire of an obvious Englishman, "How arre you indeed?" or "Where wass you wentin' now?" she was sadly lost to interpret the answer. "Well, well," thought she; "rich, and strange in their ways, the Saxons; there is no knowing anything of them. A great lord with them, or the King of England's son himself, maybe. And he adventuring in Wales, known to no man, to see are the Welsh contented here. Or to find for himself a bride in Wales, knowing their excellence, and their tidy ways in the house, and they so careful with the money. There's Ceridwen the Mill, now; would suit him lovely; she would keep his palace for him so he could eat his dinner off the floor. Or one of the daughters of Cwmteifi; nothing but good I am hearing of them. Or —"

—"Pali ferch Ifan?"

—"Dear, make me jump you did!" said she. And indeed, a wonder how he could have ridden right up to her garden gate, and she never hearing a sound of hoofs on the road. "Yes, sure," said she; "Pali ferch Ifan am I. Is it the woman at home will be needing me?"

"It is," said he; "and quickly."

So, no more but for her to pack what she needed in a little bundle, and be hauled up on to the saddle behind him — Pali was used to that — and ride away. You will suppose that she gave hereself by the way to asking questions; and so she did, and thought she was doing famously: his name, place, and manner of living, kinsmen alive to the fourth degree, and fore-

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bears to the ninth generation, her mind was at rest as to it all; although, as she remembered it after, here is the conversation that passed:

—"Who shall I say it is?" said Pali. —"*The lillle red fox ran under the hill.*" —"And how are you living indeed?" —"*The moon shone over the ruined mill.*" —"And where was your father coming from now?" —"*Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday.*"

And so on until they turned from the road to follow a track, more for sheep than for men you would think, up the slope of the mountain; she had known that track of old, but had never known it to lead to farm or house or cottage, or to anywhere but the wilds where the flocks feed and the fairies dance, and the children go gathering mushrooms in the summer and blackberries in September; often she had been there herself when she was a little girl. Presently, in a small cup or hollow of the hill, where there was no looking out on anything but the sky, lo, as trim a little cottage as you would wish to see. "Dear, is it here you live?" said Pali. The place was one the children would never go near, in her day, by reason of the dark green ring in the grass at the bottom of the hollow; but she was not thinking of that just then.

He helped her down, and they went in; and, "Sure you indeed, the loveliest baby in the world or in Wales!" cried Pali. Cheeks like apples; hair like flax; eyes like the blue bloom of heaven: everything a kindly old Welshwoman could desire, to be in Edens of delight and wonder and worship. And the mother too — Pali's heart went out to her in a minute; though hard to tell whether one should call her *fach* ('my dear,' or 'dear little one') naturally, or 'meistres' for respect's sake, or quite grandly 'my lady.' For there was a grand look on her at times whatever; and despite those illuminating answers from the man, but for being busy adoring that *cariad* of a baby, and petting and nursing the mother, her curiosity might have been stirring again. Foreigners they were, sure you: though with good clean Welsh for her, talking some strange language among themselves that she was certain was not English. What was it he had told her, again?

The third day when he gave her a pot of ointment, and the smell of it sweeter than all the flowers on the mountain, till you could almost hear the bees humming when you smelt it. —"Rub you the child's limbs with this," said he; "night and morning rub them. And be you careful whatever you do not to get it in your eyes. Terrible it is in the eyes of anyone." —"Blind me, will it?" said Pali. —"Yes, blind you, and more than blind you," said he. "—Careful will I be, in my deed," said she.

It was the last morning she was to be there, and she was sitting by the fire; she had given the baby his bath, and now was rubbing the ointment into his small plump arms. Whether it was a gust of wind, and a whiff of smoke from the hearth blown into her eyes and stinging: or whether it was her Welsh curiosity, stirred by the doctor's warning: no one knows; she says it

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was the first; I who know her am doubtful; — anyhow, up went the hand that had been rubbing the child, to rub, or just touch, the left eye of herself for a moment, and then —

—"*D-i-a-r anwyl i!*" cried Pali. —"What is it?" said the mother from the bed where she was still lying (though to get up later, before Pali went). But cute was that one. —"Oh, nothing in the world, my lady *fach*," says she; "only marvelling at the beauty of him I am." But this was what the matter was, in reality: with the ointment's touching her eye, gone was the aspect of the little cottage, and she was in a place like the palaces of the kings and emperors of the world: better than any in the vicarage; better than any in the house of Syr Marteine himself — indeed, they were dirt and pigsties to it. With its golden pillars and its looking-glasses; its silks and its satins, silver and crimson; and the carpet ("so soft as a cloud") on the floor and all. And it vaster than the marketplace in Cardigan town itself. And the servants more than you could count, and they taking no note of Pali, as if they did not see her. And the splendid liveries they were wearing, flashing with jewels of light; and the proud handsome look on the least of them, beyond the nobles and the gentry of the world. — This, mind you, all round her; but just where she was sitting, and within reach of her arms, everything as it had been before: the oak chair; the stone floor of the cottage, the hearth; no grandeur. It was the same when she crossed the room: she carried plain simplicity with her, and saw always, beyond, the riches of the faery world. Wherever the crimson carpets glimmered, she trod nothing but the bare flags; and the two that, a few paces away, shone like prince and princess of enchantment, when she came near them appeared only cottagers like herself. She dropped her eyes and kept them on her own person, and then told herself she had been dreaming; but not one word from her aloud, lest they should know she had the ointment in her eye.

So the morning passed, and she rode away behind the man of the house, and could hardly keep from telling him her dream by the way, so sure she was she had been dreaming. Still, wiser to say nothing, she considered. And not to look after him, when he had left her at her cottage door. But one glance she could not keep from . . . and then dropped her eyes quickly, for there surely were the plumes shining like fire above his head, and the silken robes on him adorned with jewels; the princely mien and the grandeur; the saddle-cloth of purple velvet bordered with glittering gold. So Pali fell to her knitting again, until she had a pile of stockings ready for the day of the fair in Cardigan town.

. . . . . .

It was noon on that day; and Pali sat by her neighbor, Marged the Mill, at their stall in the marketplace. —"Dear," said she, "never have I seen such thousands as are here today." —"Thousands you call them?" said

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Marged; "empty the place is, by what it was last year, according to me." —"Empty indeed!" said Pali; "full it is, and more than full; hundreds and thousands of strangers here; and princely — Indeed, how is your lordship this long time whatever, and how is your lady by there, and that little cariad the baby?" —"Oh," said the man to whose house she had ridden with him, "how are you, Pali fach? Glad I am to see you again." "Woman dear, to whom are you talking?" said Marged the Mill. But the man, while he was speaking, was looking hard into Pali's eyes. — "Into which of them was it you got the ointment?" said he. —"The left," said Pali, without a thought. A quick wave of his hand before that eye, then; and behold, where he had been standing there was no one; and the "hundreds and thousands" of princely strangers she had seen in the market-place were gone; it was as it would be on any Fair-day at noon, when the farmers were in the inns at their dinner. "*Calw'n pawb!*" says Pali, "dreaming again I was, whatever."

But she never failed to find a piece of gold on her doorstep, on the Calends of May, and the Calends of winter, from that out. K. V. M.



WHEN COAL WAS GREEN

WHO would believe that dull, black coals, chilly to touch and unlovely to look at, were once the delicate fronds of ferns or soft, green moss that lay in the warm sunshine long, long ago, and when America and Europe were of quite a different shape or possibly lay deep beneath old Ocean's blue and dancing waves? — Yet the geologists tell us that this is only sober truth.

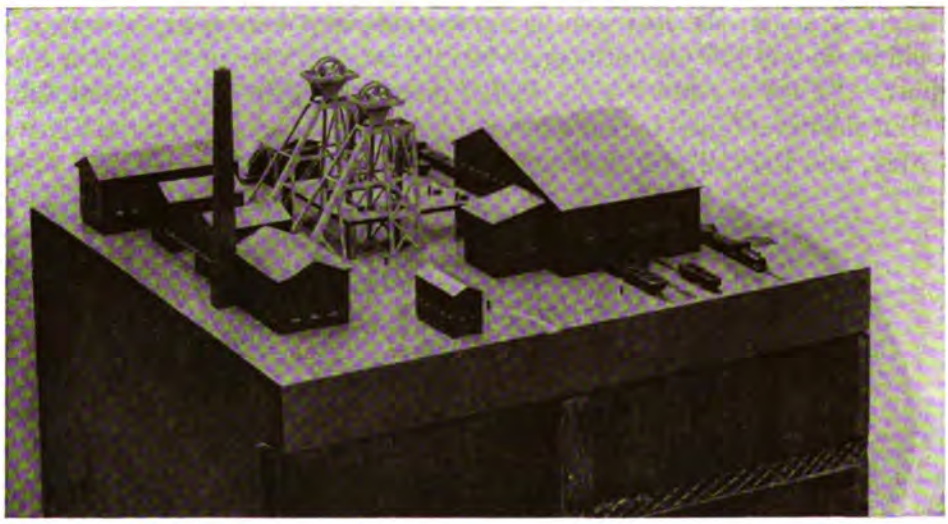
Coal is found underground, not in great masses as some people think; but very neatly arranged in layers one above the other and separated by much thicker layers of gray fire-clay or red sandstone. These layers of coal

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are of very different thicknesses. When they are only eighteen inches thick it hardly pays to work them; but when they are four or five feet thick they are easily worked and the cost is much less.

There has been a great deal of dispute as to whether these layers of coal were once forest, or masses of vegetable refuse that has settled at the mouths of great rivers, or whether they were merely swamps. It seems probable that all these conditions may have had their share in producing coal, and that we make a mistake in thinking that all coal was made in the same way.

Tree-trunks are sometimes found in the coal; but this does not prove that coal was once forest. For every fossil trunk found standing, you may find a



WORKING-MODEL OF A TYPICAL ENGLISH COLLIERY

Showing shafts, power-house, hoisting machinery, etc.

hundred lying down, and sometimes *even standing upside down* — which seems to show that these particular trees at all events were carried down by some big river and laid in the shallow estuary at the mouth. After they were placed there, water-weeds and moss may have sprung up and covered them over. Even at the present day in the deltas of large rivers, trees are found standing more or less upright; but they have been carried down by the river and certainly did not grow where their fossil remains now stand.

It is believed that a bed of coal which now measures a foot through must have been twelve feet thick when it was simply a mass of decaying leaves and wood. The enormous weight of the fire-clay and sand-stone lying on the top, has pressed it into the hard substance which we now call coal.

Coal is not found everywhere; but only in the coal-fields, which cover many square miles of country. To get some idea of a coal-field, imagine

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several gray blankets laid down, one on top of the other. These will represent layers of fire-clay. Here and there among the gray ones, you may put down a yellow blanket to stand for a bed of sandstone. Among these layers you may place a very few pieces of thin black cloth — and these are the beds of coal. If now you were to take a large pair of shears and cut the pile of bedding in two, you would see at the sides of the cut, yellow lines and a few black lines standing out from a background of several thicknesses of gray. This will help you to understand the pictures of coal-beds in the books. Always bear in mind that the black lines are not streaks or veins; but the edges of great blankets of coal that stretch out north, south, east and west, and cover the whole coal-field.

If coal was once green living vegetation, how did it get buried so deeply in the earth? The land on which the plants grew, or the shallow estuary in which the decaying vegetable-refuse was deposited by the rivers, slowly sank below sea-level, and very naturally some ancient river found its way to the sinking valley. Whatever sand and mud was carried in suspension by the river-water, settled down to the bottom when it entered the still lake being formed in the valley, and thus by slow degrees various layers of fire-clay and sandstone were spread out over the vegetable trash, and the weight of the overlying beds and subterranean heat converted the soft, wet trash into solid coal.

A bed of coal is by no means of the same thickness throughout the coal-field. The famous Staffordshire coal-bed called the Ten-yard Seam splits up into fourteen different layers in other parts of the coal-field, separated by thin beds of fire-clay.

The most beautiful fossil ferns are often found in the hard layers of fire-clay, above and below the beds of coal. They are jet black and as thin as tissue-paper, and in most cases their outline is as sharp, and their details as perfect as the best photograph of a fern would be. Tons and tons of these splendid nature-pictures of ancient greenery may be had for the picking-up at many colliery banks.

The men who work so hard at 'coal-getting' seem queer fellows as we meet them walking on the roads on their way home. The dust they make in 'getting' coal floats about in the air and clings to their skins, thus making them almost black. The whites of their eyes show up in striking contrast against the background of dark skin.

Floating coal-dust is sometimes set on fire by the explosives used in mining, and then the loss of life may be very great. Within ten years, twenty thousand miners have been killed while getting our coal for us.

In England, before the passing of the Mines Act, the ventilation in collieries was very bad. The writer well remembers an old collier whose head was covered with white curls, who used to tell of the days when the air in the

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workings was so foul that the candle he was using frequently went out.

Colliers usually work for eight hours and then come above ground. Their places are then taken by another shift of men, and theirs in turn by still another shift, each working eight hours. Three times eight is twenty-four, and that brings round the time for the first shift to begin work again.

If we continue to burn our coal at the present rate of increase, most of the coal in the International Coal-Cellar that is within easy reach will be all used up in a hundred years. By working the deeper beds and those of less thickness we might get enough to carry us on for another fifty years; but of course we should have to pay more for it. It may be by that time we shall have learned to harness the tides and make them work for us. UNCLE PERCY



QUITE A LITTLE LANDSCAPE IN ITSELF

The base of a *ceiba*, or Cuban 'silk-cotton tree.'

INTERESTING ODDMENTS

WHAT MAKES INDIAN SUMMER? Nobody just knows, for scientists differ in their explanation of the phenomena which give to parts of Europe and to most of North America those three or four weeks of balminess and haze which put such a delightful period to summer. It is thought by some to be due to a change in the upper strata of the earth's atmosphere, by others to the slow combustion of the dying flowers and plants. The Indians thought it due to forest fires, and doubtless it is called 'Indian summer' because of being so distinctive of the land in which the Indians once roamed.

IT takes but three-tenths of a second for a signal to pass over one of the Atlantic telegraph cables — covering a distance of some 2700 miles.

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INTERESTING ODDMENTS

WASHINGTON game-wardens are using electricity to prevent fish from ascending the irrigation-canals. An automobile magneto driven by a water-wheel generates electric current, which is conducted to a series of terminals beneath the water on both sides of the stream. Fish coming in contact with the 'line of fire' receive the current and back off.— *Clipping*

ABOUT FORKS. We cannot imagine the poorest family today dispensing with the fork at table. And yet a few centuries ago, as far as Europe was concerned, forks were unknown. Italy was the first country to use forks, and so curious was the custom thought that for some time it was not unusual for travelers to bring home to their own countries a specimen of this odd implement and place it in some museum or collection of curios.



ONE OF OUR 'OLDEST INHABITANTS'

An elderly colored man of Louisiana, whose age is reported on reliable authority to be 134 years. He still is in possession of tolerably good hearing and eyesight, and is quite able to take care of himself.

"Not every one realizes how much smaller the Moon is than the Earth. It will surprise many (even certain astronomers) if they will take a map of, say, Africa or Australia (or of the World, if either of these is shown near the center) and describe a circle of the radius of the Moon, to the same scale as the map. I believe 1080 miles is approximately correct, and this will be found very nearly as wide as Australia and to almost exactly follow the outline of the northwest shoulder of Africa."— From *English Mechanic and World of Science*

'MAJOR HUFELAND' is a pigeon who resides in San Diego, California. The 'Major' was found some months ago lying in the street covered with crude oil. Unable to find an owner for the bird, the finder brought it home to his five-year-old son Robert, who clipped its wings and made a pet of it.

Robert has other pets, and one of these is 'Malty' his cat, who recently became the proud mother of five kittens. No sooner did the Major discover the box with Malty's family in it than he straightway adopted the young

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family, took up his post on the edge of the box, and spent most of his days keeping a jealous eye on the kittens, in the complete confidence of Malty.

When Malty wants to go and get something to eat, she notifies Major Hufeland of her intention and leaves the family in his care. As soon as she leaves the box the Major jumps down among the kittens and keeps them warm by spreading his wings over them. E. D. S.

THE PRONG-HORN ANTELOPE

THE antelope of North America differs from all other antelopes in its habit of shedding its horns every fall, and growing new ones on the sharp-pointed bony cores which form part of the skull. The horns are black with yellow tips, and there is a curious little step or branch that juts out where the last third of the horn begins.

The early pioneers met with vast herds of these animals from Canada to Mexico, and from central Iowa to the Pacific; but they have never been seen east of the Mississippi River. In those days they were quite common in California; but ever since 1855 their numbers have rapidly decreased. They frequently ran with the bison and were considered equally numerous.



THE PRONG-HORN AT HOME

The passengers on the first trains to California delighted in watching the herds of these lively animals with their striking markings of chestnut, white and russet-yellow — sweeping over the prairies and capering about with all the ease and agility derived from perfect health and bounding spirits. Every now and then they would come to a dead halt and stand staring at the rumbling monster in his mad career across their quiet plains, and then with a quick toss of their heads, and a saucy fling of their heels, they would skim away over the prairie, more like a flight of swallows than four-footed beasts.

If one of the antelopes, scared by the rattle of the cars, wished to cross the

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rails, he would strain every nerve to get ahead of the engine, as if he feared that the train was trying to cut him off; and many an exciting race between machinery and muscle was hotly contested.

A friend of the writer's resident in Lomaland relates that when riding through the central plateau of New Mexico some thirty-five years ago, he was accompanied nearly the whole day by countless multitudes of these animals. He writes as follows:

"The antelope began to gather rather early in the morning and by the middle of the forenoon there was a solid mass of them in front and on both sides, all facing us and with their air of earnest inquiry — looking like curiosity personified. They looked, and looked, and looked, as though they could never look their fill. Every now and then some of those in the foremost rank would stamp a front foot as though to emphasize a command for us to leave their territory.

"They pressed forward in densely-packed masses, and as the curiosity of those in front became partially satisfied, they would give place to those eagerly crowding in from the rear. They were keenly alert; but showed no sign of nervousness or alarm, and at the edge of the vast throng the young ones would frequently organize antelope games, such as 'tag,' and sham fights, often bounding away on stiff legs with apparently no more effort than is put forth by a bounding rubber-ball."

The antelope avoids wooded country and high mountains; and it is probably owing to their having lived so long on the open level prairies that their jumping powers are so little developed. They have never had to leap over fallen trees or boulders lying in their way, and so have never gained the power to do so.

The picture shows a conspicuous white patch surrounding the tail. This is composed of long hairs of the most intense white. When an antelope which has been running away, suddenly comes to a stand-still and faces round to have a good look at his pursuer, he seems to fade out of the landscape as if by magic. The white patches being no longer visible, and the general coloring blending so well with the surroundings, it really seems as though the earth had swallowed him up alive.

It is much to be feared that these beautiful animals, becoming scarcer with every passing year, will one day disappear for ever. They do not thrive when limited by boundaries as do the bison and the deer, and so it seems that when the vacant lands are fenced and settled, the graceful, harmless, prong-horn antelope must pass away. UNCLE LEN

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STRAY BEAMS

"Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile."— Alice Cary

"CHARACTER is made of small duties faithfully performed, of self-denials, of self-sacrifices, of kindly acts of love and duty."— *Emerson*

"REMEMBER that there is nothing in being superior to some other man. The true nobility lies in being superior to your own previous self."— *Sheldon*

"No man can choose what coming hours may bring
To him of need, of joy, of suffering;
But what his soul shall bring unto each hour
To meet its challenge — this is in his power."— *Century Path*

WHEN people refrain from evil-hearing, then evil speakers will refrain from evil-speaking.

"FEEBLE souls content themselves with wishes; great ones have *wills*."
— *William Q. Judge*

WHEN the outlook is not good try the uplook.

THE only crime in making a mistake is making the same one twice.

JUSTICE is like the North Star, which is fixed, and all the rest revolve about it.— *Confucius*

YOU'LL never really get ahead, brother, by trying to keep others behind.

A MERRY heart doeth good like a medicine.

"WORK on! Seek not to know too much or think that what you do is of vast value. Work, because it is yours to be adjusting the machinery in your little workshop of life to the wide mechanism of the universe and time. One wheel set right, one flying belt adjusted, and there is a step forward to the final harmony."— *Sir Gilbert Parker*

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AN INDIAN BIRD-LEGEND

How the Leaves Got Wings

PERHAPS you have all read the beautiful Indian story of Hiawatha's wedding, and the great wedding-feast at which all the tribes assembled; and perhaps you have read of Paupaukeewis, the great dancer, or of Iagoo, the great boaster, and the wonderful tales of his adventures? But did you ever hear of their sweet singer Chibiabos, and the beautiful legends he sang at Hiawatha's wedding-feast? He sang many beautiful songs, but the one they loved to hear best of all, was the song where he told why the Great Spirit transformed fallen leaves into birds.

With his beautiful voice he sang of how the Great Spirit many hundreds of years ago had wandered all over the earth, and by the magic of his footsteps, trees and sweet flowers sprang up from the ground he had trod upon.

The trees sprang up covered with pretty light green leaves, and as the breeze played through them, it whispered many secrets. One beautiful day in autumn, when the trees had changed their pretty, green, summer dresses into rich browns and reds and yellows, it whispered a big secret. It told them that winter would soon be here, and Jack Frost and his sprites were coming to them with their icy tongues. So the leaves decided they wouldn't stay for Jack Frost, that they would fly to where the summer was and come back the next year. But when they let go of the twigs and branches and tried

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to fly, they fell and fluttered to the ground. There they lay, perfectly quiet, except when the wind came and whispered more secrets, but they saw no hope of ever fluttering in the bright sunshine again.

One day however, a great surprise came. The Great Spirit had seen them fall from their summer home, and they looked so beautiful where they covered the ground, but so sad and cold, that he thought he would give them a big surprise. So one day, when spring had nearly come, he gave a beautiful pair of wings to all the leaves, and called them birds. Up they flew, one by one, till the whole place was filled with song and color, for there were many different colors. The red and brown leaves from the tall oaks were transformed into robins, and bright little canaries came from the yellow willow, and the wonderful bright maple-leaves were changed into red birds, and the leaves that were only brown became wrens and sparrows. And so the legend sang that that was why birds always went to the trees to build their nests, because they felt they were coming home. F.E.

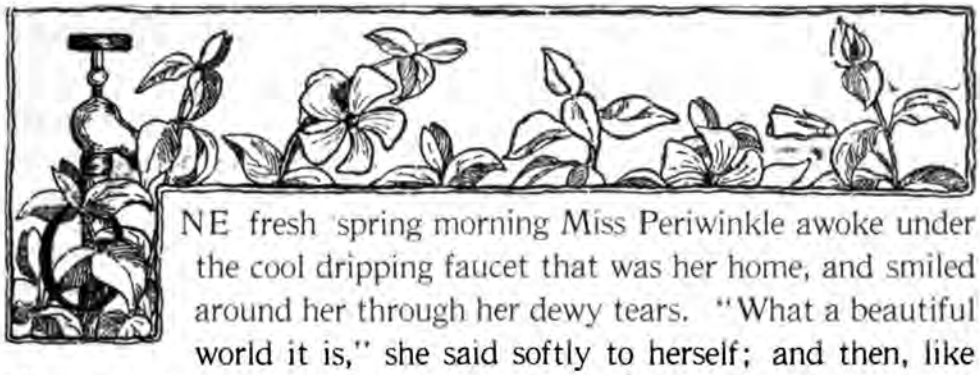


LISTEN, BIRDIES!

There is so much in the world to be done,
So many places to brighten,
So many faces to lighten,
So many clouds to brush back from the sun —
Time is so precious — I'm glad I am young!

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THE CACTUS AND THE PERIWINKLE



ONE fresh spring morning Miss Periwinkle awoke under the cool dripping faucet that was her home, and smiled around her through her dewy tears. "What a beautiful world it is," she said softly to herself; and then, like all very happy people, she turned around to share her gladness with her next-door neighbor.

"You seem very gay this morning, Miss Periwinkle," said Mr. Cactus, rather pointedly.

"Oh, yes indeed," she laughed, brimming over with merriment, "everything is so sparkly and fresh; it's just good to be alive and to have kind neighbors to say good-morning to."

Mr. Cactus was thoughtful —"Hm, I don't see what you find in that — but then folks are just naturally different, I guess. I never cared much for neighbors anyway . . . never had any till I came to Lomaland."

"Why, how very strange," said Miss Periwinkle, opening her big blue eyes still wider in wonder, "Please, Mr. Cactus, won't you tell me some of your history?"

"I guess it will be strange to you, little lady"; began Mr. Cactus, "but if you care to listen I will tell you something of my home and education. Now, I come from the desert, where our tribe live in patches in the sand. There is nothing to be seen for miles and miles around but sand — and sunrises and sunsets."

"Oh!" gasped Miss Periwinkle —"but where is the water? Aren't there any rivers and pools and dripping faucets around there?"

Mr. Cactus chuckled. "Faucets! Why, my tribe never knew of such a thing! And no, there aren't any streams or ponds to speak of either — except once a year, when a few feet of yellow water gushes down the old, dry river-bed and settles in the hollows, and then my family gets a good drink. The rest of the year we go dry."

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"But don't your petals all wilt up?" asked Miss Periwinkle, drawing up with a shudder at the very thought.

"Oh no — we're a hardy set, and like the 'Ship of the Desert' we store up our food and drink when we can get it; so that when we can't our storehouse is full. You see these fat juicy leaves: — they are my corner-cupboards where I keep all the food I need. In many places my family are the only green things in the desert."

Miss Periwinkle stared again. "What a strange place you come from! But are there people in that lonely place? Do the children come and pick you, and twine you into garlands?"

Mr. Cactus chuckled. "No, indeed, young lady, they are all afraid of me. If they touch me they long remember the sharp thorn they carry away as a souvenir. My storerooms are well protected, for they are pin-cushions too, with the points sticking out, and no one can touch me without becoming a human pin-cushion in turn."

"Oh, but how cruel!" exclaimed little Miss Periwinkle.

"It is partly habit, I suppose — for I really do enjoy watching the children at recess — but if they come near me, out pops my old education, and I bristle as much as ever."

"But what do you do for the world's good," Miss Periwinkle asked." Isn't that what we were all made for?"

"Yes," said Mr. Cactus," it is; and I guess I do my share like any one. I remember about a hundred years ago, when the pioneers first blazed the western trail, a company of pale-faces came into our valley — starving and worn with sickness. They camped in the center of a huge cactus ring, and a woman came close to me, and cried, 'Something green! — Perhaps we can cook it and eat it.' They plucked the sharp thorns from my fruits and off the bright red skin, and threw them into their kettles.

"When the Great Spirit spread his twilight hush over the plain, their chief came to the edge of the cactus ring and cried to all our people, 'God bless you, Prickly Cactus of the desert; you have saved our people from starvation.' And we all raised our leaves in the starlight, and bristled more than ever with pride."

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"Dear old Cactus, with your heart of gold," said Miss Periwinkle, softly. "I shall tease you never again for your ugliness; for all your prickers, how much more useful you are than I!"

"No, no, Miss Periwinkle, you are mistaken there; for you are just as much needed as I am. Your blue eyes are full of hope and courage and truth. You bring gladness to all who look at you. All kinds are needed to make a world, and without you — as without me — it would still be incomplete. We have each our corner in the whole, which we must fill with our whole hearts." M. A. B.



IN OCTOBER

THESE nights the Robber Winds are bold.
Out of the dark woods riding,
Their black plumes streaming in the cold,
They rob the trees of treasured gold —
All that their hasty hands can hold —
And gallop back to hiding.

Then, in the middle of the night,
Quite softly, lest they waken,
Comes good Jack Frost, in tunic white,
And lo, a peep of morning light,
Pays back in precious silver bright
All that the thieves have taken!

— Nancy Byrd Turner in *The Myrtle*

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FALSE BAY, SAN DIEGO: THE NORTH SHORE OF POINT LOMA TO THE RIGHT

FACTS ABOUT FISH

SUPPOSE that fishes had never been discovered, and a traveler returning from foreign countries should tell us of certain queer, boat-shaped animals he had met with which lived beneath the water. — If he went on to say that they were covered with little plates of silver armor; that they had no legs, but rowed themselves about with limblike oars, and never came up to breathe, we should certainly believe that he was telling a fairy-story. "How is it possible," we should ask, "for an animal to stay under water without being drowned?" And besides, we would think that they would certainly die of a cold living in a wet place like that.

Like many other common things around us, the fishes are so familiar, that we seldom feel any surprise at their queer doings.

Although fish do not come up to breathe, they need air to refresh their blood just as much as we do. We have all seen how much gas can be dissolved in water, when a bottle of soda-water has been opened; and even when not corked up under pressure, water contains a quantity of air which the fish are able to breathe through their

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gills. A river fish always lies with his head up-stream so that the water may flow into his mouth, thus giving up its oxygen to the blood as it passes out under the gill-covers.

Everyone must have noticed that a little time before a sauce-pan boils, numbers of air-bubbles which have been slowly gathering on the sides, suddenly rise to the surface and break. They are bubbles of air being driven out of the water by the heat. If a fish was to be put into water that had recently been boiled, he would very soon die for lack of air. Such water always has a 'flat,' insipid taste; but if left open to the air it will re-absorb its lost oxygen.

Fish can live under the ice of frozen ponds all the winter, but are soon killed by 'marsh-gas.' You know how bubbles rise from the dead leaves at the bottom of a pond when stirred with a stick. These bubbles are simply marsh-gas, and they may easily be lighted with a match. In France and Germany, where carp are kept in shallow, weedy ponds, they would all die in a hard frost if the ponds were not 'ventilated.' Holes are broken through the ice and are kept open by funnels. The funnels are surrounded by straw and leaves to keep the hole from freezing up, and so the poisonous gas escapes. Ventilation is not needed if the ponds have no dead stuff at the bottom, or if a stream flows through.

Goldfish sometimes die of cold in severe winters; but these are really foreigners, having been brought into Europe during the seventeenth century from China.

Although decaying plants poison fish, yet healthy growing plants help them a great deal. The leaves of living water-plants in the sunshine are seen to be covered with silvery bubbles. These bubbles are pure oxygen, and as they dissolve in the water they give the fish the very gas they need to purify their blood.

Little is known about the sleep of fishes, because they have no eyelids and cannot shut their eyes. The sea-perches of Asia always go to the bottom every evening and lie still all night, but other fish keep on the move night and day and never seem to sleep at all.

Within the last few years it has been discovered that just as the

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age of trees can be told by counting their rings, so can a fish's age be found out by studying his scales. Each year a fringe of new growth is added to the outer edge of every scale, so that by carefully counting the fringes you may know his exact age. UNCLE PERCY

THE NOCTURNE



THE cricket tunes his violin,
The bullfrog follows soon,
And makes the swampy places ring
Around his big bassoon.
The fall bug from the leafy bowers
Wherein he spends his life,
Joins shrilly in the serenade
With toolles on his fife.
The locust plays the droning pipes,
That bird of omen ill,
The screech-owl, from his tree essays
An operatic trill,



And then among the breezy boughs
That rustle overhead
The angry katydid awakes
And scolds them all to bed.

— Minna Irving in New York *Times*



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JIMMY SQUIRREL



JIMMY SQUIRREL was very hungry. He had just waked up from his last winter sleep, and he had not had anything to eat for months. He brushed his coat carefully and washed his face with his paws and went out into the warm spring sunshine. Just outside his hollow tree he met Mrs. Bossy, the speckled cow.

"How do you do?" he said most politely, "can you give me something to eat? I am very hungry."

Mrs. Bossy switched her tail and said: "You can have some milk if you like."

"But I can't drink milk!" said Jimmy.

"How silly," said Mrs. Bossy, "why it's the very best quality dairy milk."

Jimmy walked away and presently he came to a pond and saw a crane fishing in it.



"Good morning, Mr. Crane," said Jimmy, "can you give me something to eat? I am really awfully hungry."

"I've had a pretty good catch today. I guess I can spare you a frog or two if you're really starving," said Mr. Crane.

Jimmy almost cried. "But I can't eat frogs," he said, "I'm not used to it."

"How absurd to be so fussy. You can't really be hungry at all. They're the fattest frogs I ever caught."



After a little while Jimmy met Kitty Kat, and asked her to give him a meal.

"I caught a lizard yesterday," she said, "he's by the barn. You can eat him if you like."

"I can't eat him," said Jimmy, "I never eat meat."

"How ridiculous," said Kitty Kat, and walked off.

So Jimmy went back to his hole, and the big wet tears rolled down his nose. Mrs. Bossy saw him and asked if he had got his dinner.

"No," said Jimmy, "everybody I asked offered me things I couldn't eat. So I'm still as hungry as ever. What *can* I do?"

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"Where is your last year's store of nuts?" asked Mrs. Bossy.

"Why, I never made any," said Jimmy.

"Well," said Mrs. Bossy, "if you forget to lay up a winter store in the fall how can you expect to find a breakfast waiting for you in the spring?"

"I don't know," said Jimmy sadly, "but I'm really very hungry and I'm afraid I shall starve."

"People who don't think ahead sometimes do," said Mrs. Bossy, "but I hear that Sally Squirrel of the Beech Grove has just waked up too, and that she has the best store of nuts in the woods. You might go and ask her to share with you this time (I know she will) only I wouldn't ever risk forgetting again." M. A. B.



MONTAGUE TIGGS, ESQ., OF LOMALAND

He does special duty as night watchman at a department where they make pictures, and is very reliable in his work, too. That is why he was photographed to be shown to the children. Though he is big and strong, he never quarrels with other pussies, because he is always busy with his duties.

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A LETTER TO THE BROWNITOS

Holey-hole, Ore.

DEAR CHILDREN: Do you know why flies are so bothersome when it is going to rain?

I think it is because they are hungry. Their instinct tells them that they will have to stay under cover to keep warm, so they want to eat as much as they can beforehand.

Up on my ranch in Oregon I often notice that the coyotes are more ravenous before a storm, and they do more damage then than at other times, except of course, during a hard winter.



SUNSHINE
In a Lomaland wild-flower garden — a home of bees, birds and bunnies.

In the fall of the year, too, the cows come home from the range where they feed all the summer, in a long string, before the real bad time begins, whether it be early or late—though they take no notice of a flurry of snow. They know where their winter food is kept.

UNCLE OLOF

OUR BIRD BROTHERS



FROM where we lived, near Sydney, Australia, it was necessary, in order to reach the train for town, to cross a high bridge on a level with the tops of the 'gum' trees — eucalypts are called 'gums' there.

One morning as my brother crossed this gully his attention was taken by a mother-bird trying to induce her baby-bird to take his first flight. She coaxed and coaxed for a long time, until at last Baby-bird plucked up courage and launched out. He hadn't gone far before his nerve failed him and he began to somersault

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towards the ground. But Mother-bird was equal to the occasion: she darted to him, caught him by the feathers at the back of the neck and helped him safely to a branch. — My brother missed his train; but it was worth missing for that, don't you think?

Under the shelter of our veranda two swallows had built their nest and reared a family of three. Of course the great point of interest in the life of the young birds was the day they each ventured their first short flight from the nest. Two had done this and become expert fliers, but the third and largest of the family seemed as though he would not leave the nest.

On climbing up to see what the trouble was, we found his foot was bound to the nest by a thread of hair, which the swallows had used amongst other materials to line their nest. A little snipping with the scissors and he was free, darting off without the slightest need of instruction. If we had not taken an interest in the bird-family they would certainly have had to go off and leave one there. E. J. D.

JACK-O'-LANTERN

THE man in the moon looked
down on the field,
Where the golden pumpkin lay;
He winked at him, and he
blinked at him,
In the funniest kind of way.





But on Hallowe'en, when the moon looked down
From the sky, through the shadows dim,
The pumpkin fat on a gatepost sat,
And saucily laughed at him.

— Anna Chandler Ayer in *The Myrtle*

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FLOWER-SECRETS



"WHERE ARE THE FAIRIES?"

DEAR CHILDREN:

HAVE you ever talked to the flowers and asked them questions? The other day I asked a bell-flower in the garden about the woods and the fairies, and he told me all kinds of secrets.

He told me that the little brook goes on babbling all night long, even when the moon comes up and I have gone to sleep. They won't let ME chatter half as much as that; but perhaps the brook doesn't know that it ought to be quiet when people want to sleep, so I am going to tell it so that it will.

Then the bell-flower told me that the pebbles are very, very old, older than the brook and the trees, and that they lay here when the great mountain was young. They are very bald and shiny, like most old people, but they are so silent that even the flower can't tell what they know.

Sometimes I hear them mumble and grumble

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when the brooklet dances over them, but as soon as I take them up they won't say a word. Perhaps they ask the brook to be more gentle, but he likes to play with them, just as I do, because they are so smooth and round.

He told me, too, that the birds build new nests every year, and leave the old ones in the winter when they go south. This is because they get torn and dirty, and the mamma-bird likes her babies to have a nice clean nest to grow up in.

The bell-flower says that when the papa-bird has taught them to fly they all go south for Christmas and when they come back in the spring the grown-up baby birds build nests of their own in the trees.

Someday I am going to ask the bell-flower to tell me some more of his secrets, about birdies and bunnies, and then I will whisper them to you.

But now I must go to bed, so I am going to say good-bye.

With love from the bell-flower and me,

YVONNE



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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER



An Illustrated Magazine Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

"TO GAIN SELF-KNOWLEDGE MAN MUST KNOW AND REALIZE HIS DIVINITY; HE MUST WORK IN CONSONANCE WITH THE NOBLER PART OF HIS NATURE."

— Katherine Tingley





NOVEMBER 1921

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Râja-Yoga Messenger

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUTH
Conducted by
Students of the Râja-Yoga College
Published bi-monthly, under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California, U. S. A.
Entered as second-class matter, December 27, 1904, at the Postoffice at Point Loma California
Copyright 1921 by Katherine Tingley
Subscription (6 issues) $1.60. Foreign postage 20c. extra; Canadian 10c.

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVII, NO. 6 NOVEMBER 1921

"LEAVE not, my soul, the unfoughten field,
Nor leave thy debts dishonored, nor thy place desert
Without due service rendered.
Contend, my soul, for moments and for hours:
Each is with service pregnant: each reclaimed
Is as a kingdom conquered, where to reign."
— Robert Louis Stevenson

THE HOUSE OF THE STORY OF LIFE

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll.
Let each new temple — nobler than the last —
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast."

I STOOD on the outskirts of the town, where the High Street runs out to the Old Town. At this point the houses get fewer, and newer — homes of thrift and enterprise, the first made evident by the ability to purchase and build in these times of high prices, the second shown in the location where each new house was a few hundred feet further from the heart of the town.

As I looked at the row of new and nearly new houses their individual characteristics seemed so marked that each was like a human being with his own features and character. Each had its own story. That pretty brown-shingled building, the oldest in the row, with its little grass plot in front, its hydrangeas against the wall and vines beginning to clamber all over the entrance, was like a gentle old lady; one who had loved the beautiful in life, whose whose thoughts had been kind and orderly.

Then two doors down came the loud and startling contrast of a red brick building. Here was success — pushing and up-to-date. This was some brisk man of commerce and business — one who knew the worth of every dollar that came and made it yield its full harvest wherever sown. He was efficiency in its most up-to-date meaning.

You knew when you looked at Red Brick that it contained all the latest conveniences and efficiencies; but there would be none of your artistic notions or poetic vagaries about this house — nothing but the 'solid realities' belonging to a stern world of hard facts — up-to-date and practical.

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Then further down the line was a little wooden bungalow towards which I felt drawn. If it were possible for a house to have the appearance of a human countenance this house had the face of one who had known the storms of life — a face somewhat lined with suffering, but possessed of a noble touch of courage, patience and aspiration gained through earnest endeavor and frequent disappointment. All about it was neat and tidy, the few plants were very tiny but showed signs of care, the windows were clean and their curtains, though faded, were likewise clean and neatly hung.

Wondering about its remarkably human atmosphere the thought occurred to me that this would be because those who lived in it were intensely human people living their simple life in a very earnest and sincere way, and they filled their home with the spirit of their own lives. In just the same way our friend Red Brick was unconsciously throwing out unmistakable bulletins of his latest big business deal, of how he had done a good thing with his cash account here, and how he had spoiled a good thing for somebody else there. And just as this house would grow more severe and glaring and matter-of-fact the longer he lived in it and the next house he lived in would probably be less inviting still, so my House of the Story of Life would grow more and more interesting with the years; and should its occupants move into another, that would have still more of simple beauty and taste about it.

As I thought of the people who would be living in my House of the Story of Life the thought came to me that each one of us is in himself a House of the Story of Life; and those who have studied human hearts and human nature can tell by the appearance of our house (our faces and general features) what sort of a person lives inside. And our houses change from day to day and from year to year — more from the doings of the dweller inside than from the things that happen to the house from outside. And if that is the case, we surely ought to be able not only to improve the appearance and worth of our house but even make it all over again.

Then I remembered something I had heard my mother read to me once when I was very young: "In my Father's house are many mansions." —That would mean many smaller houses in the big house that is called 'Me'. Yes — the House of the Heart, the House of the Mind and the House of the Body. And who could tell but in each of these houses there would be many mansions not yet discovered? And then there came back to me those beautiful lines of Holmes I had been reading:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!"

Yes, they were not "just poetry," as my brother was accustomed to say, but they really meant something — meant that each one of us is a builder of his own houses — his own 'mansions.' He does his building unseen by those about him, without the sound of saw or hammer, in secret and in

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silence. And his building is not so much erecting new houses as removing scaffolding, barriers and obstructions from the doors of wonderful mansions already built. Day by day, week by week and month by month, as we seek to grow inwardly and to overcome we open the doors of new mansions in our own hearts and find new beauties and treasures that Life had really held in keeping for us all the time, though we had never suspected them until we



ON THE GROUNDS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

ourselves had made the search. Out from these "more stately mansions," through the doors we have opened, fresh floods of sunlight and heart-light pour into our House of Life and light up those "windows of the soul"; so that though our lips be silent our eyes carry a message of gladness to all about us, stirring something in their hearts that makes them suspect the existence of undiscovered mansions in their own lives.

I turned to the row of houses on High Street with a new interest and affection. From them and from the poet's lines a new vista had opened before me. As I turned, the door of the oldest house opened and the sound of happy childish laughter came to my ears. A kindly old gentleman came out the porch under the clambering vines. About him danced and laughed a little child. As they reached the steps Grandpa stooped and the child kissed

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him affectionately, then scampered off calling merrily: "Good-bye Gran'pa, please have the door of the fairy castle open when I come back!"

As I heard the happy laughter and saw the radiant face of the child I realized I had caught a glimpse of many fairy mansions in the happiness of this one little person and I turned homeward determined to seek hidden mansions in my own life. As an undertone to all my thoughts were the words:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll.
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at last art free,
Leaving thy outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

From a Paper read at Isis Theater, San Diego, by a Junior Râja-Yoga Student



HRISTMAS is the time when all people have the appearance of being more united. A wave of happiness and peace seems to sweep over all humanity, making men seem more brotherly — the very time when we can best throw aside our faults and bad habits, and step out of the cover of selfishness, to strive against discouragement and reverses. We should remember "it is never too late to begin" — every day should be like Christmas! The true happiness of Christmas does not consist in getting a great many things for oneself, but in seeking to give happiness to others about us; and we soon discover that there is much more to give away than there is to get. One never gets to the end of that happiness!

Christmas is supposed to be a happy time for all children — but we know there are many who have very sad and unhappy Christmas-times. Is it not a fact that ignorance and poverty are found in every city, where we find children crowded together in tenements — suffering, hungry, uncared-for? This should make those who have a happy Christmas grateful — *and thoughtful* — for those less privileged.

True sympathy makes unselfish thoughts. Then unselfish work follows; and at this Christmas-time we should take a stand, and will ourselves in the future to be helpers to all the world. Christ and other great teachers have set us the example by their tender service. Simply they lived and lovingly they worked — forgetful of self in giving knowledge and happiness to others. We are told we are our brother's keeper, and we *know it is so.*

Good Friends, what a joyous Yuletide this would be, if each of God's children heeded these words and did his duty! We could not then count one unhappy child in the world.

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So, as Christmas-time approaches, let our thoughts be that the Christos-love is in our hearts, pleading for all that is kind, just, noble, Christ-like and pure, and let us all unite more closely than ever before to find the true expression of the hope, joy and sweet sacredness of Yule. A.

JAN AMOS KOMENSKY

"Can one think of anything more sublime than to teach a child?"— *Erasmus*



REAT men are not always those who follow most closely the tendencies of their times. Sometimes, indeed, the great man is he who can stand against the spirit of his age, and in the midst of war and confusion raise his voice for the higher things of life, and point the way to the life of Brotherhood when the world is sweeping in the opposing direction. — Such a man was Jan Amos Komensky, whose life and work is now receiving fitting recognition, and whose name, so little known, is now to take its proper place among the accepted benefactors of our race. Holland has generously led the way in calling attention to the services Komensky has rendered our civilization; and the erection of a statue to his memory and the dedication of a square to his name have called forth appreciatory articles in various Dutch papers, from one of which, the *Amsterdammer Weekblad voor Nederland*, November 13, 1920, we cull most of the facts in this review of his life and work.

Comenius, as he is generally known, was born on March 28, 1592, at Uherské Brod, Moravia, of a poor family of the Moravian Brotherhood. This brotherhood made its ideal the life of some early Christians, with its love of peace, its purity, and its independence of an "unchristianlike spirit in government or in the official church. Dogmas were of secondary or of small importance to these Brethren whose principal insistence was on good conduct, a pure life, and the preaching of morality."

The Moravian Brotherhood was founded during the time of the Hussite Wars, and the daring of founding such a sect at such a time, and the earnest determination to live up to ideals, have permeated the Czechoslovak nation, the spiritual culture of which has been largely built up along the lines indicated by Comenius. His memory should be venerated, not only by his own grateful nation, but by all who understand the true value of right education.

Comenius learned by bitter experience in his youth how lacking was that right education. A system of moral education so severe that it "killed all enthusiasm and love for learning" made him seek for himself some other means that should satisfy the love of knowledge, as well as train the character. Books, he taught, should be made interesting to the pupils, who should be led gradually along the path of learning, one step at a time,

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from the simple to the more difficult. In order to accomplish this, he not only wrote and published various works explaining and amplifying his system, but prepared text-books himself. One of these was a Latin handbook, which was the first book to give parallel sentences in the native language and the new language being studied.

Comenius also originated the first child's picture-book, where pictures were used as a help in teaching languages. The division of the six grades in the public schools, similar to those of the gymnasium (preparatory university course), originated with Comenius, as also the plan of the seven-year secondary



THE LAST SIGHT OF HOME

When the exiled Comenius and his comrades reached the frontier between Bohemia and Silesia, they knelt and implored Divine protection for their unhappy country.

school of Germany. His liberal, far-reaching plans also reflected themselves in the books which he prepared to cover the entire curriculum. The result of his deep study, and of his familiarity with the best thought of his day, was a great number of splendid textbooks, stimulating and quickening to the thought of his students, and written with masterly skill and finish.

In his most advanced works, Comenius was the forerunner of the great German philosophers, from Leibnitz and Spinoza to Schelling and Hegel, and his writings are luminous with the same deep and earnest thought that made these more famous thinkers the glory of their respective eras.

This priceless collection of books and manuscripts was destroyed in 1621, during the Spanish invasion; and with the clouds of the Thirty Years' War lowering over him, Comenius suffered loss, persecution, exile, and labor —

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but all as means of growth, never allowing himself to be discouraged or turned aside.

In time, Europe woke up to the appreciation of the great mind in her midst, and from Poland, England, Germany, Sweden and Holland came invitations to revise their educational systems. In Poland, Comenius became director of the Gymnasium at Lissa, where he wrote and published many of his writings, the undercurrent of his system being that the art of teaching everything to everyone was a joy, and should so be regarded by the teacher. The book on which his fame rests is *Janua linguarum reserata* — now translated into twelve European languages, besides Arabian, Turkish, Persian, and Mongolian tongues.

His chief idea being to up-raise his poor oppressed country by means of that education which he felt to be not only a necessity, but the right of every child, Comenius wrote first in his native Bohemain — then in Latin, for the learned.

The invitation from England to revise the educational system Comenius felt obliged to refuse, owing to political situations; but a similar invitation from Sweden he was glad to accept. In that country he had the support of Axel Oxenstierna, Sweden's master-statesman, who had held the government strongly and loyally while Gustavas Adolphus, the 'Lion of the North,' was fighting on the plains of Germany for freedom of religious thought.

In Sweden too, Comenius was given most generous financial support by Lodewijk de Geer, who owned copper and iron mines in that country. This big-hearted Dutchman, whom Comenius called "the great almoner of Europe," left a worthy successor in his son, who freely extended aid to Comenius when the latter took his position in Elbing, Prussia. Hungary also called him to her aid, and put her school-system under his direction, and the city of Amsterdam requested him to write his *Opera omnia*, in four volumes, published also at the request of the Municipal Council, with the financial support of Mr. de Geer.

More than his written works, however, the character and genius of Comenius have stamped themselves into the lives of his people. His moral worth and courage, mingled with sweetness and patience, enabled him to endure hardship, disappointment and suffering, and still preserve enthusiasm in his service for humanity. Above all things, he maintained that the only solution of the world's difficulties is the true unfolding of the youth, and the development of the spiritual nature.

There is something in the veins of the Czech nation — which has very literally been through the fire — that seems to insure the highest success and if that spirit can be kept alive till its ideals are realized, then the life of Comenius will have as its monument, not only the statue unveiled in 'Comenius Place,' but a happy, prosperous, and enlightened nation. K. C. H.

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THE VESTIBULE OF THE TEMPLE OF ABU-SIMBEL, IN UPPER EGYPT

Hewn one hundred and eighty feet into the heart of a granite cliff, from whose face it looks down upon the Nile.

WONDERS OF SCIENCE

ONLY a few hundred years ago Galileo was condemned by the Church for his daring idea that the world moves around the sun, and he had to retract his statement — else he would most probably have been burned, together with many other men and women of those days, who were advanced enough to use their intellects.

Many a time I have wondered how it would be to have lived during only the last eighty years or so, and have witnessed all the great inventions of that space of time. Nowadays we accept as a matter of course the sending of a message to any corner of the earth in the twinkling of an eye. Or we lift the receiver of a telephone and talk across the mountains and the deserts with our friends just as easily as if they were right across the street. Airplane passenger routes connecting the metropolises of the earth's continents!

Look at the thousand inventions which have contributed towards making this age of machinery one of remarkable progress as far as technical and

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material civilization is concerned. — And there would be great hope for the future of the race were it not for the fact that the greater number of our inventions and our wonders of science are being employed in the service of international hatred instead of Universal Brotherhood.

Shortly before the Great War began, the Great Powers of this world had standing armies of about 5,000,000 men in all, equipped with every death-dealing device that the human intellect has been able to conceive of to advance the highly 'civilized' work of destroying human beings and the material civilization they had built up. This equipment, by occupying a large portion of the most virile and energetic element of the race in a sterile and unproductive pursuit, robbed society of some of its best energy and genius. A great scientist has rightly called this state of affairs "organized ruin."

And yet with all this, we are really approaching some great discoveries; we are right now treading on the border lines, so to speak, of the real Science, the great Science that once was universally known and applied by long forgotten races and civilizations.

Madame Curie is a very splendid example of a true scientist. In her discovery of that mysterious substance called radium, she has rightly been called a benefactor of the human race — one of those selfless natures who know that the creative scientist does not work for gain, but for the joy of creating, and for the welfare of his fellow-beings.

You must have heard of Professor Roentgen, who discovered the X-rays. While Edison was startling the world with talking machines and electric light and a thousand other more or less important inventions; while the inventive genius of the age was turning its restless attention to well-nigh every department of human activity, this then unknown professor at the Royal University of Würzburg, in Bavaria, was quietly penetrating in his studies into the grand mysteries of physics and electricity. He was past fifty years of age when for the first time he saw that peculiar glowing light which he later found possessed such remarkable powers. There is something wonderfully romantic about all the great discoveries — or shall we call them re-discoveries, since there is nothing new under the sun.

Try to imagine the scientist who works for no worldly reward, but whose soul is filled with that quality of enthusiasm that kindles the creative imagination and lifts the mind above the small, depressing things in life, to the mountain heights of power and joy!

Once when Dr. Roentgen was experimenting in a perfectly dark room he passed an electric current through a glass tube almost entirely free of air, with a platinum wire fixed in each end. He had likewise covered the tube with a hood so that there should be no possibility for even a single ray of light to enter or escape from the vessel. As he was standing there in the darkness he suddenly observed a faint light glowing on a shelf below the tube.

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He examined the light further and found that the glow came from a piece of sensitive paper — barium-platino-cyanide paper. This seemed very strange indeed, for no light could escape from the glass tube, and none could get into the room from the outside. The only conclusion that Dr. Roentgen could possibly arrive at was wholly against anything that was to be found in the text-books, but there was no other way of explaining it. He thought: "There must be some rays of light that have the power of penetrating solid substances otherwise impenetrable to ordinary light." It was contrary to all reason, *but he had to believe it.* He immediately set about experimenting with this new light and he found to his astonishment that the strange rays could penetrate anything that one put in their way. Strange to say, they traveled only with the utmost difficulty through glass.

Once when he placed his hand on a photographic plate and arranged the glass tube above it he found that he got a dim but perfect photograph of the bony framework of his hand. That was the first picture of its kind up to that time — an inconceivable marvel.

And Roentgen gave the name of X-rays to those strange new and powerful rays. But it was reserved for another genius than Roentgen to discover the real nature of those rays and their visible existence in the storehouse of nature. It was from a salt of uranium that Madame Curie accidentally got the clue. It was found that this salt gave a picture upon a photographic plate even through a piece of wood. This salt came from a pitchblende mine in Austria, and the ore itself was found to act in a similar way to the salt. Madame Curie and her husband, also a scientist of note, now set to work to give this subject their whole attention.

The Austrian Government kindly presented Madame Curie with about a ton of the residue left after the uranium had been removed. A careful examination of this residue revealed the fact that certain groups of metals showed photographic effects while the individual metals would not do so.

Madame Curie now thought that mixed with these substances and resembling them chemically there must be this hitherto *unknown element* which possessed these strange photographic powers. She at last succeeded in extracting from those groups an infinitesimal quantity of crystals of these new elements in question. She called the one Polonium, in memory of her native country Poland, and the other, which was found later, Radium.

When she visited the United States of America this year, President Harding presented her with a gram of the rare substance. It was a generous gift by a grateful people which had been benefited by the use of radium in medical science. This minute gift is valued at one hundred thousand dollars, so difficult is it to extract it from the other metals in which it is found.

Since its discovery radium has been of immense importance in many branches of science, especially in surgery. But there are dangers here too.

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We know how to extract radium from the heart of Nature, we know how to use it in some ways, but *we know very little* about its powers and effects outside of what we can see with our eyes.

It has been found that radium held in the hand even for a moment or carried about on one's person any length of time causes serious burns and mortification unless the utmost precautions are taken; and many fatal injuries have been sustained in this way. Still, many disinterested scientists are unselfishly risking their health and personal safety in these unexplored fields of knowledge in efforts to learn the properties of this new agency; and who can tell but that the coming years hold even more revelations in connexion with this wonderful element? Indeed, it is one of the greatest Wonders of Science, which we are only beginning to understand. L. E.



MR. AND MRS. A. I. MATHER, HOSTS OF MME. KATHERINE TINGLEY AT THEIR HOME IN ROCKLAND, MAINE, AND SOME OF THE GUESTS

[Mr. Mather is an old member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society from the days of H. P. Blavatsky, a prominent Mason, a Veteran of the Civil War, and a veritable gold mine of good stories. He and Mrs. Mather, also an old member, entertained Madame Tingley and party for two weeks last summer. Between Mr. and Mrs. Mather stands Mr. Edwin W. Lambert, formerly of the Suffolk Savings Bank of Boston, now an active worker at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma. On the right stand Mrs. Eva C. Bramble and her son, Glenn Bramble, formerly of Harvard — both of whom have recently taken up active duties and studies at Point Loma also. On the left is Miss May Lovegrove, a school-teacher of Providence, R. I., who expresses unusual interest in Mme. Tingley's work.]

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PENOBSCOT BAY FROM THE TOP OF MOUNT BATTIE

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT MAINE

MADAME TINGLEY'S recent visit to Maine; her public work at Rockland, while the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Mather; and the splendid interview with her written by Professor L. C. Bateman, Staff-Editor of *The Lewiston Journal*, have aroused in our readers throughout the world a desire for greater familiarity with the 'Pine-Tree State.' To meet this we are publishing in this issue photographs which give a glimpse of some of the natural beauties of the State, and these we supplement with a few facts of general interest.

Maine was first visited by Giovanni de Verrazano in 1524. In the next twenty-five years a number of navigators and adventurers visited 'hundred-harbored Maine,' and sailed up Penobscot Bay in search of splendid Norumbega, with its columns of crystal and silver. We are at once reminded of the parallel search in California for 'El Dorado' and of Ponce de Leon's quest for the 'Fountain of Youth.'

Maine fell within the limits of the grant made to the Plymouth Company by James I of England in 1606, and Captain John Smith tells of his visit to Maine in 1614 in his *Description of New England*. The first permanent settlement in Maine was made at Pemaquid in 1625, others springing up almost immediately.

Maine is one of the leading states in the Union in the extent of the wooded area and in the annual value received from the forest products, the woodland being estimated at seventy-nine per cent. of the total land-area. In the

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days of wooden vessels Maine was for a long time the leading state in ship-building, and constructed more than half of the sea-going vessels of the United States. Bath was the ship-building center, and is still. It is interesting to note that a ship was built there as early as 1608.



BUCK'S HEAD POINT, GRAND ISLE
LAKE CHAMPLAIN

This one does not shed his antlers — a hardy little oak.

Twenty-three hundred square miles, or one-fourteenth of the total area of the state, is occupied by lakes and ponds, numbering sixteen hundred in all. Potable waters of the highest quality are found in great abundance everywhere.

Compared with Loma-land, Maine is a land of climatic extremes: — its average minimum temperature is twenty degrees below zero, its average maximum ninety degrees above.

Maine is the first state in the production of granite, and is one of the leading sources of feldspar and silica — both used in the manufacture of earthenware, porcelain, glass flowers, wall-tile, wood-fillings, sandpapers and scouring soap. The crystalline rocks of Maine produce many rare minerals, one of which, tourmaline, is obtained in Oxford County in larger and more beautiful crystals than anywhere else in the world — though this fact may be disputed by those who have seen the beautiful tourmalines of San Diego County, California!

Maine ranks second among the New England states in the value of its fisheries, and first in the number of men engaged in the fishing industry. Of

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MARGARET'S DISCOVERY

THE days went on just as if nothing had happened. The sun shone as brightly, the birds sang as gaily, the honeysuckle that bloomed round the casement sent in the same sweet fragrance as in the days when John sat there in his invalid-chair, so strong in spite of his weakness — ever ready with a word of help and cheer.

And now all was changed. Neither the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars had any message to give Margaret in her loneliness. They laughed at her sorrow and ignored her pain. Her grief filled her whole horizon; she felt that for her there could be no more joy in life. She did not want to live. She almost hated little John, who claimed her thought and care, and yet could not understand. He went on laughing and singing through the day, as if nothing had happened, and life were one glad, gay holiday.

Margaret sat by the window, in the twilight, and as she watched the stars coming out one by one, slowly the hot tears trickled down her cheeks. She could bear it no longer, and bending her head forward, she rested it on the window-ledge, and like a tired child, cried herself to sleep.

The light faded, and the silence and darkness enwrapped her in its great peace. No sound disturbed the calm. Infinite space stretched out on all sides, filled with an endless glory of stars and radiant suns, each with a voice of thrilling sweetness, pulsating with life and joy. Where was her sorrow? It seemed far away below — a past memory, vague and unreal. Her heart throbbed with the whole of creation in an expression of loveliness and strength, the reflexion of which she had seen before in one form alone. From the heart of each glittering atom, scintillating in the light, came to her a message of beauty and of love, and radiant presences spoke to her in words that were no words, for what they knew and felt was at once her own thought and feeling. Her heart sang out with the joy of life, for she knew that she was free, free from that dark hopeless thing she had thought was herself — that self of sorrow, of grief and weakness.

A little soft hand on her arm — a baby voice on her ear: "Mummie, I 'se dot sumfing for zoo." — A scent of fragrant violets — and Margaret was awake once more. She was awake in a new sense — to the deep undercurrent of that real life which flows beneath the seeming ripples on its surface. From her beautiful dream she had brought back a message of love and joy which echoed in her heart, making all life beautiful around her. Little John was no longer a 'duty.' In a flash she remembered, with shame, the blindness of her grief. But there was no room in her heart now for vain regrets. Filled with the strength of her dream, with the picture of fresh endeavor before her, she joyfully seized the moment at hand. Taking her little one in her arms, she gently kissed him, and rising with a smile in her eyes, she stepped out confidently, trustingly, into the light and promise of a new day. She would make her dream a living thing. Yet, was it a dream — or a discovery? E. N.

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THE TRAVELING SAND-DUNES OF PERU



OVER the dry plains on the coast-region of Peru, hundreds of moving hills of drifted sand may be met with. They are shaped exactly like the new moon and are entirely composed of fine gray sand. The largest of these sand-dunes are 200 feet long and 20 feet high in the middle, or just a little higher than three tall men standing one on top of the other.

As the prevailing winds come from the south or the southeast, of course these drifting crescents travel to the north or the northwest.

The sand does not appear to be blown in from the shore; but the wind is supposed to sweep up and gather together the sand-grains detached from the hard soil by the hoofs of passing animals or other disturbing causes. Fine gray sand may be found underfoot by digging anywhere on the plain. The rate of progress of these rounded banks of sand depends entirely on the wind. In calm weather they may creep forward at the rate of half an inch a day; while during a stiff breeze they may advance six inches in the same time.

The wind is a careful sweeper and of all the millions of sand-grains not one is left behind to mark the track. The loose grains on the side exposed to the wind are lightly driven up the slope and tossed over the ridge, when they fall on the sheltered side and slide gently to the bottom. Thus the sand-dunes are not carried along bodily, but are slowly rolled over and over, grain by grain. Although we are not told, we know that these crescents of sand always travel with horns pointing away from the wind and with their round backs turned in the direction from which the wind blows. Put a little sand on your table and blow at it steadily and you will see this must be true.

The great plain over which the sand-dunes move, extends for about 25 miles, and supposing they travel 61 feet in a year, their journey to the northern boundary will take about 2000 years of their time. As soon as they reach the rough, broken country which borders the plain on the north, the beautiful crescent sand-banks break to pieces and the sand-grains are scattered in confusion. The army of little gray soldiers who have been marching together for 2000 years, are dismissed, the regiments are at last disbanded. Some of the moving sand-dunes now arriving at their journey's end set out upon their trip while Julius Caesar was conquering Britain, and even while you read, the wind is setting in motion dunes which will travel continuously over the dry Peruvian plains until November 3921 — or thereabout! P.

DON'T do anything till you do it, and when you've done it, stop doing it. — W. GILLETT

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IOLETS! "WHO'LL BUY MY VI-O-LETS SWEET VI-O-LETS?"

THE musical call of the London flower-girl resounds throughout the street, appealing to the ear of the passer-by, who, turning his gaze to whence the sound comes, espies many neatly arranged bunches of violets.

The girl's song and the violets both say "Buy." — She looks bright and cheerful, and her voice is melodious, although she had to be up early in the morning to get these fragrant beauties. Through sunshine and rain she vends her flowers; for the sale of them means the necessary money wherewith to buy food and clothing, while all the joy seems to be with the purchaser. Yes, the flower-girls of great London hide many a weary heart under the cover of their bright and cheerful calls; for they all have to work hard to gain the meager pittance which the uncertain sale of the flowers brings them.

Go to Covent Garden, the great central flower-market of London, in the early morning, and there you will find the flower-girls waiting until the thousands of boxes containing the fragrant messengers are unloaded from trucks. These flowers have come expressly from France and the Channel Islands to supply the needs of the millions of Londoners. — No time for them to see, admire and drink in the beauty of the marvelous display of flowers in the great building: theirs is a rush from stall to stall, pricing here, there and everywhere amongst the whole-sale vendors, until they can get the flowers at prices to suit their purses; then home to get them bunched and be at their street-stances before the business men — their customers — are afoot.



No joy is theirs of going out to the fields (many of them may never have seen a green field) to pick the flowers, or breathe in the ozone-laden air where the flowers abound. Violets to them do not call up a picture of fragrant banks and braes, smiling in the morning sun, or shady hedgerows; — to them violets mean *work! work! work!* Yet the cheerful call of "Who'll buy my vi-o-lets, sweet vi-o-lets?" goes on. Brave hearts indeed!

. . . . .

The other picture — our picture — is of Californian sunshine and light-

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hearted laughter of children scampering over the brush-covered hills, picking their deliciously-scented, golden beauties. The picture is entrancing; it speaks of thé real joy of living — an interplay between the children and the flowers that calls forth from the children a greater love for the beauties of nature than is possible under other conditions. "To become passionate lovers of all that breathes" — such is the ideal Râja-Yoga holds out to the children of the world.

Golden fairies! — See them in their thousands covering the hillside which slopes towards the ocean. They seem to be in their most joyous mood when gently kissed by the sea-breeze, gracefully nodding their heads in response to its embrace.

"Oh! what lovely long-stemmed ones I've found!" exclaims a joyous voice, the owner of which is rapturously gathering her favorites under a silvery-gray bush, which has sheltered their growth. (Long stems! — why that is the reason the botanists have named them *Viola pedunculata*. To the botanist the stems are 'little feet' — feet on which the flowers raise themselves — and as their little feet are very prominent, he tells posterity in his own language how to identify this particular violet from others of the same order.) We think some of them must have raised themselves on tiptoe, so that their bright heads might reach the sunlight amidst the grass and bushes, don't you?

All children love the order to which these yellow violets belong, the *Violaceae;* for has not one of the race given us the well-beloved pansy, one of the oldest cultivated flowers we know of.' Yes! loved by our grandparents, and still the joy of youth and old age; — and why should they not be when their wonderful faces seem to have a smile for all?

"Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means," says Madame Katherine Tingley, the Foundress-Directress of the Râja-Yoga College; and so to share their love of nature with others, the young Râja-Yoga children do it in a very practical way. The yellow violets they gather so joyously in their season are picked for those who have fewer opportunities of visiting the hillsides, and likewise for those who for the time being are shut away from the beauties of nature.

Think of the joy of those placed behind prison-bars when they receive the bouquets of fragrant yellow violets, so gladly put up by the loving hands of the children! Do you not think these prisoners not only feel the love of the children, who have so joyously rendered the service, but that likewise it may recall to them their innocent childhood days with their parents at home? May they not in that moment feel the impulse to start anew, to make themselves into what their parents would have wished them to be? — Such is surely the message carried by the violets to them from their beautiful home. . . O Fairy Violets, you did not bloom in vain! BOTANIST

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SETTING OUT FROM HOME

The log construction of the Dalecarlian *stuga* in the background is characteristic of Scandinavia, where forests of pine and spruce abound. This reminds us how in mountainous Wales and Scotland, stone is much used for building, while in Flanders brick and tile-work is most common.

A MEMORY FROM DALECARLIA

WHO can describe the wonder and joy I felt on that memorable Sunday-morning when I climbed with Father and Mother into the wonderful two-wheeled carriage? Father himself had made it and painted it blue, with flowers and green leaves, and it was never used except for special events — such as the one just about to take place!

All summer I had been promised this journey from my own beautiful home in Leksand to Rättvik and Mora, these being three of the prettiest villages in Dalecarlia. Many strangers went there every year. Some stayed the whole summer, others just for a few days — especially at midsummer, when the sleeping-places were so crowded that even the barns had to be used.

Our house was made entirely of wood, as you can see in the picture. Over the door the honeysuckle is blooming, and if you step inside you come right into the living-room, where the floor has just been sanded and green juniper branches are strewn all over. It gives the whole room a peculiar

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freshness, as if you were walking on soft moss in the forest. We do not have any wall-paper, but big home-woven hangings almost covering the walls; and Mother treasures them, because some were made by her great-grandmother and have been handed down in the family. Some, Mother has made herself, because every family in Dalecarlia does its own weaving; and it is not considered thoroughly done unless the material is prepared, the yarn dyed, and the pattern designed at home.

During the long winter evenings when the family is gathered round the hearth, you can learn how the art of *slöjd* is acquired by the men. This *slöjd*, or manual training, is as famous as the women's weaving. Besides all these arts and crafts in the home, Mother attends to the house, and makes the clothes. Almost everyone in Leksand wears the typical Leksand costume. The men have long dark coats beautifully embroidered on the shoulders, blue vests, also embroidered, yellow knickerbockers made of skin, and white woolen stockings. The women wear black skirts, aprons woven in stripes of many colors, and dark embroidered bodices over white blouses with wide sleeves, also embroidered. From this you may imagine how busy a housewife is in Dalecarlia.

Weaving, sewing and keeping house, however, are not all; music is as important as anything else in a home in Dalecarlia. Hans Anderson said that the Dalecarlian peasants are perhaps the most musical community in the world. The violin is quite common and also the long straight wooden pipe.

On either side of the living-room are the kitchen and dining-room. The first is a large, light room with stable cupboards and shelves on which the china is neatly arranged. Most of the kitchen utensils are made of copper and each kettle and cover seems to rival the sun itself in brightness.

The dining-room, like the living-room, has beautiful woven hangings on the walls, or painted pictures. In the center of the room is the long table, where each one of the family has his or her appointed place. Father sits at the head and Mother opposite him; then follow the other members of the family, and the servants — who are considered as part of it. We children often stand at the table, as it is difficult to make room for so many,— and Father says it helps us grow!

The peasant children of Dalecarlia usually sleep in lambskins suspended from the ceiling; but when July comes and the cattle are taken out to the fields and forests, then the trees and blue sky are the only shelter for old or young. Perhaps it is this that has helped to make even the simplest peasants such great lovers of nature.

— But all this I neither knew or thought of that Sunday morning when I was going on my first long ride. It was when we were on our journey that I seemed suddenly to awaken and see what a wonderful and lovely country we were living in. The memory is fresh in my mind. Even Brunte, the

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horse, was wild with delight — perhaps because it was such a lovely morning — or perhaps he also had awakened to something great and wonderful. I do not know, but he made the biggest skip, like a colt let loose in the meadow, and without further ado the family landed in the ditch, and Brunte looked so unhappy that I pitied him with all my heart, and secured for him a nice bunch of dandelions. But when I discovered Brunte had lost his shoe, I was afraid his sad look was more because of that, than of his bad behavior! However, I gave him the dandelions to chew, while I brushed off Mother's skirt. — If Brunte had a guilty conscience I know he would not enjoy those dandelions anyway.



THE RÄTTVIK BLACKSMITH

A typical old-world craftsman, who knows his trade, turning out substantial, accurate work with few and simple tools.

Luckily we had almost reached Rättvik, and the village forge was not far away; so while Brunte was being shod, I had a lovely time looking about me in the shop. I remembered Father had told me of the smithy where Valand, in the olden times, made the golden bracelet that once a week dropped a magic golden ring in the shape of a snake; and where there was the long rope made of lime-tree fibers with knots at regular intervals, in each of which was tied a stormwind full of hail and cold. Every time Valand untied a knot he put in its stead one of the snake-rings and so counted the weeks before 'Midgard' was to be changed to a solitary ice-desert. . . . Many other wonderful but evil things were made in that smithy. In the one I was in now I looked in vain for even the smallest piece of gold, much less any magical rings or swords; but instead I saw many new and practical things, and before we went I had given the smith my bouquet of wild flowers which I had picked in the forest, very early in the morning dew. — And so off again through the woods.

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Soon we reached a height from which we could look far over the blue water of Siljan. There was a long dark boat just setting out from a landing-place; there another and another. Swiftly they moved across the water, driven forward by many pairs of oars, which gleamed in the sunlight each time the strong arms lifted them from the mirror-like water. The white sleeves of the men's costumes stood out against the dark boat, and with the gay costumes of the women made a picture full of beauty and life. It was the men and women of Leksand and the other villages around, going to church on that lovely Sunday morning.

No sound broke the silence except the oars touching the water and the bells in the far-off church-tower of Mora. When we reached there I learned that it was in these little villages that Gustavus Vasa, centuries ago, had inspired the Swedish people to rise and shake off the yoke of thraldom.

These are some of the memories of that delightful morning ride, which taught me to see the beauty of my own dear country and to love to listen to the stories of its brave, strong sons. A. O., A SWEDISH RÂJA-YOGA

MACHINE BELTS

OF all beltings, the most serviceable, efficient, and also the most costly, is leather; and when the enormous amount of leather belting in service is considered, some idea can be formed of the importance of the belting industry. One famous firm of manufacturers which has a tannery in the Highlands of Scotland deals with 100,000 hides per annum.

Although this may seem a big number, it should be remembered that a large engineering works may easily have twenty-five to thirty miles of leather belting in operation in the various shops, representing — if only the prime portion of the hides, the butts, are used in its manufacture — the skins of 4000 or 5000 head of oxen.

A first-class hide yields only about sixteen square feet of leather for the best quality of belting. This is curried under high tension and allowed to dry under 'stretch.' The tensile breaking strain of one square inch of British leather belting made from selected hides and specially tanned is over 9500 lbs. Such belting is admirably adapted for electric motors, main driving, and other fast-running machinery. Dynamos run with it, and feeding incandescent lamps with direct current, give as steady a light as do accumulators.

Main driving belts can be made up to 12 feet in width, and a main driving double belt for 800 horse-power has been made which was 140 feet long and 60 inches wide.

Of late years a type of textile belting has come to the fore, which is made of special hard-woven, long-staple cotton canvas, bound together by an in-

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dissoluble mixture composed of gutta percha, balata, and other gums, which are so applied that they permeate the fibers of the canvas while in a state of high heat and tension. The result of this treatment is a flexible belt which is impervious to moisture and is almost free from 'stretch.' T. B. M.

WHERE DO CLOVES COME FROM?

MOSTLY from the island of Zanzibar, off the coast of Africa. They were introduced into that island by an Arab, who had seen them in some of the neighboring islands, and who planted a crop of some two hundred trees as an experiment, intending to plant more if they proved hardy. They were so beautiful that they attracted the attention of the Sultan, who forthwith proceeded to plant trees in every part of the island, with an eye to making Zanzibar the center of the world's clove-trade.

The clove tree is a native of the Molucca islands, where it reaches a height of forty feet. The trunk is straight and smooth, and the branches begin to shoot out about half-way up, gradually diminishing in size up to the top. The leaves are oval and of a bright green color, and the trunk is of a light olive. They begin to bear the spice blooms in their seventh year and live to an age of from one hundred to two hundred years.

The spice does not come from a fruit of the clove tree, but from the flower-buds. They are about one-half an inch long, and are at first of a pale color; but they afterwards turn green, and then crimson, when they are ready for collecting, being gathered quickly and carefully, and then dried in the shade before they can lose their fragrance. They are picked before they are quite open, and are said to resemble a half-closed convolvulus bloom. They grow in clusters at the extremity of every branch and twig of the tree. Their name 'clove' is from the French *clou* — through their resemblance to a nail.

Their very strong aromatic odor is preserved in the oil distilled from them. Being chiefly useful for culinary purposes, cloves were one of the spices which were such an inducement to voyages of discovery at the time when Columbus set out in the *Santa María* — to find a shorter way to the Spice Islands. S.



SAGE COUNSEL FROM CATKIN

DON'T tell a man what you can do, but show him, for it saves both his time and yours.

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BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION — ON THE STYX



N July the sixth of this year, the young people of the Râja-Yoga Academy and College gave as their share in the entertainments attendant on the birthday of Madame Katherine Tingley, an adaptation of *A Houseboat on the Styx* — that delightful bit of humor by John Kendrick Bangs. The cast was a large one, and among the characters represented may be mentioned Shakespeare, Sir Walter Raleigh, Nero, Dr. Johnson, Baron Munchausen, Confucius and Diogenes.



CATHERINE OF FRANCE



THE PURITAN MAID

The closing episode of the play was the celebration of George Washington's birthday. Attraction presenting itself further up the river in the form of a bout 'twixt Samson and Goliath, the houseboat was deserted — wherefore the 'Associated Shades' do not share the honors of this report. In their absence certain prominent lady members of the Stygian community took the field (or rather, the boat); and after enjoying the comfort of the novel club-house, and meeting with surprising adventures, were put to sudden flight by the appearance of a mouse. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that the ladies themselves would admit this; so let us read their account of the episode as it came out in the columns of the *Erebus Gazette* — a paper much patronized by the highest circles of that shadowy realm.

"ROYALTY IN DANGER"

"THREE LOCAL QUEENS NARROWLY ESCAPE FROM PIRATES"

"CAPTAIN KIDD MAKES DARING ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE HOUSEBOAT"

(*By Stygian Associated Press, Feb. 23d*) — Yesterday, the weather being unusually balmy, Queen Elizabeth took the air along the Stygian Embankment. Her Majesty was attended by the Lady Ophelia, and by Mistress Xanthippe, whom she had met seeking the philosopher Socrates. As the ladies advanced they came upon the *Nancy Nox* — the latest hobby of the Associated Shades, and feeling that the gentlemen had delayed long enough in instituting a ladies' membership, they crossed the

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gangplank, only to find that the house-boy was the sole person on board. This varlet had the imperti-



"GENTYLMEN — THE QUEENE"

nence to deny the ladies admittance; but Queen Elizabeth was not to be gainsaid, and the boy, knowing her influence with Sir Walter, soon improved his manners.

The interior of the club-house proved even more luxurious than Her Majesty had thought; and as all present were leading members of the Stygian Home Circle for the Promoting of the Simple Life, they determined to call a committee-meeting at once. Catherine de Medici and Cleopatra were sent for; and Priscilla, as one of the strongest advocates of the society, was also invited.

But before the session had gotten under way, complications ensued.

ELIZABETH TELLS OF ENCOUNTER

"When the delegates arrived, the embankment was deserted, and the waters of the Styx were undisturbed save for the quiet motion of the house-boat at anchor," the Queen declared. "Nevertheless, only a few moments had elapsed in greeting and the necessary inspection of the club-house, when the boy rushed in with the startling news that the boat had broken from her moorings, and was drifting toward mid-stream!

"Before we could ascertain the truth of this statement or devise a means of escape we found ourselves in the power of the pirate, Kidd. So swift had been his descent upon the unprotected craft, that no one sus-



CLEOPATRA — 'SOVEREIGN OF THE TWO LANDS'

pected his presence until he had penetrated to the cabin where the ladies

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were in consultation. This, of course, explained the drifting of the boat."

The surprise, however, was mutual, for the pirate captain supposing the *Nancy Nox* to be deserted, had planned, it is alleged, to slip downstream with her in revenge for a refusal to admit him as one of the 'Shades.'

Ladies Nonplussed, Says Catherine

"We were much alarmed at the situation," Mme Medici told the *Gazette* reporter, "but determined to present a bold front; and so effective was the spirit we showed, that Monsieur Kidd thought it advisable to adopt conciliatory measures. He offered to give us *carte blanche* to shop in Paris. That he would have kept his word is most improbable, but this we shall never know, for he has disappeared as mysteriously and inexplicably as he had appeared. The houseboat was swiftly drifting into the most horrific of the Stygian currents, when Monsieur Charon, speeding after with one of his steam-launches has managed to arrest her, and the fair and illustrious passengers have been saved from oblivion."

On reaching the wharf the ladies



OPHELIA OF DENMARK

at once repaired to the Medici Palace. where a protest meeting was held, Nothing has so far been divulged as to the proceedings of this session, but it is rumored in high official circles, that at the next public meeting of the Stygian Home Circle for the Promoting of the Simple Life, some important suggestions will be presented to the exclusive members of the Associated Shades. The accompanying photographs were taken by the *Gazette* reporter as the committe was leaving the Medici Palace. H. M.

All was quiet again aboard the Houseboat when the eminent 'Shades' presently put in an appearance; and it was not until the following morning that Columbus, in looking up the latest Avernian shipping news, first discovered the above report, to the surprise of his colleages. But greater surprises still were in store — as will be divulged anon to our mortal readers.

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AN ANCIENT AMERICAN

THIS portrait of the Algonquin chief Wa-ha-gunta shows the old leader at the reported age of 134 years. His life stretches back over an appreciable period of American history, and he saw many of the events now recorded only in books; still in spite of his age, he is free from undue decrepitude. The assured expression of his countenance, the bright eyes and erect bearing of the head, form a remarkable portrait for a great-great-great-grandfather.



WA-HA-GUNTA
Who witnessed the birth of the new American nation.

Old accounts which have reached us of the original lives and customs of the Indians, before their contact with the white man, give us an insight into the causes which lie behind the attainment of great age — hale and vigorous.

Observations show that white men have by nature as strong — or even stronger — physique than most other races; what might we not then possess in health, strength and capabilities if we lived entirely a sane, wholesome life!

SURGEON TO A TIGER

An Exciting Operation that was Repaid by Gratitude

WHEN one of the tigers in the zoological gardens in Dublin was treated for gangrene in its paw, Rev. Samuel Haughton, M. D., undertook to perform the dangerous experiment of operating on the animal.

The mate of the tiger was first secured in a side den. A net devised by Professor Haughton was thrown over the tiger, and he was drawn forward to the door of the cage. Four stout keepers then held the feet of the struggling animal, while Professor Haughton cut away the diseased claw.

The suffering beast furiously but vainly tried to get at him during the operation, but the rage of the tigress looking on through the bars of the side

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den was much more terrible to behold. She roared and violently flung herself against the barriers in her mad desire to go to the rescue of her mate.

When the tigress was admitted to the cage after the dressing of the wound she turned up the paw and examined it with touching solicitude, licking her mate as a cat her kittens to soothe them, purring softly the while.

But perhaps the most extraordinary part of the affair was the sequel. A week later Professor Haughton was again at the zoo to see how his patient was getting on. When the animal espied him he began to purr like a cat, allowed him to examine the paw and seemed pleased that he should do so. Indeed, for years afterward the tiger and tigress showed themselves most friendly and grateful to Professor Haughton.—*Westminster Gazette*

THE NORTHERN SEA-LION

THIS handsome animal has a narrow, pointed nose, well-developed neck, ears rather large when compared with those of its relations, and a voice which roars and thunders like a lion's.

It also resembles the lion in its golden-rufous coat; and when it bares its shining white teeth its likeness to the King of Beasts is still more strongly marked. The Northern Seal belongs to the group of 'hair-seals,' and the skin is therefore of no use in making seal-skin jackets for ladies — which is certainly a very good thing for the seals.



AT HOME

A unique family group, in the light of sealers' terminology, which designates the male 'lion' as a Bull, the 'lionesses' as Cows, and the young cubs as Whelps or Pups!

All day the northern sea-lions lie stretched out upon the rocks in strange, fantastic attitudes, dozing and basking in the warm sunshine; but as soon as the sun dips out of sight they all tumble into the surf, and swimming close to the shore-line, travel in small parties sometimes as far as thirty miles from home. They enter bays, especially those in which

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fishing is carried on, and snap up whatever fish offal has been thrown into the sea. At Avalon in Catalina Island, off the southern coast of California, their loud bellowing is often heard all through the night; and sometimes a fisherman leaning over the side of his boat to clean a fish, is surprised by having it snatched out of his hands by a hungry sea-lion who has never learnt the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal.'

At this place, in consequence of being strictly protected, they have become surprisingly tame, and you may easily persuade a large bull to follow you into the main street by the lure of a slice of tuna. They lie about the beach among the boatmen and visitors, sleeping or playing about in the water as their roving fancy may incline, the females and their young sometimes jumping clear out of the water, and performing the most amusing gambols, for they have the whole day before them and no engagements to keep. They have only two things to worry about — the sharks and the killer-whales; and it is their wholesome fear of these two enemies which keeps them for the most part close to the land. The killer whales are small but very fierce members of the whale family, and such daring hunters that they will often attack and vanquish their huge relative, the Right, or Whalebone Whale. Lieutenant Shackleton relates that once when standing on the ice in the antarctic regions some of these killer whales swam underneath him and bumped their heads against the ice in their efforts to break the ice and get him down amongst them in the water.

Newly come out of the sea and dripping with water, the sleek and shining bodies of the sea-lions put one much in mind of gigantic slugs. Some of the 'bulls' when fully grown are said to attain a length of thirteen feet and to weigh as much as half a ton.

As already mentioned, the Northern Sea-Lion belongs to the group of hair-seals; but although they resemble the fur-seals at the first glance as far as their coats are concerned, there is a decided difference between them. Both hair-seals and fur-seals have an outer covering of coarse hair; but close against the skin of the fur-seal there is a thick growth of the fine, soft fur with which we are so familiar when made up into a winter garment.

In preparing the skin of the fur-seal for use, the coarse outer hair must first be removed. This is easily done, because the roots of the coarse hair lie more deeply in the skin than do the roots of the fine hairs which go to form the fur. All that it is necessary to do is to shave away at the inner surface of the skin and thus cut off the coarse hair at the roots. Then by simply stroking the hair it can be drawn out, leaving the valuable fur beneath. The skin has also to be tanned and made into leather, after which the fur is dyed a deep rich brown. Then it is fit to be sold to the makers of seal-skin jackets. P. L.

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STRAY BEAMS

"Do not ask anyone to do anything that you can do for yourself, and rely more on your own than on another's diligence."— *Jan Amos Komensky*

"If one does not begin to act, mere theories will never lead to anything. And he who is not capable today, will be still less so tomorrow."
— *From the writings of Jan Amos Komensky*

Try when you feel least like it. This is the time when every effort is worth 200 per cent.

DETERMINATION!

"He went to see the dentist,
The picture of despair;
He came back with a smiling face —
The dentist wasn't there!"— *Dental Digest*

"It is a greater force that carries a row-boat a quarter of a league against wind and tide than impels it a whole league when both are in its favor."
— *Fénelon*

Because a man has the same duties every day it does not follow that he need be the same man doing them.

You get good-feeling towards a man who has done something for you. Another sort is got by doing something for him. The latter is the better and moreover may be obtained at any time.

"When your good is evil spoken-of, when your wishes are crossed, your taste offended, your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you take it all in patient, loving silence — *that is victory.*" *Sunshine Bulletin*

"A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely upon him. Often have I known a man to be preferred in stations of honor and profit because he had this reputation: when he said he knew a thing, he knew it; and when he said he would do a thing, he meant it."
— *Bulwer-Lytton*

The force of ambition should be turned inward. Instead of trying to surpass other men we should try every morning to surpass the man we were yesterday — first in respect to kindliness and then in everything else.

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learn it through our daily duties and efforts here at Point Loma.

Before I close I wish to thank all the teachers who have done so much to help me and worked so patiently with me in trying to bring me up to the high standard of the school. I appreciate it very, very much, and I thank you again and again. I know that when I get to Sweden I shall be able to join the Girls' Club; then I can tell them much about this Râja-Yoga School, and I hope that in my turn I shall be able to be of service to these great teachings that I love.



'BILLY' — HOW HE WAS FOUND

IN a Canadian city, where there is much snow and ice all winter, and where the thermometer goes so far down below zero that it almost gets lost, a starved, sick little puppy, very nearly frozen, somehow found his way to the sheltered corner of a gateway, and there he crouched — too weak even to whimper when a big strong Human came along and found him.

Now this Human we shall call "Big Brother," and I will tell you why — he was a fine, splendid man with *such* a big heart in which there was so much love for all creatures — especially dumb animals — that he felt he was akin to all: just a big brother to everything that breathed.

Well *he* found Billy, and in less time than it takes to tell you about it, he had Billy up in his arms and buttoned inside his great coat against his body for warmth. Big Brother hurried into the house, and when he opened his coat and took Billy out under the light, the little puppy had revived enough to try and show his gratitude; but

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he was too far gone to put out his little tongue to lick the hand that stroked him.

Billy was a very sick little dog. Not only was he nearly dead from cold, but from starvation as well. He had not the strength to stand on his feet. You may rest assured that many minutes did not pass before some nice warm milk was being fed to Billy from a teaspoon, and a warm bath was made ready for him and a veterinary surgeon sent for. A veterinary surgeon is a doctor for animals, and the first thing he said when he saw Billy, was, "There is no chance for him, he is too far gone. There is only one thing to do for that puppy and the quicker the better: put him out of the way and end his misery." — That was just another way to say that Billy ought to be killed. But Big Brother said "No! As long as there is life in the little fellow he shall have a fighting chance for it." So Billy was given a hot soapy bath (for he was a terribly dirty little dog), and Big Brother said that if he *did* die he should die clean! Then he was wrapped in hot blankets; and every hour through that night he was given a very little warm milk with lime-water in it, fed to him from a spoon.



BILLY AND BIG BROTHER

Big Brother gave Billy the chance to fight for his life, and Billy made a brave fight. Many days passed before it was certain he would live; and after that many months passed before Billy was really strong and well. But at last the Doctor said he was in perfect condition; and by that time Billy was so devoted to Big Brother, and Big Brother so devoted to Billy, that they were inseparable com-

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panions, and there was the most wonderful understanding between them.

I must tell you that Big Brother had just lost his dear Mother, a day or so before he found Billy; so dear little Billy, who needed so much loving care to save him, came to Big Brother just at the very time he was the most needed to help make him feel less lonesome.

When Puppy Billy began to fill out, and his ribs were well covered, and his hair grew out thick and fine, he revealed himself to be a real thoroughbred Pointer dog — he was white with red-brown spots.

Billy's love and gratitude to Big Brother knew no bounds; he was never happy out of his sight, and never voluntarily left him. But he learned to obey perfectly, and when Big Brother would say to him, "Not this time Billy Boy; I am going without you this time," Billy would look heart-broken, but never tried to follow; and after watching Big Brother put on his hat and overcoat and go out of the door, Billy would go up stairs and curl up on Big Brother's bed and stay there until he returned. He did not want to play or run about, but seemed to be listening every minute; and the moment he heard Big Brother's key in the latch he was off the bed and down the stairs, like a streak of lightning, to greet his master.

From the day that Billy came to be one of the family he had a very definite place there. The family consisted of Big Brother, and the old English housekeeper who had kept house for Big Brother and his Mother for several years, and now Billy made the third member, and he was a very important member.

During all of the first year of Billy's life he slept on his master's bed wrapped in a blanket. Then one day a crib was purchased for him which had its own nice little mattress; and it had one side which could be let down. The crib was placed in a corner of Big Brother's bedroom. At bedtime Big Brother would say, "Come, Billy, and get undressed for bed." Billy would then climb up on his Master's lap to have his collar taken off; then he would take the collar in his mouth, jump up on his own little bed and hang it on the bed-post. After that he would take his little stuffed toy-dog, which he played

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with, and place it between the blankets, then he would snuggle down under the blankets himself and go to sleep. Unless his master remembered to put up the side of the crib he would surely find Billy curled up against his back in his own bed when he awoke in the morning. The little fellow would creep into his master's bed so quietly that Big Brother never knew when he came.

The perfect devotion of these two was never marred in any way. Billy learned the most wonderful self-control, and all of his training was through kindness — never once was he punished. His master's displeasure, shown in his face, seemed to be the greatest punishment Billy could have; and he would do everything in the power of a young dog to show a contrite heart, when he was conscious of having done something wrong.

Billy and Big Brother lived together six years, and in another story I shall tell you of the self-control I once saw Billy exhibit, which is only one of many stories about Billy. E. M. S. F.

CAN BIRDS COUNT?



A LARGE number of geese used to be kept on a field near a small market town in England. Every fortnight the farmers and the millers used to meet together to buy and sell grain; and as they handled their samples and talked about prices, much of the grain fell to the ground. Somehow the geese in the nearby field found out about the fallen grain, and, led by the elder geese, they used to march right into the town early in the morning that followed the day of the market, and feast at their leisure.

Some people thought that the birds marked the proper day for the feast by watching the long line of carts that streamed past on market-day; but this was proved not to be the case. One day the usual market was not held — but the geese marched in as they al-

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ways had done, and were much disappointed at having to go home again with empty crops. We wonder how they knew the proper day to go into the town! Did they count off the days in their minds, or had they some inward feeling that reminded them when market-day came round,— just as boys know the time for dinner long before they are old enough to be trusted with watches?

Crows can count up to five. A party of five men once hid in a little hut near a field where some crows were feeding. Presently four of the men walked away, leaving one man still in the hut. The crows, however, were too clever to come down and feed, because they were waiting for the fifth man to leave the hut.

Another time six men entered the hut and went away leaving one behind them. This time the crows flew down close to the hut and began feeding. They thought that all the men had gone away — which seems to prove they cannot count beyond five. UNCLE LEN



THE Owl stands out on the end of the limb,
For the fairies have made a policeman of him;
And this is the reason you never can see
The fairies, although very near they may be.

Whenever you hear the Owl say, "Whoo! Whoo!"
He is telling the fairies to hide from you!
The tiniest leaf may hide one from view,
While the cup of a flower can hold one or two!





Or the beautiful queen just gives the command,
And they vanish away, at the wave of her hand;
And with the first light, they fade far away!
Then the lonely old Owl goes to sleep for all day.

— MARGUERITE CROFUT (Selected)

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FROM THE NORTHLAND

DEAR CHILDREN: Last month I saw a picture of Mr. Montague Tiggs in the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER, and I like him very much. But you have never met Lilla Katten, and so I am going to tell you something about her.



LILLA KATTEN AND I

She does not want to 'look at the little birdie,' now.

In this picture I tried to get her to look straight at the camera so that you could see her face, but she kept on turning away as if she were afraid.

At night after everyone is asleep she goes out through my window and prowls about on the roofs to meet her friends. Sometimes when the moon is bright they all gather there and give a concert. It is not the kind of music you or I would like to listen to, but they seem to enjoy it, because Lilla Katten always comes home purring afterwards.

She is a real Râja-Yoga Pussy; for she has been taught never to chase the birdies or to catch the goldfish by the window, though she sits for hours on the window-sill and watches their gleaming scales through the glass bowl.

You will have to excuse me now. I think it is time for me to go and give her some milk, because she keeps on jumping into my lap and saying *miaou*,— so I know she is very hungry.

Please give Lilla Katten's respects to Dinks and to Mr. Montague Tiggs, and my love to all the Râja-Yoga children. ANNA-LISA

P. S. Lilla Katten says she'll write to the children for Christmas.

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A DOGGIE'S LIFE IS NOT AN EASY ONE, ALWAYS

Master got some soap in my eye, but I don't mind, for he always does his best.

IVAN HAS A BATH

DEAR CHILDREN: I suppose you will notice that I look rather unhappy in my first picture. You could not expect me to look otherwise, for I must confess I dislike being washed very much. But my Râja-Yoga master makes it as easy for me as he can. Perhaps he can remember the time when he . . . Anyway he is very gentle and talks kindly to me in a very encouraging tone during the process. He tells me that folks don't like to see a dusty, dirty dog running about in Lomaland; also that I have a very beautiful coat which is much admired, and that if I wish to keep the regard of my human comrades I must submit to the cleaning process every so often — at least once a week — and allow myself to be kept respectable.

(It is true — now I come to think of it — they do not pay so much attention to me towards the end of the week as they do when I am clean and fresh after my Sunday morning bath!)

My master says if I *must* chase rabbits, why not choose a time towards the end of the week to go after them through the dusty brush instead of Monday afternoon, when I am all clean from my

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bath. He says that I would save *myself* much trouble and *him* much work if I would give up the habit altogether; for then there would be fewer burrs and less fox-tail grass to pull out of my hair. But a dog must have *something* to have fun with, and rabbits are my chief amusement; so I think that is expecting a little too much of me to ask me to give up chasing rabbits.

Just see how clean and nice I look in the next picture. I assure you I feel just as fine as I look after I am all dry and thoroughly brushed. It is really worth the misery of the bath to feel so fresh and clean. After all, Master is very kind to take so much trouble to keep me clean and tidy and respectable. He wouldn't do it if he didn't care for me. Surely I must show him how much I appreciate it by behaving as well as I can while he bathes me, and also try to keep myself clean as long as possible afterwards.

When a dog has a good master he may consider himself very fortunate. There are many poor dogs who do not have kind masters, and then they suffer more than any one knows. Some dogs have no masters and I believe that is quite the worst because a dog needs a



DO LET ME RUN SOME MORE

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master to love and protect and to be loved in return by his master.

Lomaland dogs have good, kind masters (I have observed), and are well cared-for and are all happy. Hurrah for Lomaland dogs, and especially their masters! Ever your friend, IVAN H.

ME

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD



THROUGH many, many summers
I look, as through a glass,
And see a world of showers and flowers,
And laughing children pass,
And in her big blue sun-bonnet
One rosy little lass.

A lass who watched the swallows
Skim just beyond her hand,
And where the flickers fled and sped
And nests of hang-birds fanned,
And felt those birds were fairy-folk
On wing to fairy-land.



In her warm fist she carried,
Trudging o'er hills and dales,
In tiny papers laid, and weighed
As if in fairy scales,
The salt that catches bobolinks
When sprinkled on their tails.



A little lass and wistful,
Who gazed up the blue sky,
And reached for fairy things and wings
In vain, and wondered why —
Poor little lass, I wonder still
Could she be really I?

(Selected from *The Great Procession and Other Verses for and about Children*)

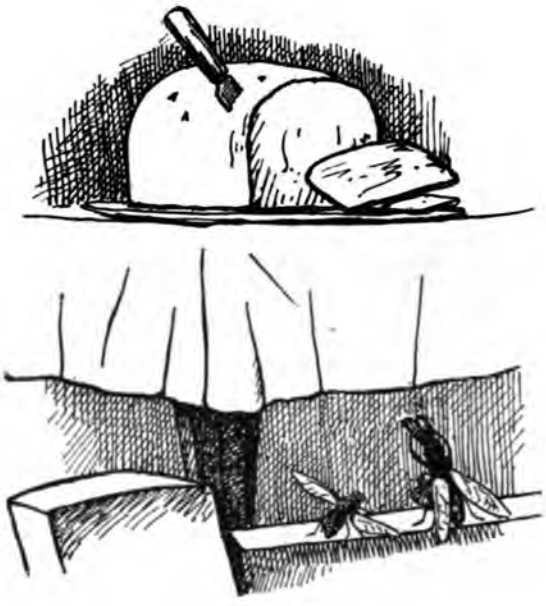
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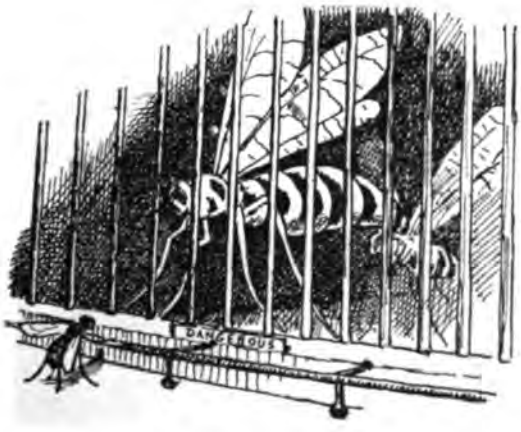
THE FLY

WALTER DE LA MARE

HOW large unto the tiny fly
Must little things appear!—
A rosebud like a feather-bed,
Its prickle like a spear;

A dewdrop like a looking-glass,
A hair like golden wire;
The smallest grain of mustardseed
As fierce as coals of fire;





A loaf of bread, a lofty hill;
A wasp, a cruel leopard;
And specks of salt as bright to see
As lambkins to a shepherd.

— Selected



TIME FOR SUPPER

Interested spectators in a Lomaland farmyard. Boys are not the only ones who can tell mealtimes without a watch, even if they *do* always remember to be patient and not bother their elders about it.

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SHOWING OLDER BROTHER HOW

THE HAPPY BOY

WHAT a lot of jolly things
A Happy Boy can do!
— Like pulling nails, and
fixing springs,
And watching autos, too.

And making shaky benches
sound,
And marking places on the
ground:
I am one — are you?

JULIUS

IMPORTANT!



JUST wait till I get my breath. You see, I have had to hurry and deliver my message before the MESSENGER was sent to you. We Lomaland Animal Friends wish to remind you all that

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

and that we must lose no time in getting ready for it.

We Dogs and Pussies have great plans. Mr. Montague Tiggs says he is going to make his *master the happiest master in Lomaland this Christmas, and he thinks we should all do something to make everyone happy. Brother Hugh thinks this should be very easy for children to do.*

Now there is something finer yet for New Year's, and we Friends are going to tell the children all about that next month. DINKS, Secretary

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he said, "about how Grandpa met your Dad in this pool one day. He was fatter than you, Uncle Toby, and Grandpa thought he was about the finest fellow he'd ever seen. Grandpa told Granny he'd rather look like Mr. Toad than almost anything he knew, so he began to eat more than before and he puffed and swelled himself out till Granny had to make all his suits bigger for him. But he got so fat that he couldn't catch flies or jump properly any more, and all his friends laughed at him; so he thought he'd better get thin again. He stopped eating so much and pretty soon, Granny says, he was the handsomest frog in the pond; and Grandpa says he never felt better in all his life."

Toby laughed and laughed at Freddie's story until he almost rolled into the water; but as soon as he could speak, he said: "There now, Freddy, isn't that what I always said? It's no use trying to be big. Now, I'm a Toad, so of course I'm bigger than you, because you're only a Frog. Never get conceited, my son, or something will surely happen to you.

M. A. B.

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUTH
Conducted by Students of the Râja-Yoga College

Published bi-monthly, under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as second class matter, December 27, 1904, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California
Copyright 1922, by Katherine Tingley
SUBSCRIPTION (Six issues): $1.00 *Foreign postage:* 20c *Canadian:* 10c.

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GREETING!

LISTEN to the Salutation of the Dawn!

Look to this Day, for it is Life, the very Life of Life.

In its brief course lie all the possibilities and realities of your existence:

The Bliss of Growth ---

The Glory of Action ---

The Splendor of Beauty.

For yesterday is already a dream and tomorrow is only a vision; but today well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of hope.

Look well therefore to this Day! Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

From the Sanskrit

Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVIII, NO. 1 JANUARY 1922

Not for success alone,
Not to fair-sail uninterrupted always;
The storm shall dash thy face, the foam shall cover thee over;
But thou shalt face thy fortunes and surmount them all.— WALT WHITMAN

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL THE LITTLE CHILDREN IN THE WORLD! TO ALL THE BIG CHILDREN, TO ALL THE GROWN FOLK AND THE ELDERS — TO EACH AND ALL A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

THIS is the wish of all your friends of the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER. It is a deep, sincere and abiding wish, and they mean to help on its fulfilment just as far as they can by loading down their Messenger with a great joyous burden of good cheer, of optimism, of the will to win and serve, to last through January, February, March, April, and on through all the months until Christmas 1922 comes around, and their Messenger finds itself with still some good cheer left over in a world brighter, happier and better than any previous Christmas has found it.

The message of this Christmas, more perhaps than any previous one, is that of Peace on Earth, Good-will toward men. PEACE ON EARTH! — how the world needs it; how the world looks forward to it; how the world longs for it! Why then, has it not yet got it? Perhaps it is because only what we call 'the world' is looking and longing for it, and each individual which makes up 'the world' is talking and thinking of 'the world' as everybody *else* and expecting everybody *else* to do the kind of work necessary to bring about the desired result. That I fear is what a great many of us do in a great many things.

Suppose, then, we make this what the advertisements in the stores and on the street-cars would call a 'different' Christmas? Suppose we imagine, each one of us, that there is only one person in the world who has it in his power to change the world, to end all war and sorrow and bring the reign of PEACE and GOODWILL, and that that person is *ourself*. Believing this to be the case, we should certainly feel a terrible responsibility when we found what

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a lot of undesirable things we have allowed to grow up in the world and what terrible consequences must come to us if we allow our world to go on in this way.

We shall realize that there is a tremendous lot to do and that the hours, minutes and seconds are immensely precious — no time for us to complain, no time to criticize. Why, of course not; for grumbling, criticism and gossip are some of the things we have brought into the world to help make it the sad and unhappy place it is; these are some of our heaviest responsibilities.

"As is the seed-time, so is the harvest." — What a magnificent seed-time we can make this Christmas for the approaching New Year! Think of it: Christmas Day, the happiest and most blessed in the year; the one day when all hearts are more ready to receive kindly and helpful impulses, to beat in harmony and sympathy with others. Certainly there is no end to the splendid seed we can sow in our own lives and in the lives of all about us. Never mind what Santa Claus is going to bring ME; I am not going to let the first ray of the Christmas sun peep over the mountain and light up the old giant's eye — as it does every year here in Lomaland — before I have begun scattering my Christmas sowing right and left, that in every heart the New Year dawn shall find some fresh fair harvest springing up for the benefit of all mankind.

Speaking of Santa Claus: do you know, I heard the other day some little people discussing as to whether there really *is* such a person as Santa Claus! *Whether there really is!* Well, I never doubted his reality, and I never shall; but perhaps if the heart-fires of the world grow cold and children doubt the existence of their dear old friend, he may find it harder and harder to stay in our midst each year. For where Santa is concerned, it is useless to leave the doors and windows open if the heart is shut up.

And so one of the seeds you and I must plant this Christmas is that of TRUST — Trust in the great, pure, beautiful things of life; Trust in our own hearts and consciences, and Trust in the strength of our own Warrior Self. There are many other seeds we shall be planting; and because we are planting them ourselves, and because the garden we have chosen is our own hearts, we may be sure that the PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD-WILL TOWARD MEN that we said 'the world' is longing for, is already here and growing daily stronger, deeper and more far-reaching. This is the Christos Spirit. With this in our hearts each one of us becomes the Spirit of Christmas; and as we look into the eyes of our friends, before we have had time to speak, they will be hearing like an undertone of glorious music those old sweet words made potent and living:

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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RING OUT, WILD BELLS!



RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true. . . .

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spile;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

— TENNYSON

THE SPIRIT OF GIVING

A WISE MAN once said: "It is not what is done, but the spirit in which the least thing is done that counts." Change two words and we have another wise saying: "*It is not what is given, but the spirit in which the least thing is given that counts*"; and there is yet another one: "*For the gift without the giver is bare.*" These two little quotations carry with them a world of meaning.

There must be moments in our lives when the color of a whole day was changed because a smile was given or a sweet word spoken. Was it the smile or the words that we cherished? — those were fled in a moment. No, it was the spirit of the giver shedding sunlight in our hearts that gladdened us. The gift of a flower from a tiny child sometimes brings tears to the eyes of grown men. Is it only the fragrance of the blossom? Or isn't it rather the sweetness of a generous little heart that touched a chord of sympathy?

All these expressions of love and good-will help to make the wheels of life turn more easily. For there is not an act in our lives that does not help to

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fashion the life of another. And how much better it is that we should help to make happiness and harmony around us, than to disintegrate and make unhappiness! Everyone, under any conditions whatever, can, if he will, do good to others and in some way be a helpful influence.

Let us take the workers in some great cause. It isn't those who donate the largest sums of money, while remaining indifferent and inactive, who help the most; it isn't even those who work perhaps steadily day after day, but without enthusiasm and the love of the cause at heart, that are the strong pillars and supporters; but it is those who give their all — their thought, their hopes, their energy and enthusiasm, and their trust.

Perhaps as an example we could take the teachers in the Râja-Yoga College. They receive no material remuneration, yet day after day, and year after year, they give their time and attention to the bringing up of children: watching them grow, and protecting them as the gardener cares for his choicest flowers. Surely we realize it is the beautiful and unselfish spirit of these guides and teachers, that does half the work.

"Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood means," is taught to the children; not merely the words, but the daily application of them. What a different spirit from that which reigns in the world today! If we took away the feeling of competition and selfishness from our modern 'civilization,' its foundations would crumble and fall away.

Yet how different is all this when we turn to Nature. Let us take the life of a little seed. It is planted in the ground; then the sunlight and air, earth and water give it nourishment till it becomes a little green leaf. This grows and grows by the help of these forces. It becomes a stalk and sends out more leaves. Soon a bud appears, drawing its colors from the sunlight, and little by little it unfolds into a lovely blossom.

Next the bee comes to gather honey, and flying away helps to carry the pollen from one flower to another. When it is full-grown, it either turns to seed, or the leaves drop and help to fertilize the ground, or it is plucked and carried away to make a spot of beauty in some home — every little part helping to make the great whole. What a splendid thing it would be if we lived our lives in this way, and everywhere the children would grow up like the flowers, learning to live for others!

At Christmas-time perhaps, we see more expression of true good-will and comradeship than at any other. Everyone, young and old, is busy trying to make a happy time for others, making gifts, planning surprises, etc. And what would those gifts be if they were only cold material things with no loving thoughts behind them?

Let this Christmas be a new one, whence we shall carry the Christmas Spirit of Giving in our hearts through the whole of the coming year, so that next Christmas will see a glorious flowering of the Brotherhood Spirit. F. E.

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to contain twice as much potash and five times as much phosphoric acid as the tree itself; and from the oak it takes to itself that tree's astringent quality. It is spoken of as hanging in abundance from trees in certain parts of Australia. One writer says of it:

"Depending from some of the larger gum trees were the most enormous mistletoes I ever saw. One or two of the clusters of this parasite were so uniform in shape as to look like a huge chandelier of bronze, for that was their color, hanging plumb down from some slender twig."

Dickens tells us that "the playful customs beneath the misteltoe-bough are of great antiquity in our land, having originated when the plant was dedicated to Friga, the Venus of the Saxons."



The HOLLY seems likewise always to have been a bush of good omen, Pliny vouching for it in the words:

"As touching the holly, or hulver-tree, if it be planted about a house, whether it be within a citie or standing in the country it serveth for a counter-charm, and keepeth away all ill spells and enchantments."

And among its wonderful properties the Roman naturalist tells us that its flower will cause water to freeze, that it will repel poison, and a hollywood staff thrown at any animal will subdue it by its influence, even though it fail to touch him. The Persians, Dickens tells us, hold that the holly-tree casts no shadow, and apply an infusion of its leaves to many sacred purposes, also sprinkling it on the faces of new-born infants.

The English name 'holme,' or 'hulver' — changed by the monks to holly (from holy tree) — is known to the French as *le houx*, among the Germans as *Slechpalme*, with the Italians as *agrifoglio* and in Spain as *acebo*. The two last names, like the Latin *aquifolium*, mean 'needle-leaved.'

In Great Britain the hardy holly is used extensively for hedges, two of the most famous being Evelyn's holly-hedge at Say's Court, and that of the Earl of Haddington in Scotland. The former was destroyed by the Czar of Russia during his temporary residence there; the latter, still in existence in Dickens' time, was a hundred and thirty years old and measured two thousand nine hundred and fifty-two yards in length, from ten to twenty-five feet in height, with a base from nine to thirteen feet broad. The writer tells us that many a hardy holly scattered over the bleak English moorlands and hills where no human hand could have planted it serves as a beacon to the mariner at sea or the traveler over the pathless wilds.

Quaint reference to holly sticks used as whip-handles is found in Chaucer where he says:

"*The bilder oke, and eke the hardie ashe,*
The box, pipetre, the holme to whippes lash." M.M.

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THE INTERNATIONAL LOTUS HOME, DECEMBER 1901

Photo taken from the balcony of the Râja-Yoga Academy building, some eighteen months after the inauguration of the Râja-Yoga School.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE INTERNATIONAL LOTUS HOME, DECEMBER 1921

This photo, taken from the same spot as the above, shows little that can be identified except the flagpoles on the Lotus Home and School of Antiquity Grounds. The trees and shrubs were planted largely by forestry students of the Râja-Yoga School.

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THEN AND NOW



WENTY-TWO years ago, in May, the pioneer Râja-Yoga School was opened by Mme. Katherine Tingley, on Point Loma, near the city of San Diego, California. The city at that time was a good-sized town, near the Mexican border, little known or heard-of in other parts of America — with which communication by rail and steamer was not too frequent.

Point Loma itself was still more isolated. La Playa — an antiquated village of Portuguese fishermen — and one or two other scattered groups of houses were the only settlements. The Râja-Yoga Academy was the first structure of any kind that could be called a 'building.' It was reached by a two-hour ride by stage from the city, through adobe-built Old Town, across the tide-flats by a road which was partly submerged at high water, and finally up through canyons to the International Theosophical Headquarters. The roadway, moreover, was one which owed its existence to the passing wagon traffic rather than to the efforts of highway engineers.

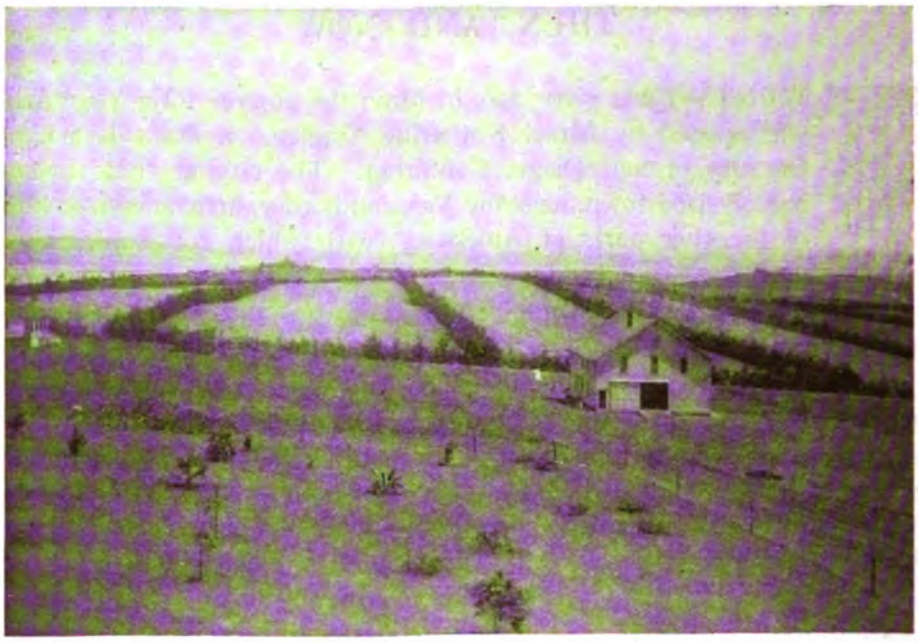
An English gentleman, now a teacher at the Râja-Yoga College, relates how on first landing in San Diego a stranger, he had difficulty in finding someone who knew the way out to Point Loma, or how to get there. He finally betook himself to the wharves, and seeing the Point some four miles off across the bay, "chartered a rowboat," and reached his destination after protracted voyaging, followed by an uncertain 'trekk' through the cactus and mesquite to the Homestead grounds.

The cactus and mesquite, sage and *manzanila*, were then the only flora, and the clearing of this underbrush left the hills bare and brown, against which the white of the buildings was visible for a hundred or more miles' distance. First there were only tents, and one or two wooden frame-buildings. Group Home No. 1 — a wood-and-canvas bungalow — housed the first five pupils with which the School was begun: a small beginning, but one which was destined to grow rapidly, as did the number of homes for the children coming from many parts of the world. Other group-homes were soon added on the 'Lotus Home' grounds, and the bungalows were made more permanent in construction. Roads were built, the paths paved, the grounds forested with ornamental trees and shrubbery, more children constantly arrived . . . and so it grew.

In 1904 the Râja-Yoga School was expanded into the Râja-Yoga Academy, which in turn became a department of the Râja-Yoga College in 1913. In December 1919 the Râja-Yoga system of education was further enlarged through the incorporation of the Theosophical University.

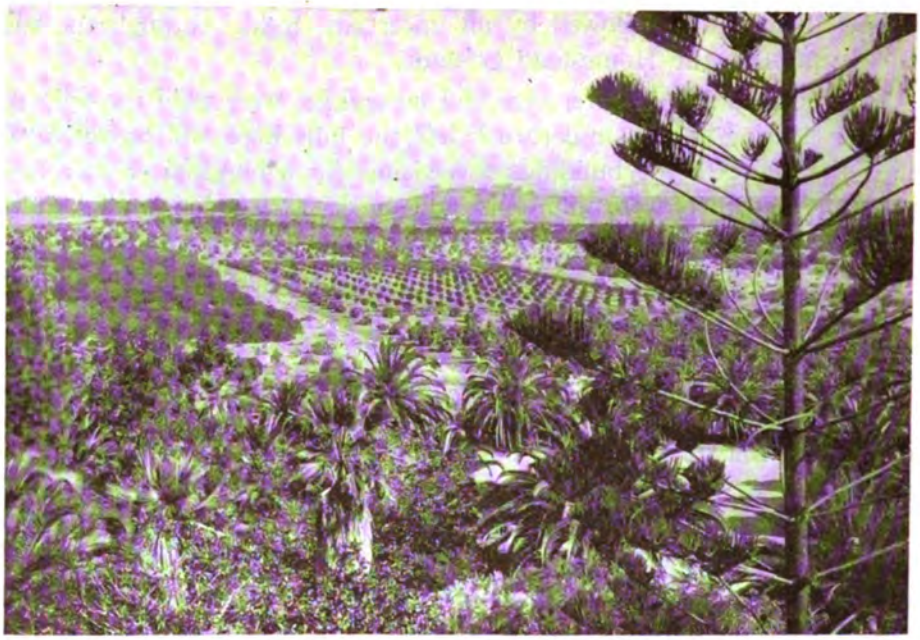
Today the grounds of the Râja-Yoga College, known throughout the world as the center of the Râja-Yoga system of education, are seen by thousands from every corner of the earth. Reached by electric line, by boat, or by

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LOOKING NORTH FROM THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY, 1900

Showing the beginnings of the Academy Gardens. Two small fan-palms in the middle foreground can be identified in the lower picture; the stable and cypress hedges beyond disappeared many years since.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE SAME VIEW IN DECEMBER, 1921

In the middle distance the upper end of the palm avenue leading to the Roman Gate; further away young groves of orange and *aguacate* trees, which form the northern end of a series of orchards upwards of three-quarters of a mile long. Beyond these are large numbers of ornamental trees recently set out.

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automobile over boulevards famous for their scenic beauty, the College forms one of the most visited and most admired spots in this part of the country. Its lovely grounds, groves and gardens, its dignified buildings, equipped with every modern convenience, form a fitting outward monument to the constancy, determination and persistence in high ideals which have filled its pioneer workers throughout the years. ONE OF THE FIRST FIVE



ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

Some of the Lomaland carolers on their rounds, visiting all parts of the neighborhood adjoining the College. The Lomaland family are awakened by their spirited efforts in the early morning. In the afternoon the men in the city and county prisons are remembered, and cheered with songs and Christmas goodies.

LOMALAND CHRISTMAS SINGERS

IT does not snow in Lomaland, but a crisp morning that covers roofs with frost and freezes pools is not usually lacking on Christmas day; and what with the tingle in the air and the overflow of spirits and merry-making and fun, there is little needed as an incentive for the Yuletide Singers. Costumes — you will say! True, the Costuming Department is busy enough at this season; but time is not lacking to furnish forth a general heap of miscellaneous oddities in the shape of jerkins, scarfs, cloaks, sashes, tablecloths, and suchlike array, nor any great difficulty on the part of the Singers to seize upon and invest themselves with the dignities of red, green, orange, blue, white, yellow, brown, in checks, stripes and streaks — and surely with strange variety!

And then to set out over Lomaland byways — but first, the bugles. No

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mere 'Reveille' *this* morning: this is Christmas Day; there is expectant gladness in the air, and a fulness of joy that needs some fuller expression: so, before the Singers start at five-thirty, a quartet of trumpeters sound the accustomed Christmas calls. Only those who have heard those bugle-calls, in the early, star-lit dawn — still two hours before sunrise — when the very air is pregnant with the glad associations and the deeper meaning of Christmas-tide, can realize the beauty of their effect. And so the Singers set out.

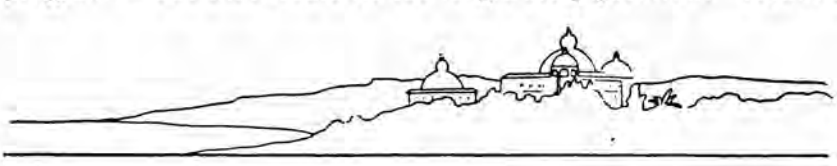
Lomaland byways are many, and it is dark; but the Singers sally forth, and soon are spreading music and merriment through the confines of Lomaland: stealing up under windows, gathering quietly in gardens, or before the doors; tramping through groves and fields to a jingling tune — first to Camp Lookout, on the bluff, then to the Pavilion, for the old folk, then to the East Bungalows, the South Cottages, Sunnyside, the Ranch, Camp Karnak, and so through the whole of the little realm. Nor are the workers in the Homestead kitchen forgotten: their busy Christmas morning is intruded upon, while the pans and kettles rattle to the rousing refrain of *Hunting Chorus* or the *Singers' Banner;* and encores are given too, on payment of some fitting dole to unbreakfasted revelers who have wandered and sung in the brisk air since early dawn!

Then to the dining-rooms, already decked with green wreaths and garlands, where the comrades are at breakfast; and there, on this happiest day, memories of home are recalled to many a worker serving here among comrades from far-off countries: memories of France and Spain, in quaint songs of *Noël* and *La Natividad*

"Quando el amor de todos los hombres, y la fralernidad,
Entran en todos los corazones de la humanidad";

— in *julsånger* from Sweden, and a carol from England: not to forget *Good King Wenceslas.* Nor is Germany forgotten: there will be *Stille Nacht;* and *Kerstnacht, schooner dan de daegen,* from Holland; and *Jingle Bells,* and some other old home tune from 'Down East.'

Finally, after many a shout of "Merry Christmas," "*Fröhliche Weihnachten,*" "*God Jul*" — and all the rest, and many a jest and much fun-making, the Singers leave, and go to their own well-earned breakfast. After that is over, there is the hard-pressed Lomaland mail-service which claims the Christmas Singers for an hour or more, while gifts and greetings and Christmas cheer are spread around Lomaland in all quarters; and then to the rest of the day's program — but that would be too long a story just now. ROBIN HOOD



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THERE is no season in all the year half so full of good cheer and kindliness as Christmastide. Christmas, when children the world over wait for the coming of Santa Claus, *Sinter Klaas*, *Der Weihnachtsmann*, Kristine, or whatever may be the name of the kind old elf who never fails to make his rounds, laden with presents — Christmas, when so many hearts, in every land, are filled with the joy of bringing happiness to others! All over the world Christmas is a time of rejoicing, but in every land some special tradition or custom hovers about it.

Come — in these times of wonderful inventions shall we not order a magic airship and take a little trip around the world? We will stop to peep into the happy homes of many countries to watch them celebrating Christmas in their own particular way.

Our first halt shall be at ENGLAND, for she is our nearest neighbor. For days before Christmas the young folk have been gathering holly from the woodland with which to decorate the house. Bright with its scarlet berries it cheers the dark oaken hall and graces the frosty windows; whilst over the doorways and stairways hang clusters of mistletoe to catch the unwary!



What an old, old custom it is — kissing under the mistletoe — and do you know, it came from our Norseland ancestors. They held the mistletoe sacred to the God Thor, and built their huge Yule-fires of the oak-trees upon which it grew. When enemies met beneath these sacred trees they would throw down their arms as a tribute to the God, and embrace beneath the mistletoe; nor would they take up their arms again until another sun had risen.

Thus men began to hang clusters of mistletoe over their doorways, that none might enter there but they must straightway become friends of the household. And so they hang it up yet — and the maidens are sometimes caught and kissed — for all are the best of friends under the mistletoe.

And then on Christmas morning there are the bright, cheery voices of the

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carolers. Under the porch they stand, chafing their red, chapped hands and stamping their tingling feet.

"*Good King Wenceslas looked out on the feast of Stephen*"— rings out in high, clear tones; and rosy children, beaming with smiles, wait eagerly for the great doors to swing open, that their song may break off in a lusty shout, "Merry Christmas!" "Come in, come in all, and warm yourselves at the fire!" the good master calls, and one and all they scramble and clatter across the



Harper's, 1884

IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY: BRINGING IN THE YULE-LOG

It burned throughout the Christmas season, and a piece of it was always saved with which to kindle the next year's Yuletide fire.

hall, while the mistress of the house distributes ruddy apples and brightly burnished pennies.

Then there is the hearty Christmas dinner, and the tables groan under their heavy load. There is a quaint tale about the roast-beef of Old England, and how it came to be the Christmas dish. It is said that once, when Charles the Second returned from the hunt, it so delighted his palate that, in the words of the old rhyme:

"Quoth Charles, 'Od's fish! A noble dish!
Aye, noble made by me!
By kingly right I dub thee knight,
Sir Loin henceforward be."

At the end of the meal the room is suddenly plunged in darkness, and, as if by magic, a great plum-pudding with a sprig of bright holly stuck in it

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is borne in, surrounded by a sea of blue flames, that lick upwards greedily, as if to devour the pudding.

The evening of Christmas day is spent in roasting chestnuts and playing 'Snapdragon'; and the real English Christmas never ends without a good old dance: Sir Roger de Coverly, generally. Everyone joins; and Grandfather with his courtly bow leads Grandmother at the head of the procession.

Christmas in GERMANY is a season of great festivity too, but the chief celebration in the Fatherland is on Christmas Eve, when the *Lieber Weihnachtsmann* calls at every house to find out if the children have been good all through the year. Each little one has learned some poem or song for the kind old man, and when he stands before the magic tree, lighted with its hundred candles, and sparkling with its silver stars and tinsel, there is indeed a moment of intense excitement for many a childish heart. As soon as they have told him of their good behavior he begins the long task of unloading his bulging bag, and with the greatest care fulfils for each the dearest wish of his heart.



The window-curtains are never drawn on Christmas Eve; so that people on the street may look in at the family rejoicings in each home, and so perhaps by reflection have their Christmas made brighter and happier.

Long weeks before the *Weihnachtsfest* every housewife of the Fatherland has been baking honey-cakes and little gilded ginger-nuts that hang upon the tree. Generally the little girls are allowed to have a finger in this pie too, and perhaps that is why some of the quaint cookies, in the shape of chickens, stars and beasts, have turned out so queerly.

In SCANDINAVIA it is a time-honored tradition, well in keeping with the cleanly Northerners, that each member of the family must bathe on Christmas Eve. All the shoes of the household are placed in a row on the hearth; for this is supposed to insure the peace and harmony of all throughout the coming year. Then they place a lighted candle in the window of each house, that the good *Julbocken* may not stumble in the snow as he makes his rounds with his load of gifts. Little children in Norway and Sweden place a great bowl of rice-porridge, or *risgrynsgröt*, on the doorstep for the good house-elf, or *lomle;* and you must be sure there is a spoon in it too, for how else could he eat it, I wonder? And then it is cold in the Northland, and there are none too many crumbs for the sparrows — so we must remember them at Yuletide, and give them a Christmas dinner; so before each house you will see, hoisted upon a pole, a sheaf of wheat for the birds, chirping and twittering around it.



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From Christmas until New Year, and even until Twelfth Night, on January Sixth, the Yuletide spirit fills the land, for in the northland Yule is the greatest and dearest festival of the year. Jails are flung open and the courts are closed, while family feuds are forgotten and all old quarrels re-adjusted. There are even town-criers that go through the streets proclaiming that any who may violate the Yuletide peace shall be doubly punished.

Christmas day in the far North is mostly spent out of doors, in skating, sleighing and ski-ing over the deep white snow.

In AUSTRIA Christmas is spent much in the same way as it is in Germany, for every house is made gay with its brilliantly lighted tree, and burning candles are placed in the windows to guide the Christ-child upon his way.

In Southern FRANCE the Yule-log — called there the *Bûche de Noël* is lighted on Christmas Eve and burns all through the next day, while around its cheery blaze the family gathers to sing the old 'Noël' songs, which are much like our own carols.

In Nice we come upon an almost international Christmas, for customs from every land have been brought there by travelers. Amongst the summer sunshine and flowers on the shores of the blue Mediterranean, fir-trees from the Northland and Mistletoe from Britain bring a sweet flavor of home to many a homesick traveler.

In RUSSIA the festive season known as the *Svyatki* is accompanied by many a custom of very ancient origin, and by many a merry jest. Though sternly condemned by the Russian Church, the Christmas Mummers, in strange disguises of goats and bears, and of Lazarus, play their weird comedies before enthralled audiences, while in all the little villages, in defiance of the decrees of the Church, the return of 'Kolyada,' the sun-god, who causes the days to lengthen, is hailed with songs and rejoicings.

In sunny southern SPAIN a nosegay of Heliotrope and bright pink Geraniums takes the place of the Holly and Mistletoe of other lands, while in the balmy open air, sweetmeat vendors and stall-keepers display their tempting wares of almond rock and pretty candied fruits.

Before *La Noche Buena* the civil and military authorities enter the prisons and liberate on the spot all who have been sentenced for light offenses. And so in old-world Spain, even the prisoner's cell is lighted by a ray of hope on this, the gladdest day of all the year.



La Noche Buena is particularly a family feast, and only the blood-relations of the host and hostess gather around the festive board that night. 'Friends' there are none — for "*no es costumbre*," and what "is not the custom" in Spain is "never done," you see! There is an old Spanish song:

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"The night is the Good Night,
And therefore no night of Rest!"

— and so indeed everyone thinks; for, to the gay music of the *panderita* or tambourine, dancing and singing make lively the night.

The fine old custom of hanging up Christmas stockings has come to us from BELGIUM, it is said, but there is a curious legend about Saint Nicholas which shows us the age of this tradition. It is said that in about the year 300, when he was bishop of Myrna, he tried once to bestow a gift upon an old nobleman who was very poor, and whose daughter was about to be married. The old man had no dowry to give her, but he was too proud to accept a gift; so the generous Saint Nicholas is said to have climbed upon the roof of his house, and dropped it down the chimney, whence by chance, it dropped into a stocking that was hung before the fire. And the old legend goes on to say that from that day forth he never failed to fill with gifts and surprise-packages, all the children's stockings that were hung up for him.

It seems rather strange to us that Christmas in AUSTRALIA should be a summer festival — but of course to those who live in the antipodes the winter solstice is their midsummer. So Christmas customs in that far-off land cannot be quite the same as in the little Mother-island they call 'Home.' No crackling Yule-log is needed to warm the merry-makers when the thermometer registers 90° in the shade; and though of course it is all wrong, peaches and apricots insist on ripening at this extraordinary time of the year. And you may sit beneath a tree laden with apple-blossoms to eat your mince-pies; for Christmas parties are quite in style in that strange land of opposites — or, as the children call it — the land of 'upside-down.'

In the old days of CALIFORNIA the season of *La Natividad* was a great occasion for festivities, and many of the wealthy Spanish-Californian rancheros used to come with their families to join the townspeople in their celebrations. Some of the boys of 'La Santa Ciudad de los Ángeles' used to climb upon the roofs of the houses to watch this gay cavalcade come in. The clumsy *carrela*, drawn by oxen, could be heard long before it was seen, by reason of the groaning and creaking of its wooden wheels. At this special season it was generally canopied over with a brocaded silk bed-spread, while the ranchero himself, gorgeous in his picturesque costume, and with silver and gold trappings, rode alongside on his horse. Sometimes a number of these carretas and caballeros fell in together upon the road, and so a mighty procession would enter the city.

In the open hospitality of these early times lies perhaps their greatest charm — for all kept open house at Christmastide; and there was no end to the overwhelming generosity of the host to his guests. Christmas day was

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one of feasting, dancing and rejoicings of all kinds, while the eight or ten days following were still holidays and were, accordingly, filled with all manner of merry-making.

And now that we have been around the world and seen how the Christmas-spirit pervades all lands and draws men closer together in that glorious prophesy, 'Peace on earth, goodwill towards men,' let us return to LOMA-LAND, and under the great lighted dome of the Rotunda, enter into a Râja-Yoga celebration.

Here Santa Claus comes last of all, for in Lomaland, he says, he always feels like making a long stay. As he looks around upon the smiling faces of young and old he knows that the Joy of Christmas can never fade from their hearts, because the Christos-Spirit is with them throughout the year. Santa knows well that here are trusty helpers, who with their magic keys, Universal Brotherhood and Râja-Yoga, are bringing hope and peace and joy to thousands of children and grown-ups all over the world. M. A. B.



Good night! --- And a Merry Christmas to All!

GOOD WISHES TO FRIENDS AND COMRADES IN ALL LANDS

THE many nationalities represented at the Râja-Yoga College, among the pupils, teachers and other workers, and the world-wide circulation of the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER, which goes to some twenty-four separate countries and their colonial dependencies, give rise to a constant communication between our Institution and friends in many lands. The visitors and guests from foreign countries who are entertained at the International Theosophical Headquarters, and the numerous groups of tourists and other bodies which visit the grounds every year, form far-reaching links of interest and friendship.

In cordial remembrance of the many friends and comrades, far and near, whom we have helped entertain at our College, or whom we have known in correspondence, and for the interest of our subscribers, we take the liberty

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to publish here some of the greetings and other expressions we have received during the past year. The following are but a few; but they will serve to remind us all of the true message of Christmas-time, and encourage us, with the coming New Year, to cherish more closely, and live more truly in the spirit of, that ideal of human relations which will one day bring PEACE ON EARTH; GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN. — *Râja-Yoga Messenger Staff*



PUPILS OF THE LONDON LOTUS GROUPS, WITH PARENTS TEACHERS AND FRIENDS, ON AN OUTING TO RICHMOND PARK, LONDON, JULY 6, 1921

FROM AN ENGLISH COMRADE

"A NATION'S heart beats strongest when its life-blood throbs responsive to the call of Universal Brotherhood." *Lomaland, December 1921*

GREETING FROM IRELAND

BLIA*D*AIN nua*d* sog*m*ar *d*uit!
Go rai*d* sonas a's séan ar do croi*d*e!
Go ra*d*airse *c*óm há*t*asac gealgáirdea*c*
Le glóire an re *g*lór*m*air sin féin!

All kindly New Year wishes!
May your hearts be light and gay,
In tune with all the brightness
Of the glad and glorious day!

FROM FRANCE

TOUT ce qui multiplie les nœuds qui attachent l'homme à l'homme, le rend meilleur et plus heureux.

EVERYTHING that multiplies the ties which bind man to his fellows, makes him better and happier. *Lomaland, December 1921*

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GREETING FROM HOLLAND

EEN nieuw jaar is op komst; nieuwe ervaringen; nieuwe zwakheden waartegen manmoedig zal worden gevochten en kans op nieuwe overwinningen. De Ziel is een geboren Krijger. "Ende desespereert niet!"



MEMBERS OF THE BOY'S BROTHERHOOD CLUB OF UTRECHT, HOLLAND

Founded by Mme. Katherine Tingley.

A NEW YEAR is coming; new experiences, new weaknesses to be overcome in a manly fight, and new chances for victory. The soul is a born Warrior — Courage!

FROM NORWAY

TROR du paa mennesket? Tror du der er saa meget stof i det av det guddommelige, at det er vaerdt en kamp, en hjaelp, et offer? — Foragt icke ett enkelt menneske. Det er skapt av det samme stof som menneskeheten. Den uendelige verden avspeiles i den lille. Du, som vilde faa alle med, alle med paa vei mot den store daemring — hjaelp ham der.— *Johan Bojer*

HAVE you faith in man? Do you believe there is so much of the divine in him as to be worthy a struggle, worthy of help and of sacrifice? Despise no single human being. Each is of the same nature as humanity, the infinite world being mirrored in its smallest part. You who would lead all with you towards the great dawn — first help the individual.— *Johan Bojer*

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GOOD WISHES FROM FRIENDS AND COMRADES

GREETING FROM SWEDEN

MÅ det bästa och finaste från Sverige gå ut till all jordens folk. Allt det som de stora skogarne susa, de glittrande sjöarne och floderna sjunga, det varje liten blomma doftar: "Saligare är att giva än taga."

SWEDEN offers her best and finest to all the world. The whisper of her great forests, the music of her sparkling lakes and rivers, the fragrance of each tiniest flower — all breathe forth this message: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."



MISSES MERCEDES AND EMILIA DE MOYA, OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA

Former Râja-Yoga students, and enthusiastic supporters of Mme. Tingley's work in Cuba.

FROM FRIENDS IN LATIN AMERICA

DEBÉIS abrir los ojos a la magnificencia de la mañana, por decirlo así; ir en busca de la verdad; comenzar a escalar las montañas de la Luz; y mediante la propia conquista y la perseverancia en la investigación de la Verdad, llegaréis a las cumbres.

— *Katherine Tingley*

YOU must awake to the glory of the morning, so to speak; search for the truth; begin to climb the mountains of Light; and by self-conquest and perseverance in search of Truth, you shall reach the heights. — *Katherine Tingley*

GREETING FROM GERMANY

IHR Kinder der Welt! Euch allen wünschen auch Eure deutschen Freunde, durch den *Râja-Yoga Messenger*, dem internationalen Botschafter der Jugend, ein fröhliches Weihnachtsfest und ein recht glückliches Neujahr!

Children of the World! Your German friends also send you all their Wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a most Happy New Year, through that International Robin Good-Fellow, the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER!

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GREETING FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA

ČESKOSLOVENSKO posílá pozdrav všem dítkám světa ve svých písních, které jeho statní synové při sloužení své vlasti zanesli do všech končin světa, též i do našeho drahého 'Lomalandu.' Československé poselství pro nový rok jest vyjádřeno jedním z jeho prvních učitelů — Komenským, který zhotovil první obrázkovou knihu pro děti: "Ach, dítky, pamatujte, k čemu jste povoláni a na jakou cestu navedeni!" Všem radostný a nadějný Nový Rok!



"SEVENTY-ONE YEARS YOUNG" — MR. H. T. PATTERSON OF LOMALAND

Active manager of the Theosophical Publishing Company, and one of the pioneer workers on Point Loma.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA sends greetings to all the children of the world in its message of songs, which its stalwart sons, in serving their motherland, carried to all the corners of the world — even to our own dear Lomaland. Its message for the New Year is expressed by one of its earliest educators — Komenský, who made the first children's picture-book: "O children all! remember what your duties are and the path you have been shown." To all a glad and hopeful New Year! *Lomaland, December 1921*

GREETING FROM WALES

DYMA'R neges calon Cymru
At y flwyddyn newydd-eni:
"Bydded dangnef dan d'adenydd,
Yn dy galon deg, oleuni!"

Here is the message of the heart of Wales
To the new-born year:
"Be divine peace beneath thy wings,
And in thy fair heart, the light!"

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climbing to 31,000 feet, writes from Paris in regard to some of his experiences at these high altitudes:

At 16,500 feet he began inhaling small quantities of oxygen, which he constantly increased as he rose. After flying one hour and fifteen minutes, with the altimeter showing 23,000 ft., Mr. Kirsch experienced his first trouble.

"Turning my head from right to left" he says, "to peer around the windshield which had become frosted, what was my horror to perceive that I could not turn it back to place again. The muscles refused to function. For the moment I was terrified. Instinctively I opened the oxygen bottle and breathed a very strong dose. I felt better immediately and could turn my head around to the natural position.

"After this I mounted more slowly. I was surrounded by a sort of halo and felt as if I were approaching the sun. Oh, how cold it was! — and this in spite of everything which had been done to make me impervious to the frost of the higher heavens. The thermometer registered sixty-seven degrees below zero. In spite of this I decided to climb still higher. At slightly over 31,000 feet the last drop of gasoline was exhausted and the motor stopped dead. I descended in dizzy spirals to a height of 26,000 feet, then volplaned slowly."

Mr. Kirsch succeeded in making a landing in a field at Champaubert, having descended from a record altitude of 31,000 feet in twenty minutes. He tells us that changing from the rare atmosphere of that great height to that of the earth caused his ear-drums to feel as though they were bursting, while a general sense of depression took hold of him after the exaltation of the upper atmospheres.

The result of his years of experience, says Mr. Kirsch, is to convince him that passenger flying is as safe in an aeroplane today, if not safer, than voyaging by océan on a palatial liner.

Good Roads in the Sky

One of the United States government meteorologists, C. Le Roy Meisinger, points out that in order "to keep the eagle in the air," confidence in the Air Service must be established and maintained. This, he declares, can only be done by taking every possible means of reducing accidents and by increasing the safety of fliers. In his opinion one of the most important means of attaining increased safety is a scientific study of air conditions. This has been realized in Europe, where special departments of aeronautical meteorology have been established.

As a result of what small study has been made of this question some

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* This record is lately reported to have been broken by Captain John A. MacReady, an American flyer, who attained a height of 40,000 feet.

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interesting facts have been established. At one kilometer altitude planes can travel from New York to Omaha with what is known as a 'still-air' speed of 100 miles an hour in about three hours and forty minute's less time than similar planes flying at three kilometers. The two-hundred-mile flight from New York to Washington can be made — it has been found — in two hours and forty-eight minutes at one kilometer, and in three hours at three kilometers. On the return trip, however, the altitude seems to make little difference in this case. Again, from Chicago to St. Louis a one kilometer flight would cover the ground — or rather the air — twenty-eight minutes sooner than the same flight at two kilometers, while on the return three kilometers is considered to be the best altitude.

All of these data seem to be dependent upon certain fairly constant air-currents traveling in certain directions at certain altitudes. The discriminating aeronaut, is on the lookout to avoid bad currents, as the wise and well-versed chauffeur is steering clear of ugly grades. In time, with the air-mail universally established, we may be advised to add a footnote to the corner of our special-delivery envelopes: "*Via 3-Kilometer Pass.*" AERON AUTIC

ESSENTIAL OILS



OLATILE oils, or essential oils, are the bodies to which so many flowers, leaves, spices and woods owe their distinctive odors. The scent of lavender, the flavor of cloves, and the odor of sandalwood are all due to the presence of volatile oil in their structures.

The method of collecting sufficient of the oil to use, or handle, consists in heating the flowers, leaves or plants in a current of steam, then condensing the steam and collecting the oil which separates from the water. This process, now commonly called steam-distillation, is almost as ancient as civilization, and like so many useful arts, it was brought from the East by the Moors.

The art was first chiefly applied to the preparation of sweet-smelling waters and cordials, and as the use of these increased, it became necessary to cultivate the plants which yielded the volatile oils. The monasteries were famous for their physic gardens and herb-growing, and used their products for treating human sicknesses and the preparation of elixirs and cordials.

Although the oil-glands in the plants are almost too minute to be perceptible, yet the essential oils produced amount to many tons annually.

The aromatic spices are chiefly of tropical or subtropical origin, and in order to produce the volatile oil from these, they are shipped to distillers from the places in which they grow. For instance: the eucalyptus trees are natives of Australia, and the leaves are distilled on the spot and the oils

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shipped; citronella and lemongrass are distilled in Burma, Ceylon, and the Straits Settlements; star-anise and cassia oils are produced in China; lemon, orange and bergamot in Italy and Sicily, chiefly.

During the last decade or two it has been found that the essential oils can serve mankind in many other forms than in their raw or refined state, and today many of the essential oils are simply the raw materials for the manufacture of more complex substances which are used in flavoring foods, preparing perfumes, or the manufacture of medicinal substances. The humble clove, for instance, is the starting-point for the manufacture of artificial vanilla-flavoring, which is so commonly used in chocolate and foods; and an artificial attar of rose is produced by the chemist with the geraniol from citronella as a starting-point.

The industry requires the supervision of highly-trained chemists and engineers; it requires a small army of workmen and mechanics; it gathers its raw materials from every country in the world, and many of the ablest business-men and merchants are engaged in it. T. B. M.

KEYNOTES FOR THE NEW YEAR

GIVE *love and love to your life will flow*
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed;

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet:
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

— MADELINE BRIDGES (*Selected*)

"IF you and I start the New Year with high aspirations which nothing can conquer, we shall carry the Christmas Spirit with us wherever we go. By and by our neighbors will wonder of what elixir we have drunk; they will seek to know the secret of our happiness, the source of our strength, the mainspring of our life. And they will soon discover that it all comes from performing cheerfully and well the smallest duty, keeping the mind free from cobwebs, having a wholesome outlook on life and its purposes, and facing courageously its trials; and lastly, but most important of all, from having ever present as the deepest motive in life, the desire to be of service."

— From a Râja-Yoga Christmas address, 1920

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STRAY BEAMS

"UNSELFISHNESS names the Spirit of Christmas — the Christos Spirit in Man. Let us but sincerely strive to live unselfishly, and Christ will live with us. Let us live selfishly, and we will daily crucify the Christ within." *H.*

"THERE is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works."
— Carlyle

"FIDELITY in small things is the basis of every great achievement."
— Charles Wagner

"NOTHING makes the soul so pure, so religious, as the endeavor to create something perfect."— *Michelangelo*

"ONE need not strain himself to be useful; he cannot help being useful if he is cheerful and brave, if he is bright and true, if he is clean and honest."
— C. G. Ames

"LET no man presume to give advice to others who has not first given good counsel to himself."— *Seneca*

"ENDEAVOR to be patient in bearing the defects and infirmities of otheres, of what sort soever they be; for thyself also hast many failynges which must be borne with by otheres.— *Thomas a Kempis*

WHO IS WISE? The one who learns from everyone.
WHO IS STRONG? The one who conquers himself.
WHO IS RICH? The one who is satisfied with what he has.
WHO IS HONORABLE? The one who honors others.— The Jewish *Talmud*

"BE noble; and the nobleness that lies in other men (sleeping, but never dead) will rise in majesty to meet thine own."— *Lowell*

"NO man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt."
— Lord Clarendon

"THEY can, because they believe they can."— *Vergil*

"REMEMBER that to change thy mind and to follow him that sets thee right is to be none the less the free agent that thou wast before."—*Aurelius*

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A LETTER FROM SANTA CLAUS!

Christmas Castle,
Toy Factory Park, North Pole,
December 1921

MY DEAR CHILDREN: A Merry Christmas to you all, both lean and chubby, short and tall, Uncle Santa loves you all. — Hulloa! that sounds like poetry; if I don't look out I may grow into a poet, and that would never do, for who would see to the presents if I wrote verses all the time?

Now I want to tell you about a little boy that one of my sprites was talking of the other day. This little four-year-old heard his father say that war would never end so long as people had cannon. Now that hit him very hard, because among his other treasures there was a little brass cannon, no bigger around than a pencil; but still it *was* a cannon just the same.

Well, he thought it all over in his own mind. Much as he valued his cannon, he was still more anxious that people should stop fighting, so he set off to find the Superintendant of Police and solemnly handed over his cannon.

Now I call him a dear little fellow, don't you? He made up his mind that he wasn't going to stand in the way of Universal Peace even if it did cost him something. Well, I thought that was fine. He was going to do his part anyway — and that's the proper spirit.

Now don't let any of you young people suppose that you should

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leave it to your elders to make it a Happy Christmas. You must do something too. Search out somebody who has no friends and do something for him. Throw a beam of sunshine into his life — that's the idea. Warm him up a little; and then perhaps he will warm up somebody else, and in that way sunshine and warmth will go passing everywhere like my fairies and sprites, and there will be Happy Christmas over the whole world.

But every child must do his part; and even if he has nothing to give but a smile: well then, let him give that. The smile of a child will bring luck and good cheer for quite a long time — at least for a year. That is the first lesson I teach in my school up here at the North Pole.

Some people admire butterflies; others admire sunsets; others again enjoy mountain scenery or forest trees; but as for me and the rest of our folks here, the most beautiful sight of all to us is a happy face.

Instead of collecting butterflies or postage-stamps see if you can't make a large collection of happy faces in your neighborhood. Look out for some solemn-faced person and do something to make him smile. Then you've got a new specimen for your collection — see? And what's more, you've got to keep him smiling or else you'll lose him.

So do not think that Christmas is just a jolly flare-up like a bonfire that crackles and sends out sparks and flames and then dies down to gray ashes and bits of black charcoal. You've got to keep it a-going right through the year; and then next Christmas I shall give you another send-off, and by and by the feeling of Christmas will be with you all the seasons round — spring, summer, autumn, and all.

A little elf who had been busy scribbling on a corner of paper torn form the wrapping of a Christmas parcel has just handed me this verse for you. It seems to me all correct, so I will put my O. K. to it and send it along, with my very best wishes to you all.

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Here's to the season of snow and of holly;
To lads and to lassies with faces so jolly.
Blend caution with fooling, be merry and wise,
Let sunshine and kindness beam out of your eyes.
Forget the old quarrels and wipe the slate clear, *O.K.*
And make a better record in the Glad New Year.

Believe me — Your loving uncle, SANTA CLAUS



CHRISTMAS WEATHER IN NEW ZEALAND
Santa comes in midsummer there — can you tell why?

ABOUT SNOWFLAKES

EVEN grandmother has thrilling stories to tell of the fun to be had when the snow has come; to young and old alike the snow brings with it a world of fun, and when it has covered the land, it is a magic world of beauty.

It has not been so very many years that the millions of wonderful and perfect little forms hidden in the white drift have been revealed to us. Those, however, who have been interested in snow-formation, have gathered the flakes and put them under a microscope and found some to be of the most perfect formation.

Only after long and painstaking search have such wonderful shapes as those shown in the picture been found. Not every flake that falls

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is as perfect as these; for a snowflake has often traveled a very long distance before reaching a final resting-place on the earth.



HOW SNOWFLAKES LOOK

This photograph is much enlarged, and shows the snow-crystals as they appear when first formed in the upper air. While falling they lose these beautiful shapes; so that it is difficult to find a perfect one to study.

On its journey downward it may be picked up by the wind and blown upwards, downwards, sideways; and as it is buffeted about, it knocks up against other flakes traveling at as high a speed as itself. In this way it receives injuries; so that by the time it lands it may be but a poor remnant of what started downwards.

Have you ever read this little snowflake story in verse?

'When e'er a snowflake leaves the sky
It turns and turns, to say good-bye.
Good-bye, dear clouds, so cool and gray,
Then turns and hastens on its way.

"But when a snowflake finds a tree
Good-day, it says, good-day to thee.
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and find a playmate here.

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"But when a snowflake brave and meek
Lights on a little maiden's cheek,
It starts — how warm and mild the day,
'Tis summer!' and it melts away." Mary Mapes Dodge (*Selected*)

So you see a snowflake's life is very short; and though delicate, a little snowflake prefers the raging of the storm to a cozy place by your warm hearth-fire. That would mean immediate death to it.

One little girl, seeing snow for the first time, thought the angels must be emptying feather-beds, and tried to gather up a few feathers to take in to her mother — but her mother never saw them.

If one has the proper means to gather up these crystals, he will find that even after collecting some two thousand and examining them, no two will be found to be alike. This shows that wherever Nature holds sway, monotony never creeps in. S. H.

THE NEW MOON

MRS. FOLLEN



H, mother, how pretty the moon looks tonight;
It was never so cunning before!
Her two little horns are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.
If I were up there with you and my friends,
We'd rock in it nicely, you'd see,—
We'd sit in the middle, and hold by both ends,
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be.

We'd call to the stars to keep out of the way,
For fear we should rock on their toes,
And then we would rock till the dawn of the day
And see where the pretty moon goes.
And there we would stay in the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam,
We'd see the sun set, and we'd see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home. — Selected

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WHEN WISHES CAME TRUE

IT was only a small and most uninteresting bush of holly — yet it did its best to be strong and beautiful like its neighbors, with berries that would make the children clap their hands with delight when they came to gather the Christmas decorations. Try as it would, however, something always happened. One year its new leaves had turned yellow, and lost all their crispness; another year there were no berries, or else they mildewed; and so it went. This year had given promise of something better — at least there were berries — but they would not look glossy, and they were pitifully small, and the poor tree sighed as rich, glowing clusters were taken from other bushes to play their part in the Christmas festivities.

All day long the wood had been filled with the sound of merry voices, and people had come even from the great house on the hill to gather fragrant boughs of evergreens, and many an armful of the bright red holly. As the afternoon advanced the voices became fainter, and at last all was silent except when some timid wood creature scuttled across the snow. Just before sunset a small boy came that way, and stopped by the unfortunate holly bush. He looked it over eagerly, but shook his head in disappointment as nothing but dull, scraggy bunches rewarded his search.

"Just my luck," he said, "and Mother would have liked it better than anything else. I can't take this to her; it's almost worse than nothing. I'll go on a little further, and perhaps I'll find a bush that the others have overlooked."

The little bush trembled from its topmost pointed leaf to its roots hidden under the earth. Here was the greatest misfortune of all, for the small boy was Jackie Tonnel, and everything in the forest would have been glad to help Jackie. His mother had been an invalid for many years, and the boy worked early and late outside of school hours to add to the little money she received for her 'fine sewing.'

When he could spare the time Jackie would go to the forest and study the ways of the birds and small animals, or hunt for some

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mushrooms to take to his mother; and he told her many an interesting story of his forest wanderings, for he loved the timid wild creatures, and they soon lost their fear of him. Even the trees and shrubs knew who Jackie was, and were his friends. "And to think that he was hunting for holly, and there was none to be had!"

The little bush was really miserable, and sighed so deeply that a wood-elf passing that way overheard, and asked the cause of the trouble. Now the wood-elf had heard the troubles of the holly before, and he had his own ideas on the matter. Of course it was all very nice to want to give pleasure to others, but it seemed to him that the bush was just a wee bit over-anxious about the state of its berries and leaves. When he heard about Jackie, though, it was a different matter. —To help Jackie! who was a friend of all the wood-folk? Here indeed *was* occasion for wishing, and he determined to have some Christmas fun himself. He whistled three times — a low soft whistle, and instantly he was surrounded by a host of other elves.

He must have said strange things in that whistle, for not a word of explanation was necessary; each elf knew exactly what he was supposed to do, and being provided with a little cloth for polishing, began a systematic rubbing of the berries until the whole bush was aglow with the brightest of bright red holly. Where the clusters were small the elves added to them from tiny baskets of fairy berries that they carried, and when Jackie returned, his face very sober because there was nothing to take to 'Mother,' the elves had already finished, and were hiding to enjoy his surprise.

They had not waited long when there came a shout that almost scared them from their hiding-places — Jackie pinched himself, and rubbed his eyes, and did many other things to make sure he was not dreaming. No, the holly was still there, and Mother should have the most beautiful Christmas decorations she had ever seen. As for Jackie — though he did no end of guessing, the elves kept their secret well. It was just a time when wishes came true! H. O. M.

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ON THE TOP OF THE HILL



MANY, many years ago there was an old king who was loved very much by his subjects because he had been so good and wise, but who was dying from a severe illness. He had a very wise physician, who tended him with great care, but even he could not cure the king.

One day a proclamation was issued throughout the land that there was only one remedy left — a snow-white herb that grew on the top of a certain hill; and that whoever should succeed in finding it would be given the king's own daughter in marriage.

Many youths started on this quest; but at the end of several days none had succeeded. A second proclamation was issued wherein a kingdom, besides the princess, was promised.

The next morning a splendid-looking youth arrived at the court, attended by a long retinue of servants. He entered the mighty palace, and was shown into the king's chamber. Shian (for such was the youth's name) told the king that he was sure he would find the herb for him. So the trumpets were sounded, and Shian set off amid the shouts of the assembled crowd.

He rode hard all day, only stopping for the night. Finally, Shian came to the base of the mountain; but as it was too steep to climb with his horse, he left him tied to a tree. Before long, he found himself in a dense forest, and he could hear the noise of wild animals not far away. Soon he saw signs of an approaching storm. It was too late to turn back, and yet he was far from the top.

Darkness was also coming on; and the howling of the wolves grew louder and louder. But Shian kept right on. In a few moments

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he felt drops of rain, and heard the distant roll of thunder; then more and more rain, and louder peals of thunder, till the trees around him shook, and sometimes fell with a crash.

Shian looked around for a place for shelter during the night, but there were only trees and dark spaces. He was now soaked through, and had nowhere to go, so he walked and walked, yet ever in danger of slipping down the steep mountain-side. After long hours the first streaks of dawn appeared, and the storm had somewhat abated; but Shian had not much more strength to proceed. He did not know he had almost reached the top. He ached in every limb, and was faint and cold and hungry; and he thought, "Well, here will I lie down, maybe never to wake again, and so farewell my beautiful princess."

Some time after, he suddenly awoke. He felt a strange warmth stealing through him, and everything around him seemed flooded with the most brilliant sunlight. Then he became dazzled at a vision before him: a maiden was approaching him, lovelier than anything he could have imagined. Her flowing hair was like the rays of the sun and her whole presence was like dazzling light, where different colors glittered at every turn. He would rather spend one day with her, he thought, than a hundred years with any other.



Here was happiness for him, and he could and would seize it. As she danced in front of him he saw bright little sunbeams dancing all around her — a mass of light, color and warmth. She beckoned him on and led him into a palace that almost blinded him at first. His pledge, his princess, the dying man, the quest of the herb — all vanished from his thought.

At home in the palace it was said the king grew suddenly feebler.

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II

As Shian never returned and the king's days were numbered, another proclamation was sent through the land. Again youths flocked to the court. Among them was one who was poorer than the rest, but who looked ambitious and determined, and he was called Tersha. They too set out amidst fanfares and shouts. Tersha soon got ahead of all his comrades. He was determined to win that kingdom and its riches, and rode fast by day and night. He soon came to the foot of the mountain and began the ascent.

There was no storm this time. The air was hot and dry and he longed for a cool place. But he had perseverance and kept on. When night came he lay down under the trees and fell asleep; but all night long he dreamt of the time when he should be in command of wealth and power. At dawn Tersha continued his journey.

Towards noon he reached the top of the mountain and as he looked around his eye fell on a statue of gold which took life as he approached it. The golden queen, for such it was, beckoned to him. Soon he found himself walking on a golden floor, and golden pillars were around everywhere with golden statues. Ah! what of his dreams — wealth and power — were they not here within his reach?

Straightway the statues took life and began bringing him presents of gold, and some brought him a suit of golden armor. His quest — what other quest could there be for him but the realization that was here of his own secret dreams? He was a fool to have offered to save the king. But not so foolish either; for see what it had brought him. It is true he knew nothing of this then. So much the more credit to him; now he would make the most of the present moment. . . .

III

AT last it was proclaimed that the King had only one more week to live unless the herb was brought, but no response came to the King's ears. However, one early morning, a young student rode off out of the city secretly and alone. He rode day and night, and when he came to the mountain, he tied his horse to a tree, and started up.

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By evening he had reached the top of the mountain and began his search. Soon he met an old man whom he knew by his speech to be very wise. The old man motioned to him, and showed him his dwelling-place, that seemed to be made of books, and had strange figures everywhere. The youth glanced at it and thought of the years he had spent in study and research — his hopes — his craving for wisdom; and something told him that once he entered there he would never find the herb. The old man beckoned to him again, and Gladion, for such was his name answered, "Alas, good man, I know what you would offer me, but I cannot follow you now, for I am on a sacred quest. When it is over I will gladly come to you."

At these words, the old man and the house disappeared, and Gladion saw there a beautiful snow-white plant. He knew at once that it was the magic herb; he gathered it carefully and at once sped down the mountain-side. It was now very dark, but he groped his way through the forest, and by morning drew near the city. Besides the horsemen guarding the bridge and a few people sorrowfully loitering in the streets, all was deserted and still. Gladion knew something serious was threatening.

He rode at full speed; and in the last hour allotted to the King, he rode up to the palace. Sounding his horn, he entered the palace which was silent as death. He was led to the physician to whom he gave the herb. The physician was overjoyed, and just as the King was drawing his last breath, he applied the herb to his mouth.

Instantly the King revived, and after an hour or so, he begged to see young Gladion. Gladion told him he did not want any reward, but the King insisted, and the next day it was heralded all over the land that Gladion was the future sovereign. The princess was very happy when she found who the bridegroom was to be, for she knew that here was one to whom Service was dearer than self. She knew her prince would stand loyal to Duty in the face of all temptations.

So Gladion by sacrificing the momentary illusive happiness Shian and Tersha had found at the top of the mountain, gained the lasting joy that comes to the true knight in his steadfast devotion to Duty. E.

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RHYS THE DEEP

Kenneth Morris



SOMEWHERE out on the hillside, where the brown spiders creep
And the lizards lie basking, and the sunlit world's asleep
There's a place from which one sees the Land of Rhys the Deep.

It's a handful of earth from Fairyland; none knows where it may be,—
In Esotero Canyon, or by Lotus-by-the-Sea,
Or down in the Field of the Cloth of Gold, or up by the old Golf-tee.

You're wandering over the hillside with never a thought nor dream
That there's anything funny out on the sea but the glitter of silvery cream
And the brown and golden kelp-bed, and the blue shore-wave agleam;

And then you put your foot on it — and you're never thinking where,—
And you rub your eyes and wonder, and you rub them again and stare,
For a thousand beautiful palaces are glimmering lovely there.

And there are the fields and the gardens where the beautiful people go,
Stately and beautiful are they, and tall as the palm-trees grow;
And their hair is like the peacock's plumes, and their houses shine like snow.

And along the quays of marble, white and bright and clean,
The ships are riding at anchor; their sails of white nankeen,
And satin and silk and taffeta, purple and gold and green.

Where is the place to see them from? Perhaps — you never can tell —
Those naughty bunnies out there in the brush, perhaps they know quite well;
They have certainly good long loppety ears to be hearing a fairy spell.

And perhaps — this is only guessing — Carmen and Mary Louise,
And Esther and Johnny and Julius and Bobby, tell me, please
What were you looking at, tiny tots, out there on the face of the seas?

Lomaland 1921

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— he had saved the load again. — All but one or two little parcels that tipped over the edge, and went tumbling down to earth.

All through the frosty night Santa went from house to house, climbing down chimneys and squeezing through keyholes, filling up stockings and leaving sweet dreams wherever he went. At last in the east gleamed a pale streak of light, and he began to think he had better be getting home.

"Just one more," he said to himself as he lighted on the snow-covered thatch of a little farm-house and slid down the chimney.

By the dim flicker of the hearth-fire he saw a pair of tiny socks hung for him from the mantlepiece, while across the room, in a trundle bed, a little boy talked in his sleep. He crept over to the corner and watched the child.

"Santa's tumin' and he's goin' to fill my 'tockin'," he lisped, "Peese, div me a 'tar, Santa, a weely-twooly twinkle 'tar f'om de 'ky!" and he threw out his little hand, and towsled his yellow curls upon the pillow.

The old man bent over him, smiling, and touched his forehead with a happy dream. Then he thrust his hand deep into his bag, and . . . the smile faded from his face; *il was empty!*

"Dear me!" he muttered "Dear, dear, me! whatever can have happened! Why, I know I could no more have forgotten Davie-boy than I could have forgotten my name."

Then suddenly he remembered the narrow escape he had had when his sleigh had nearly capsized. Maybe something had fallen out then! Yes, that must surely be it — for he knew he had wrapped



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up a woolly sheep and a beautiful shiny trumpet specially for David! Well, anyway it was gone now, and he must invent some way to bring the smile to those big blue eyes when they opened. For a minute he was lost in thought, but then the twinkly mornnig-star sent a sparkling idea into his head.

"Santa has never failed yet," he chuckled, and from his magic wand he took the silver star and laid it in the chubby hand that lay upon the covers. "For ever and for ever," he murmured the magic spell, "shall your eyes be filled with starlight, and all the realms of fairyland shall open before your gaze."

The dawn was breaking over the hills as Davie stirred in his bed.

"A weely twooly 'tar," he whispered, and his eyes grew wide.

Then suddenly he caught sight of Santa trying to squeeze up the chimney! "Oh!" he gasped, "I'm so glad that I see'd 'oo Santa, 'cos now I can fank 'oo for my twinkle 'tar."

A voice, like the merry blustering winter's wind, came down the chimney: "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me. I have an appointment with Old Father Time, and he won't wait for anyone."

But Davie never forgot what he had seen. M. A. B.

DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

SEE how big I'm growing!
I'm almost a man!
Let me do your errands,
I am sure I can.

I will take your parcels,
And your letters mail.
You surely will use me,
For I never fail!

When you're in a hurry
I will give you rides.
I'm your busy postman
And errand boy besides. Victor



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gether, and Jimy and Sally Squirrel came chattering thro' the woods with Mr. and Mrs. Cocky Doodles.



"Now are we all met?" asked Mrs. Doodles. Freddy snapped at a fly, but missed, and then suddenly remembered that he had a message from Uncle Toby Toad.

"Uncle Toby sent his Christmas Greetings to all of you," he began, "and he said he was very sorry that he could'nt come tonight. He's got rheumatism so badly that he has to stay in the water all the time."

"Why that's too bad," said Sally. "We'll have to send him a bag of nuts, Jimmy; I'm sure he'd like that."

Mr. Crane cleared his throat as if he were going to make a speech.

"Furry and Feathered Brothers," he began; "Christmas is the time for giving presents. We are all met together here today for that special purpose. I have taken great pleasure, Miss Kitty Kat, in catching this fat worm for you. You like them, don't you?"



Kitty Kat purred very politely and answered, "Thank you so much, Mr. Crane, I am sure it is

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most kind of you. Prr-prr-pray accept this saucer of delicious cream which I brought for you."

"Krrrr-krrrr,-kreetings," croaked Freddy, as he jumped up to Jimmy Squirrel, "I've brought you half a dozen of the finest pond-flies I ever saw. I've always liked you, Jimmy, and I wanted you to know it."

Jimmy had learned his lesson in the spring, never to refuse the kind offers of one's friends, so he took the flies politely and said:

"Have some nuts, Freddy --- I am sure they are the best in the woods."



"NOT SO LOUD PLEASE, MR. DOODLES"

After they had finished giving all their gifts, Mrs. Cocky Doodles suggested that the Family Chorus should sing a few songs; so they all formed in a ring, and Mr. Crane directed. The little Doodles sang treble, and Gander and Goosey sang alto; Mr. C. Doodles sang tenor, and Freddy sang the bass. At last, when Mr. Sun peeped over the Hill, they all went home, saying what a fine time they'd had, and how they hoped that Mother Goose would invite them all again next year. M. A. B

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUTH
Conducted by Students of the Râja-Yoga College

Published bi-monthly, under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as second class matter, December 27, 1901, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California
Copyright 1922, by Katherine Tingley
SUBSCRIPTION (Six issues): $1.00 *Foreign postage:* 20c *Canadian:* 10c.

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVIII, NO. 2 MARCH 1922

"Remember this: that as you live your life each day with an uplifted purpose and unselfish desire, each and every event will bear for you a deep significance . . . and as you learn their import, so do you fit yourself for higher work."
— WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE

THE REALITY BEHIND NATURE

THERE is a story about a man in prison who, after spending his first few days overwhelmed by his fate and planning revenge, happened to look up suddenly one day, and discovered that through his little grated window far up in the wall he could see a little patch of sky. He had not thought of the sky for so long that it quite startled him at first, and somehow set him thinking: it was so very blue — bluer and lovelier than he remembered ever to have seen it. It seemed to him like a clear eye looking down at him there in his cell.

From that moment there was a change in him. Hope crept into his life again, and it was soon seen that a softening influence was at work, making a new man of him. He came to love that bit of sky, as the only link that still bound him to the natural world outside. He would lie on his cot and watch it; sometimes a white cloud would pass across it, and sometimes there would be a star. . . . That one touch of Nature aroused the real man in him, and through it he came to see that there was an honorable place for him in the world, and that he must work to fit himself to fill it.

This shows us that the power of the Higher Law works through Nature for our upliftment: it is like a shining Companion who is always at our side, whenever we choose to ally ourselves with him.

There are two manifestations of Nature: on the one side the beauties and wonders that we can see; and on the other, the glory beyond, that we can only feel. We can always receive the spiritual touch through contact with Nature. She is a Friend, always impersonal, always ready to teach, always able to revive in us the sense of spiritual life and love for the great realities.

It has been mentioned before that there are times when one gets 'off the track'; when his vision is so distorted that nothing seems right, and everybody but himself seems wrong.

When we allow this black cloud to envelop us we feel shut out from all

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the world — we are, in fact, just as securely imprisoned as the man in the prison-cell; and there is in us a ruthless and obstinate jailer who, now that he has the upper hand, aims to keep us shut up as long as possible so that he may be the master. So we feel that the royal benediction that comes from Nature is not for us. the beauty of the sunset or the freshness of the morning has no message for us: Nature has 'forgotten' us, and will continue to do so until we open our doors to the light again.

But material Nature must not be mistaken for that which it represents, any more than our bodies should be mistaken for ourselves. It was not really the sight of a bit of sky with a star in it that produced that wonderful change in the imprisoned man: it was the Divine Law ***which he felt shining through it.*** And so with us — if we love Nature just for the sake of her material beauty we are not benefited, we are simply enjoying ourselves. But if Nature gives us that inspiration that makes us lose our sense of personalism and feel that we are greater than our fate, greater than any circumstances that surround us — then we are getting that intimate touch with the Mighty Mother which is a real glimpse into Divine Life. M. S. (*From an address*)

A PERFECT GENTLEMAN



E is an embodiment of courteous consideration and kindliness, coupled with a quiet strength that commands the respect of all. While by no means ignoring the conventional forms of politeness, his courtesy springs from a deeper source, for it comes directly *from the heart.* Hence he always does the right thing at the right time, making everyone feel at ease in his presence.

Such a man was William Quan Judge, the second Leader of the Theosophical Movement. Those who knew him often speak of his warm, sympathetic nature, of his constant effort to give all that he had, and of his wonderfully intuitive knowledge of when to speak and when to be silent. A true idealist, Mr. Judge was extremely practical; he was most punctilious in business matters, and in all appointments his punctuality was exceptional.

He always gave help to those who came to him in difficulties, yet his manner was unostentatious and quiet, and only those who knew him well realized his greatness. A lady who knew Mr. Judge for a number of years gives an interesting account of how she first met him. At that time the Headquarters of the Society were in New York, and as this lady lived in a neighboring town, her friends suggested that she should visit the Headquarters on one of her business trips.

She accordingly went there, but without expecting to meet Mr. Judge, who, she thought, was much too important a personage to care about seeing

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her. She was well received, and was shown over the premises. As she was talking to one of the officials, a quiet-looking gentleman entered the room and asked for an introduction. She was introduced — as she thought — to a 'Mr. Church,' who was most courteous, showing her about further, and then pleasantly conversing for some time, asking her about her interest in brotherhood work, and similar subjects. She had gone there filled with anxiety about her business and other matters; but, somehow, when she left, it was with a different outlook: as though she had received help enough for a life-time.

On reaching home she recounted her experience to a friend, and described the appearance of 'Mr. Church.' "Why," said the friend, "you must have met Mr. Judge!" — and then she recalled the Irish twinkle that had been lurking in the stranger's serious blue eyes. Mr. Judge, finding his identity unknown to her, had not revealed himself, so as to put her more at her ease.

His friendship was of a rare quality — entirely without sentimentality or effusiveness; he "gave you a feeling of always being at your elbow when you needed him." He was absolutely fearless where the right was concerned, and could administer the most severe rebuke — but without ever causing personal bitterness or discouragement. Always *giving himself*, he would allow no one to feel indebted to him; yet he repaid a hundredfold all that he received from others. Such was William Quan Judge, the perfect gentleman. F. S.

RESURRECTION

SWINBURNE in *Super Flumina Babylonis*

ON the mountains of memory, by the world's well-springs,
In all men's eyes,
Where the light of the life of him is on all past things,
Death only dies.

Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown
The just Fate gives;
Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down
He, dying so, lives.

Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's weight,
And puts it by,
It is well with him suffering, though he face man's fate,
How should he die? . . .

For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no more found,
For one hour's space;
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold him crowned,
A deathless face.

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DAILY CONQUESTS

THE idea of conquest is a very old one, and in fact may be said to be as old as man himself. A casual glance at any history-book of no matter what age or race — indeed the history-books which we use in our school-classes — reveals but a continuous record of conquests. But this is only the outward aspect of the subject, and there is always an inner aspect to everything — just as in the little seed which contains within itself the secret of a beautiful flower or a mighty tree. Let us then turn our attention to this inner side of the question, remembering the date 1875; for on this date, our histories will say, the ancient knowledge was again brought to the western world by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky.



LOMALAND — THE ROAD TO THE BEACH

This great Teacher restored the idea of conquest to its true nobility — conquest not of one nation over another, or of a man over his neighbor, but the conquest of the Lower by the Higher Self, *a greater achievement than any other.*

Opportunities for this inner conquest are always before us; for we need not wait for the enemy to marshal its forces as in the outer conquests: the greater victory is obtained by overcoming *before the crises come* — in the little things. Little difficulties mastered continually, are preparations for the greater ones: small victories win in advance the greater battles of self-mastery, and inspire us with growing confidence to meet them.

The inner meaning of conquest, understood and realized, opens up before

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us new fields for thought — the fairy-stories and legends are filled with wondrous meaning; great epics are seen no more as mere recountings of great achievements but as echoes of the grand song of divine Warriorhood; and history becomes a foundation of constructive thought and inspiration.

To become noble examples of the science of Râja-Yoga — the perfect balance of all the faculties — we must first of all learn the value of daily conquests; for just as with the plants and trees, growth from day to day



VIEW OF THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY FROM THE HILL OPPOSITE

This student's bungalow, in common with all Lomaland dwellings, is surrounded with trees, shrubs and flowers, and graced by climbing vines.

is hardly noticeable, yet at the end of a week or more great changes are seen, and daily efforts added together will in the course of time bear fruit.

Let us then use this inner knowledge by making daily conquests in the kingdom of oneself, and in time the efforts of continually increasing numbers will be felt in all the kingdoms of the earth. G. B.

TO ANYONE

WHETHER the time be slow or fast,
Enemies, hand in hand,
Must come together at the last
And understand.

No matter how the die is cast
Nor who may seem to win,
You know that you must love at last —
Why not begin?

— WITTER BYNNER in *Greenstone Poems*

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LIFE AND MISSION OF FREDERIKA BREMER

FINLAND has given birth to several men and women who have made themselves famous in Swedish history, literature and art. Among these we must count Frederika Bremer. She was born on the 17th of August, 1801, at Tuårla Gård near Åbo. On her father's side she came from an ancient German family of nobility, her ancestors having emigrated to Sweden in the reign of Gustaf Adolf II. Her grandfather acquired a large fortune in Finland, where he lived the greater part of his life. Owing to the dangerous times when Finland was slowly being drawn into the fatal war with Russia, Frederika's father judged it safest to remove his family to Sweden, and consequently took up his residence in Stockholm in 1804, where his beautiful and hospitable home attracted a wide and brilliant circle of acquaintances. Two years later the family removed to Årsta, a large estate in the neighborhood of Stockholm. It was with this home that Frederika associated most of her childhood memories, and whither she would return time and again in her later years.



FREDRIKA BREMER

From her *Life*: Nordstedt & Sons, Stockholm

Årsta was a stately old castle of the seventeenth century with a high slanting roof and an adjoining tower. It was surrounded by nature-scenery of varied and singular beauty. When Frederika and her sisters visited Årsta for the first time their childish imaginations were much impressed by the interior of the castle, with its big empty halls, where every footstep awakened an echo; where the immense, deserted fireplaces spoke of past cheer and present desolation; and where the large windows with their tiny panes rattled in the wind as it shook the dilapidated walls of the old castle. The garden, too, was a constant source of delight to the children.

Frederika received the conventional young ladies' education of the times, which limited itself to slight intellectual development and a few superficial

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accomplishments. The culmination of such an education consisted in reading a few modern novels. Travel, however, became an educational factor in her life. She was twenty years old when her whole family took a trip through Europe. Traveling in those days was more troublesome than pleasant. The Bremer family made their trip in coaches through Germany and Switzerland as far as the lake of Geneva, then returned through France and the Netherlands. The roads were wretched in many parts of Europe, and caused much discomfort and various delays.

According to the original plan the family was to have spent the summer at Marseilles, but when Mr. Bremer received news that the yellow fever had broken out in that city he decided to go to Paris. Here the girls had the privilege of studying piano, singing, drawing and painting from experienced French masters, and of visiting famous museums, art-galleries, and other places of interest.

During the quiet years that followed the European trip, Årsta became more and more of a prison to Frederika. It was so far removed from the rest of the world and all communication was so scarce that the sisters lived in an almost nun-like seclusion. This life might have suited Frederika — as it certainly did in later years — had she known the inestimable value of working towards some definite goal; but her soul seemed asleep, and instead of falling back upon the resources of her higher self, she was constantly on the watch for exterior events that might bring a change into her life. Referring to this period she wrote in her autobiographical notes: "The fate of women in general, and my own in particular, seemed repulsive to me. I saw freedom and courage in the eyes of men, heard them give expression to their thoughts and feelings, but I was doomed to silence, to non-existence. I felt that I was born with strong wings, but I also felt that these were pinioned, and believed would remain thus forever." Her solace at this crisis was her portrait-painting. Seated at her easel she forgot all else in the joy of creating. She acquired a certain excellence in reproducing features, and had an especial gift for catching the soul-expression in the eyes she portrayed.

Her physical being, however, could not stand this state of unrest much longer, and a reaction ensued. She now turned her attention to her surroundings, and found that by aiding the poor and doctoring the sick in her neighborhood she had at least something to live for. She often grew cold and hungry on her long walks to her patients, but the exercise and fresh air did her good; her blood became purified, her mental fog cleared away, and she felt herself a new being.

After her father's death, when she had more freedom to act, she busied herself with much philanthropic work: helped to establish homes for maltreated children and aged women, aided unfortunate women, worked among prisoners, and used her influence for the establishment of schools for deaf

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and dumb children. She employed her literary talents to express her ideas on religion and vital questions, particularly those pertaining to women.

Her literary career was a brilliant one and she reaped honors from all corners of the world. Most of her works were published under the general title of *Sketches of Every-Day Life*. These books describe the life of Swedish middle-class families, and written as they are in a humorous, conversational style, brought the authoress an immense popularity. With the full consciousness, however, that she would sacrifice her popularity, she produced her last book, *Hertha*. The heroine is a young girl whose inward history greatly resembles Frederika's own, and whose struggles and sufferings are so vividly portrayed that one cannot fail to see what an attack this book evidently was on the limited education of the times.

Frederika's prophetic vision now turned away from the Old World and sought a wider and freer prospect in the New. The desire to visit America had long been growing in her mind, but did not find realization until the winter of 1849, when she tore herself away from her old associations and started on her memorable trip to the new continent alone. Preceded by her literary fame she found the homes of the New World open to welcome her and she saw that side of American life which her womanly nature deeply appreciated, and which she most charmingly describes in her American letters, later published under the title of *The Homes in the New World*. In these delightful letters the reader becomes acquainted with many of the famous Americans of the day, and learns to recognise young America as then passing through a period of intense growth and amalgamation of principles, races, and warring elements.

After having visited numerous institutions of the country — and even taken a trip to Cuba — Frederika made preparations to return home. She felt many and deep regrets at leaving her noble friends and the grand, beautiful country, but she felt that what she had gained from her sojourn in America would remain with her forever; the seeds that had been sown must reach fruition, if not at once, then in a richer soil of the future. "If I am asked what the people of the New World possess more than the inhabitants of the Old I must answer with the impressions fresh in my mind of all I have seen and experienced in America: A warmer heart-pulse, a more energetic, youthful life."

Frederika passed through England on her return trip and spent some time with her English friends, who introduced her to many of the literary celebrities of the day. George Eliot, who lived in the same London house as Frederika, wrote: "All the world is doing its *devoir* to the great little authoress." Even yet Frederika's destiny led her away from home, this time to other European countries. Her five-year's trip gradually embraced the countries of Switzerland, Belgium, France, Italy, Palestine, and Greece, and

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resulted in a book entitled *The Life in the Old World*. Wherever she went she made valuable acquaintances. In Italy she met the eminent statesman and large-hearted patriot Cavour.

A picture of herself from this trip is preserved in the notebooks of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, with his wife, paid Frederika a visit in her little apartment in Rome. He writes in part: "One cannot find a better heart than hers, and not many better heads. A little mixture of sentiment, combined with quick, subtle humor and the most complete simplicity, charmingly seasons her conversation. She has something girlish and youthful in her nature which leaves a pleasant impression; something of the morning of life still lingers in this faded little wild-rose. She is an extremely lovable little lady, worthy of being the aunt of the whole human race."

Frederika had never appreciated Swedish scenery as she did on her return from this last long trip. Summer had come with its lovely wild-flowers, its bright sunshine, bird-songs, and long mysterious twilights. The deep magic poetry of the north awakened echoes in her soul which no other country in the world could evoke. It was sweet to feel that the restless fire of youth, and heat of life's noon had been succeeded by the calm evening when the experiences of a lifetime could mature in the beautiful childhood home at Årsta. A new generation was growing up on the old estate, and the laughter of the children gladdened the heart of the old lady as she dreamed of her country's future. She had lived to see four of her greatest hopes reach fruition: the abolishment of slavery in the United States, the decision that the unmarried Swedish woman was to be of age at twenty-five, the establishment in Stockholm of a seminary for the graduation of woman-teachers, and the adoption of a new representative system.

When winter came and the youth departed for school, leaving the old house "rather silent," Frederika found a new friend in an ornamented old-fashioned spinning-wheel. "I am delighted with it," she wrote. "How fast time flies while the thread glides through the fingers and the wheel hums its monotonous song; and the thoughts, those free birds of passage, fly hither and thither, settling now here, now there, either in the world of memory or the world of the future, and places and persons, once seen, even in times remote, come close to me."

She felt that "her day was setting fast," and when the last day of the old year of 1866 was dawning, she passed on. She knew where she was going and had written some time before her death: "We must grasp the immortal that dwells in the mortal, we must realize within our own natures the eternal that lives and manifests in transient and temporal phases of life. Only thus can we prepare ourselves for the true change, and even here shape the wings, that shall reach perfection when the shell of clay is broken." K. N.

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THE LAND OF STORY-TELLERS

SACRED EIRE, the home of gods and heroes, is an old, old land: so old that the beginnings of her history are lost in the far away time when gods and giants fought for supremacy on the young earth. In those days all her silver lakes and purple hills had not yet risen from the sea, and her shores were sought by the giant Fomorians — mischief-loving, gloomy, and slothful. They loved not music and poetry, and were altogether a race of fearsome and terrible creatures. They fought with the race of Partholan, who followed them to Ireland — a people as heedless and foolish as children, who soon perished because they forgot to honor the gods. A stronger race came next — the followers of Nemed, hardy fighters, and workers in metal. They too fell before the fearful Fomorians, the giant builders of the older times.

At last, from the Great Plain beyond the western sea, came the beautiful gods, the Tuatha De Danaan. They are the gods of light and day, of beauty, healing, and all the arts. They dwelt for a long time in Ireland, and their history has given rise to perhaps the richest of the world's mythologies. It tells of the battles between the Gods of Light and Day and the dark gods of night and death, and the triumph of the gods in the battle of Moytura, in the valley of the Boyne, a place associated with the most sacred memories of Ireland. In this battle the gods had three skilful artificers of weapons who, with three strokes made each a perfect part of a spear, and thus kept the gods supplied with new ones faster than their enemies broke the old ones.

After the gods, came the Milesians, the first race of human heroes, and another cycle of romance begins. In those days, men and gods were friends, and the gods were the teachers of the first race. After a time, however, mortals turned from the ways of the gods, and fought with them till they had to withdraw from the world. Whereupon the gods betook themselves to fairy palaces in the hills, whence they come forth, invisible, to watch over men, and assist them when possible.

Names of many valiant heroes of that time come down to us, such as Finn and Cuchulain, Concobar mac Nessa, King of the Red Branch knights; Ossin, bard and warrior; the great queens, Maive, and Macha of the Golden Hair, who ploughed out the site of her city, Emain Macha, with her broochpin, and led her armies to war.

Of the kings of Ireland, among so many names and countless stories, it is not easy to tell what is history, and what is Celtic imagination, but a

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few great names stand out clearly and definitely. One writer tells us that

> "Tighermas was the first to smelt gold in a regular way. He made the classes of society wear different colors to distinguish them — a slave having one, up to the *ollaves*, (institutional bards) kings and queens, who had six. He and his people were miraculously destroyed while worshiping the great national idol, Crom Cruach."— *P. W. Joyce*

This stone statue — to which, it has been falsely stated, human sacrifices were made — was adorned with gold and silver, and surrounded by twelve other statues with bronze ornaments. It is said that St. Patrick struck the central figure, which turned away its head, and the others sank up to their necks in the ground. It is but a fanciful way of saying that the new religion displaced the Tuatha De Danaan — the gods the people worshiped — who withdrew their protection from the island. Similarly, the driving away of snakes meant the expulsion of the Druids, who called themselves 'serpents.' The Druids were the priests and teachers of ancient Ireland, and in common with other countries, liked to use the serpent as a symbol of their wisdom.

Another king was Ollam Fodla, who established the great Fair of Tara. At this fair, judgments were given, laws amended, and soldiers recruited; poets recited their tales; property rights were established; quarrels were settled; acts of tyranny or oppression were punished; fines, taxes, means of defence, internal affairs, etc., were all settled by persons specially trained and competent to administer the old Brehon Laws. Merchants brought their wares for barter, the beautiful gold and silver work of the Irish being particularly tempting to foreign traders. The recitation of history, genealogy, poetry, and religious works kept the nation familiar with its great men and their noteworthy deeds. They were nourished with the breath of heroes.

A special feature of the Fair at Tara was a meeting of the chief men of all Ireland, separate from the noisy rejoicings of the people. Chiefs, princes, kings and high scholars attended; all thought of quarrel or disharmony was strictly laid aside, while they debated the good of the country. In the Banqueting Hall of Tara they discussed grave questions, and here the king feasted them, making due arrangements for the comfort and maintenance of each guest, according to his rank.

Tuathal the Legitimate tried to consolidate the country under a central government. He reorganized the religious system, and established the Fianna, now looked upon as a military body. Handicrafts and professions were reorganized, and a large part of the country brought under one head.

Mug Nuadat, belonging to one of the new Celtic tribes fleeing before the conquering arms of Rome on the continent, established himself in Munster, where his descendants ruled for a thousand years. Besides being a good fighter, he was thrifty, and stored up corn to provide his people against

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famine. By donations of supplies to less provident chiefs, he made them his vassals. His grandson, Niall of the Nine Hostages, is considered one of the most brilliant kings of the Scoti, although at last he was pressed back by the Roman general Stilicho. His sons established themselves in Ulster, founding some of the families so celebrated in later history, the Tyrconnels and Tyrones.

Cormac, a descendant of Conn, the Hundred-Fighter, "ruled with much state from Tara from 254 to 277 A. D. He is said to have introduced water-mills into Ireland, and established schools for the study of law, military matters, and the annals of the country."



THE STORY-TELLER

Brian Boru is the most commanding figure within the historic period of Ireland. He defeated and drove out the Danes, who were wasting and pillaging the country. He fought them in the south, while Malachi was doing the same in the north, with equal success. For a time, it looked as though the jealousy of the two would ruin all their hopes of overcoming the enemy. However, they came to a peaceful understanding, and divided Ireland between them, remaining firm and loyal friends.

In time, the fortunes of war made Brian sole king, to which Malachi generously acceded, through love for his country. For fifteen years Brian's name shines brightly in the annals of Irish history, shines with the glory of true kingship, and under his sway Ireland was united and prosperous. He built schools and monasteries, erected bridges, causeways and fortresses; secured teachers and books from abroad, encouraged handcrafts and the production of the illuminated missals so famous for their beauty and wonderful craftsmanship.

This beneficent order of things was brought to an end by treachery and jealousy of the petty kings, who joined with the Danes in another rising. They were defeated at the battle of Clontarff, but "woe worth the day," the old king and his heroic sons fell, and Irish unity once more became a hopeless dream. Soon after England obtained her foothold in the country — but this period is one of common knowledge. Striking and romantic figures like that of Shane O'Neill, Silken Thomas, and the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, down to the days of Edmund Burke and Robert Emmet adorn the pages of that story of misunderstanding and misfortune. Let us rather turn our eyes to the earlier period of genuine Irish greatness.

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In the seventh and eight centuries, Ireland was the school of Europe. From every country came scholars, and her teachers were in eager demand. Even from far away Egypt came students driven by the persecution in their homeland, and their influence was very marked. In the old days education and religion went hand in hand. Schools were either private or public, or attached to the monasteries. All were landed institutions, where education was free for those who could not pay for it.

In the sixth century it was decreed that each province should have a chief college, and each county a minor school under it. The subjects studied were Celtic grammar and literature, history, mathematics, medicine, astronomy, law and music. The full course required twelve years, but only those who expected to become heads of colleges had to go through it all. An *ollave* of philosophy had to be master of history, genealogy, synchronisms; seven different kinds of poetry and seven kinds of verse construction; he had to be able to improvise upon any theme on any occasion; had to know 350 tales by heart, and that "without taking away or adding a word," which he could recite at banquest or before kings. The study of antiquities was insisted upon. Other qualified *ollaves* passed upon his work, and the king awarded a prize accordingly.

As many as three thousand scholars attended celebrated schools, which were little cities in themselves, laid out in regular streets, each pupil doing his own housework, with a regular discipline and course of manual training which supplied all his needs. Classes were held in the open air, and no cramming or competition was allowed. Learning was cultivated for its own sake. A steward supervised the management of the school, and books and necessaries were supplied to all who could not pay for them. The sons of kings sometimes attended these schools, or might be educated at home, their tutors being accorded the highest respect, residing at court, ranking with the highest, the *ollave* of philosophy sitting next to the king, and enjoying special privileges.

The Irish at all times loved ornament and richness in dress. Their tales mention the beautiful mantles worn by those of rank. Their garments were of beautiful colors, extensively embroidered, and each clan had its peculiar pattern of stripes, or bands, or checks, like the Highland tartans. Brooches and pins of exquisite workmanship fastened their scarfs, it being said that the ancient Irish work is comparable to the finest work of Trichinopoli in India. Rings, collars, and combs were of gold, silver or bronze. Ladies covered their rich hair with veils, confined by crescent-shaped ornaments of gold on the brow. The lower classes naturally dressed more simply; but all wore in winter a long brown furze coat, which came to be known all over Europe as distinctively Irish.

Another important custom of the Irish was that of fosterage. Under it,

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children were usually brought up in another family than their own, and the regulations governing the custom resulted in the strongest ties of friendship and loyalty between families — between children and foster-parents particularly. Boys were kept in fosterage until seventeen, and girls until fourteen. They learned trades appropriate to their different stations in life, such as sheep-herding, wool-combing, wood-cutting and all the duties of a farmer. The girls learned spinning, sewing and cooking.

The sons of noble families learned horsemanship, archery, the use of spear and sword, swimming and chess-playing, and in the days when Finn and Cuchulain were the masters of great households, the boys were equally trained in music, courtesy, and poetry. The relation of fosterage was a most sacred one, and its ties very binding. Boys were also sent to professors to be brought up, and instructed in all they should know. The tutor was enjoined to feed and clothe them, for which the law affixed a certain fee, and anything earned by the pupil was turned over to his master as part of his due recompense.

Among the arts of Ireland, illuminating ranks perhaps highest. The early illuminated manuscripts contain numerous recensions of the ancient legends, historic annals, and the stories that grew up after the introduction of Christianity. In passing it should be noted that the Irish had a passion for accuracy, and a historian who falsified was liable to suffer death. Frequent astronomical occurrences are noted, as accurately as modern science can verify them.

The most famous of these hand-written books is that of Kells, dating from the seventh century. It is a collection of the Four Gospels, written on vellum, extensively ornamented with colored capitals. The work is almost mechanical in its perfection, and so minute as to presuppose the use of the microscope. The coloring is striking, enhanced by gold and silver ink. In the Book of Armagh, in a space three quarters of an inch long, less than half an inch wide, the magnifying glass reveals 158 interlacings of a slender ribbon pattern of white lines bordered with black, and there is no irregular or shaking line.

The Irish also excelled in metallurgy and enameling. The designs of the stone-carvers are similar to those of the goldsmith, and are preserved on the ornamental stone crosses that mark the intersection of roads. Buildings were round, of wood, with strong posts for walls, filled in with wickerwork, covered with colored plaster. Door-posts and prominent places were covered with ornamentation of precious metal, inset with gems or carving. The Brehon Laws forbade defacement of such ornamentation. Old forts and round towers are found everywhere throughout Ireland, the latter having given rise to much dispute concerning their origin. They antedate Christian times, although some of them were probably built as late as the days of

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Emperor Aśoka, during whose reign Buddhist monks visited Ireland.

Many castles, in various stages of picturesque dilapidation, are found all over Ireland, pathetic memorials of days of strife and bloodshed. Some of them stand on bleak headlands, almost surrounded by dashing waves; others rear their ivy-mantled walls over placid streams, or in the midst of verdant glades, but wherever we go over the "far hills of Eire" there is folk-lore, tradition and song. There is glamor in the air, fairy palaces in hill and lake; and the spirit of romance and delicate beauty breathes in the air. These are the great heirloom of modern Ireland.

Lovers of Ireland look with sympathetic interest on the efforts made to establish unity. The bright days of antiquity should stir them to preserve their heritage, for there are depths in the Irish heart which as yet it has not revealed. We cannot believe that a true account of history is a long recital of war and death — that is missing the kernel of the theme. It is true, war takes a strangely prominent place in Irish chronicles, but, stripped of boasting and poetic exaggeration, it reduces largely. Then too fighting, in the older days at least, was quaintly designated as a "sign of good fellowship between Celts" — a sort of honor paid to a worthy champion. It was mostly chivalrous display, which gave ample opportunities for a war of words.

But that cycle of Ireland's history is now long past. Still, what has been shall live again; and as a rose that blooms with ever-increasing beauty in each recurring season, so surely will the splendor of those golden Celtic ages be again reborn in the fullness of time. Ireland, emerging from her long night of the spirit, will add her magic touch to the life of reawakened and united humanity — in the days when the Children of Beauty again walk with men.

K. H.



"The goal of yesterday will be the starting-point of tomorrow."

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AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE



ONE hot summer afternoon in Wales, I was tramping along a road which skirted the tops of the cliffs, from which I had a splendid westward view across the Irish Sea. The water looked so cool and refreshing that I thought I should like a swim; but it was not until I had walked some miles that I was able to find a way to get to the water's edge. After several attempts I managed to scramble down to a small ledge of rock about a foot from the surface of the water. From here the water looked more inviting than before, and so beautifully clear that I could see the fishes swimming around, and even the pebbles at the bottom, although the depth must have been twelve or fourteen feet.

In a few minutes I was enjoying a swim on the gentle rising and falling waves, and soon struck out for the open sea to have a good long swim and enjoy the peacefulness and calm of that deserted region.

After a while, feeling somewhat fatigued, I swam back to the ledge where my clothes were, to find that, the tide having receded, I was unable to pull myself up the steep and smooth face of the rock to the ledge — now totally out of my reach!

I felt a great loneliness. . . . It flashed across my mind that I had not seen a living person for several hours. Before me was the great wall of cliff several hundred feet high; and I knew that the sea extended to the coast of Ireland several hundred miles away.

To get out of the water seemed hopeless, and I could feel a terrible fear coming over me. At the same time I knew perfectly well that to give way to it meant certain death. I felt a tremendous impulse to throw my arms about and shriek and act like a frightened animal, and for a while I could do nothing but keep still and endeavor to master the wild impulses which rushed over me in such a torrent that I thought I should lose my senses. Then slowly I became aware that I was fighting something which was not really myself, and as this realization grew I was able to force myself to keep still and think — which up to then I had been unable to do owing to the fierce struggle which was going on within me.

The question arose, Was it better to swim up or down the coast? — for I could discover no break in the sheer wall of cliff. Recollecting that I had walked several miles in a vain effort to get down to the water on my way to the spot I decided to try my luck in the opposite direction. In spite of my danger I then began to feel the beauty and calmness of the scene. The sea

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and rocks seemed to be no longer threatening in their aspect, and I felt a wonderful sort of kinship with them which I had never experienced before.

I swam very slowly, just keeping myself afloat, changing my position from time to time in order to make my strength last as long as possible. There was no apparent hope of getting out: I might swim on and on until my strength gave out; but I felt I would trust my destiny and die like a man if need be.

Finally I found a place where I could get out of the water. My legs being too weak to support me, I fell in a heap on the rocks; but after a rest in the warmth of the sun I was able to walk to the place where I had left my clothes.



Looking back at this incident, and remembering that only a few hours afterwards I was enjoying another swim, it seems impossible to doubt the duality of man's nature: that fear is felt by the lower man only, while the *real* Self within — the Higher Nature — knows only beauty, joy, and courage. C.

WAG AND WAGGLE



TO WAG is to move something one way and another by quick turns, and so we say "the dog wags his tail"; but when the dog keeps on agitating that loose end of his anatomy, making the movements rapid and continuous, it is more correct to say "the dog *waggles* his tail." This is only one instance of a way we have in English of forming fresh verbs by adding *-le* and doubling the last consonant. Thus, to WADE is to walk through mud or water, taking short steps and swaying from side to side; but as ducks and some other birds habitually walk in this clumsy and laborious fashion, the word WADDLE has been invented to describe it. Stout people are said to waddle because they give one the impression of wading wherever they go. Verbs formed in this way are called 'frequentative' verbs because they are used to describe an action that is frequently repeated.

To PRATE is to talk idly and to no purpose; and even very serious people prate sometimes because they find the effort to maintain their dignity at all times is too great a strain. Thus we have often read that:

A lillle nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

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But when a child spends a summer afternoon in talking idly to her dolls, she is said to PRATTLE. She may of course be very much in earnest in her make-believe; but since to her elders it seems to be "idle talk frequently repeated" (as the dictionary says), her conversation is described as prattle.

To NIP is to break off the end of something by means of two edges which meet — as with a pair of nippers; but when a mouse sits down to feast on a cracker and keeps on breaking off pieces with his sharp front teeth, he is said to NIBBLE, that is, he keeps on *nipping*. We need not be surprised to find the *p* of nip changing into *b* in nibble, for the two sounds are very much alike, and well-educated persons are often heard to say 'Jubiter,' when they honestly believe they say Jupiter.

To JOG is to push with the elbow or hand in order to attract someone's attention; but when such jogs are continuous or often repeated, the troublesome person is said to JOGGLE. You may remember that Tom Sawyer was lying in bed one morning trying to work up a toothache, that he might have an excuse for staying away from school. He uttered several deep groans and remarked to his bedfellow: "Don't joggle me, Sid" — in order to draw a little attention to his serious condition. Perhaps he was not aware of it, but he was making use of a frequentative verb.

To PAT is to give a light blow with the hand or the fingers, and the frequentative verb PATTLE was formed to denote the action of ducks which propel themselves through the water by quick strokes of their webbed feet. But *d* is an easier letter to pronounce than *l*, and so *pallle* became *paddle* in course of time. Many people out of pure laziness say 'pardner' for partner, and 'Sadderday' instead of Saturday — which goes to show that the desire to save one's self trouble has an important bearing on the study of words and the changes they undergo. *Pallle* had become *paddle* in the time of William Cowper, who 'flourished' (as the saying goes) in the latter part of the eighteenth century; for in one of his poems we find:

"Ducks *paddle* in the pond before the door."

Some of my clever young readers, once possessed of this key to the study of English words, will wonder if 'battle' means a continuous batting, and will try to find a connection between *rid* and *riddle*, *hurt* and *hurtle*, *cod* and *coddle;* but we must proceed with caution and consult our dictionaries. There *is* a link between *bat* and *battle;* but we get our verb 'to battle' directly from the French word *bataille*, a fight. In this study it is easy to be led astray by surface resemblances, and we must not trust too much to our lively imaginations but look into the history of words as we find them in the books which have come down to us.

There are many other of these frequentative verbs which may be looked into, such as: babble, draggle, gabble, scribble, and wriggle. UNCLE LEN

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THOUGHTS ON THINGS IN GENERAL

By Hugh



"YES, I THINK LIFE IS JOY"

PEOPLE here in Lomaland are very kind to dogs; so that you can hardly trot in any direction for fifty feet before you find one of the little drinking-fountains they have put up for our use. If you are thirsty, all you have to do is to walk up to one of them and get your master to turn it on and then the clear, fresh water spouts out for you to drink, and there is nothing to pay. They always call these drinking-fountains *high* drants; but I can never see why, because they are quite convenient even for a small dog like me. They often find our drinking-fountains very useful for irrigating the orchard; and that just goes to prove that if you do something kind for the sake of other people you will get the benefit of it for yourself as well.

Human beings (I always call them H. Bs. in my writings — just for short) are so funny that you can never tell what they will do next. They make a lot of needless work for themselves in many ways. Now, when a dog has eaten his meat and vegetables he quickly cleans up the dish with the little pink dish-cloth which all dogs carry in their mouths. But the H. Bs. make a lot of clatter and do all kinds of dull things with dishes after dinner, and waste much precious time that might be profitably spent in running after balls out in the open air.

A dog can very soon wash his coat by going in swimming and then rolling in the sand to dry himself; but that is much too easy to suit the H. Bs.: they slop the water about in tubs and use up a lot of perfectly good soap, and squeeze and rinse and wring, and even starch and iron, and yet I never saw one of them that looked so nice and natural as a good honest dog in his well-brushed glossy coat of home-grown hair. I have never had my collar starched or ironed and yet the leather looks as fresh as it did the day it was bought. The color is deeper and richer perhaps; but that is just age.

I could never make out why they call us 'dumb animals.' I am not dumb; and in fact I sometimes get into trouble for having too much to say.

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And then just think of the squealing pigs and the mooing of the cows and the bleating of the sheep, and the cats at night. Dumb? — I often wish they were, don't you?

The H. Bs. are very much like us dogs in some ways. Every now and then



"WE BUSY DOGS HAVE NO TIME FOR PLAY"

they have a competition here to see who can make the most noise. They get a lot of fiddles and pipe-things and a big round box filled with thunder called a drum, and everyone takes his choice. Then someone gets up and gives the signal to start and the noise begins. The starter stands in front and waves his little stick to encourage them. Sometimes the drum is the loudest and then the drummer gets tired; and then the pipe-arrangements come out on top for a while; and after that the squeaky fiddles make themselves heard above all the other din. After a long time the starter gives the signal to stop and peace reigns once more.

All the spectators seem to be glad when it is over and they smile and strike their front paws together as much as to say: "We can make a noise as well as you." I was told that one of the instruments they use is a bone (of the 'Trom' variety, I believe); but I have never been able to pick it out. There is one funny man, though, whom I must tell you about. He keeps on pushing brass tubing down his throat all the time. I can't think how he manages to find room for it all.

There are many little brown, velvety flies here who bustle about among the flowers and keep up a hum of conversation all the time. It is better not to try to make friends with them because they make a very hot spot on a dog's skin if they happen to get sat on. The H. Bs. are very kind to these furry little flies and make square white kennels for them to live in, and they go

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in and out and store away the nice, sweet syrup they get from the flowers.

Now we all know that the cow gives us milk and the sheep gives us wool; but it is quite a mistake to think that the velvety flies *give* us the syrup. I will tell you how I found this out. One day I saw one of the men *robbing* the little, white kennels and taking away great blocks of cells in which the syrup was stored. He did not seem to be at all ashamed of himself and actually boasted about the number of pounds he had taken! My master, who has just looked over my shoulder, says that the velvet flies are called honey-bees. (I cannot call them H. Bs. for short because that means human beings.)

One day as I was going to the 'Pavilion,' I ran up to a low bush as I always do to see if there was a bunny-rabbit at home. All of a sudden it seemed as though an alarm clock started buzzing in the very middle of the bush. My dear master became quite excited and requested me to withdraw myself in double-quick time. There was a funny-looking snake coiled up there, and my master attended to him with a stick which he happened to have with him. I shall take care how I poke my nose into other people's affairs in future; but I shall always feel grateful to the snake for saving my life by giving me his friendly warning. Speaking of serpents, I am glad that we dogs wear hair instead of scales. I should never feel fully dressed and ready for company, if I had nothing on but scales. Snakes would hardly look very well in a coat of hair like us dogs either — I fancy they would resemble cows' tails taking a walk all by themselves. There is one good thing about scales though, and that



"I AM GLAD PEOPLE ARE KIND TO US FOUR-LEGS"

is that there is no shelter for fleas. You never see a snake sit down and scratch himself as we poor dogs are forced to do sometimes.

They are very kind to the horses here and to save them the trouble of hauling away the trash from the gardens, my master keeps a little box of

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red-headed sticks in his pocket. When you rub a stick against the box, sparks and flames fly out and then you poke the stick under a pile of rubbish. Very soon big waves of gray-colored air come rolling out and then red and yellow tongues lick up the dead leaves and twigs until by and by nothing is left but a little gray powder. I have never been able to find out what becomes of all the trash. It seems to float off into the air and vanish from sight.

I often think what a grand thing it is to be a dog with a leg at each corner like a table. The H. B.s I notice have only two legs and I sometimes wonder that they get along as well as they do. I once tried to walk on my hind legs, and I can tell you that I am glad that I have not to go about in that fashion. When I come to a gate and do not want to wait for my master to open it, I just leap over the top; but how seldom you see H. Bs. do such a thing. . . .

But I must really stop writing and go out and *do* something. As it is rather hot, I had better lie in the shade of the palm-tree and watch the boys raking. They'll feel encouraged by my sympathy and that will help on a lot.

GLASS BOTTLES

BOTTLES are still produced largely by hand-methods in spite of many most ingenious improvements and inventions made in recent years.

Usually a gang of three men and two boys — termed a 'chair,' or 'hole'— consisting of 'gatherer,' 'blower,' 'wetter-off,' 'maker,' and 'taker-in,' work together. The wetter-off and taker-in are usually boys.

The process of bottle-making is briefly as follows. The gatherer collects from the furnace, on the end of an iron blow-pipe, a quantity of molten glass which he rolls and shapes on an iron or stone slab called a 'marver plate.' The blow-pipe with the glass adhering is then passed to the blower, who places it in a metal mold, closes the mold, and then blows down the pipe until the glass has acquired the required shape. In better class bottles, where it is necessary that no mold-marks should appear on the completed bottle, the blower, while carrying out his operation, must constantly rotate the glass in the mold by revolving the blow-pipe whilst blowing. On opening the mold the bottle is detached from the blow-pipe by the wetter-off, who uses an iron tool called a 'mullet'; and it is then passed by him to the maker, who finishes the neck of the bottle with a thin band of molten glass which he shapes with a hand tool. The finished bottle is then picked up by the taker-in and placed in the annealing lehr, or oven, which is usually close at hand.

The annealing process, during which the article is subjected to considerable heat and then allowed to cool gradually, is for the purpose of removing all strain which may exist, as glass not properly annealed is subject to constant risk of fracture at the slightest contraction or expansion. T. B. M.

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THE CALIFORNIA SEA-LION

THIS is a much smaller animal than the Northern Sea-Lion, the males seldom reaching a length of more than seven feet or weighing more than four hundred and fifty pounds. They may readily be distinguished from their northern relatives by their voices; for instead of imitating their hoarse, aggressive roar, they express their feelings in a soft, musical barking noise. As soon as the warm weather sets in at Point Loma, one may hear their weird, strange cries floating about the hillsides; and it is often a long time before a new arrival discovers the source whence these queer sounds proceed. "*How-woo,*" they call, and then comes "*Hook! Hook! Hook!*"

A census of these animals was taken some years ago at San Francisco, which disclosed the fact that there were twenty-five thousand of them at that time residing in the near vicinity. As it actually requires from ten to forty pounds of food a day to satisfy their appetites, it is fortunate for them in these days of high prices that they get their food for nothing.



FAMILIAR LOMALAND VISITORS

Sea-lions differ from seals in having a visible external ear, a larger neck, and much more prominent and usable limbs — being more like land animals.

If they lived entirely on fish, it would be a serious thing for us; but a large part of their diet consists of squid, crabs, and shellfish, and the small quantity of fish that they eat makes but very little difference to the fishermen. Every now and then they manage to catch a sea-gull by suddenly closing their jaws over him as he hovers over the tip of the seal's nose — purposely left just sticking out of the water to provoke the curiosity of the gull.

Pebbles are often found in their stomachs, as also in the stomachs of other kinds of seal; and it has been jokingly suggested that the pebbles have been taken in to serve as ballast; but quite possibly this is the exact reason for which the stones are swallowed.

These sea-lions are often kept in the zoological collections of Europe, as they manage to endure captivity remarkably well. They are most affectionate to each other, and when one of a pair happens to die, the surviving

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partner is very likely to pine away and die too. When suddenly frightened they have been known to jump sixty feet into the water from the rocks where they have been lying.

A student of Point Loma, on rising to the surface after a dive one day, was astonished to find himself face to face with a sea-lion. The encounter was quite unlooked for by both parties, and acting on the excellent maxim, "Least said, soonest mended," they brought the interview abruptly to a close by retiring in opposite directions.

On one occasion, at a picnic on the cliffs, we saw a party of six sea-lions floating about in the offing and peacefully lunching on the carcase of a dead whale. The rule of silence at meal-times is no part of ocean etiquette, and between mouthfuls the members of the merry luncheon-party exchanged remarks in tones that must have been heard at a distance of many miles.

The easy grace of movement and the confident control of their motions without apparent effort, as displayed by these animals in their natural element, is a joy to witness. At times they stand upright among the waves 'treading water' very much as a man would do, except that their legs are not bent. In order to maintain their perpendicular, they bring their long, thin feet into action, and all the while the flippers in front gently beat the water as a man might do with his hands. Sometimes they gracefully turn over on their backs; but a keen lookout is kept on all sides, and their mild, intelligent eyes seem to be taking it all in.

Their perfect adaptation to life in the water: the ease and assurance with which they swim and dive and glide beneath the waves, somehow puts one in mind of swallows at play. The writer has often spent hours in watching captive seals circumnavigating their tank; and to observe how every lightest stroke of foot or flipper is immediately translated into change of speed or direction, is a fascinating lesson in practical mechanics, and a keen delight to anyone — especially to a naturalist. UNCLE PERCY

ON THE HILLSIDE IN MARCH

A STIFF, cool breeze blows pure and bracing from the mighty sea, which is slaty and uninviting — hardly menacing, but suggestive rather of shivers than of lolling lazily in the surf or taking a sun-bath in the sand.

The sun's bright silver path across the sea makes a sharp contrast to the dull surface elsewhere; yet even this does not warm — it only dazzles.

The long breakers of churning white foam are as white as snow. But while snow is gentle and comforting, these breakers are forever restless and

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clamorous. The waves seek the shore, but always burst upon the rocks long before they get there, and all is confusion and foaming discord. The breakers resemble great cavalry columns of high-spirited white steeds — but they vanish, and never come again; and the mighty ocean, which calmly swells out beyond them, is murky and discolored where the charge takes place.

The first wave breaks at about half-way between the shore and the big kelp-bed, which spreads itself upon the surface of the sea for the whole length of Point Loma and beyond, and is broken up into countless gulfs, bays, inlets, islands, peninsulas, and capes.

An occasional sea-gull hovers just off shore, while a jet-black crow flies directly overhead cawing noisily.

Immediately below the bridge are some beautiful young trees waving in the breeze, their fresh light-green leaves glinting in the sunlight. I. L. H.

THE OLD CLASSIC

THE crimsoned leaves of the wild maples on the hillside are already falling; little gusts of the chilly evening wind scatter the tiny baby hands hither and thither. . . .

* * *

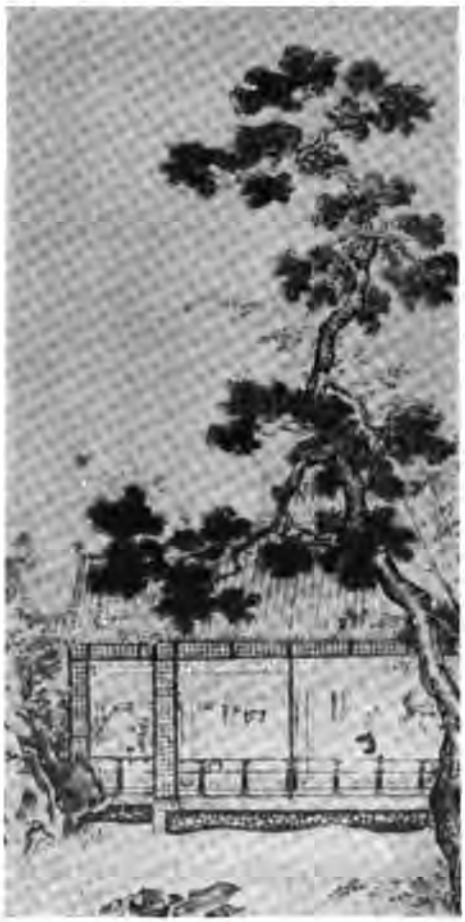
The tall sugi-trees send their long shadows across the narrow white road that leads to the temple on the hill, half-hidden among the ancient pines. . . . Now the old priest is sounding the bell for sun-down — the deep boom . . . boom . . . boom . . . goes echoing and re-echoing through the mist.

* * *

Far down in the valley a fine white line of spray is rising from a solitary waterfall; it rises higher and higher and then is lost among a few stray gray clouds that linger from last night's rain.

* * *

Two old pilgrims slowly go up to the temple.—TETSUO Râja-Yoga Student



COPY OF ORIGINAL BY BAYEN, 13TH CENTURY

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LOMALAND RAMBLES

THE best places for mountaineering in miniature for Lomaland ramblers are now unavailable because several miles of the end of Point Loma, being a military reservation, have been temporarily closed to the public except along the main road.

Before the War there were many difficult peaks and crevasses to negotiate on the lands to the east between Lomaland proper and the old Spanish lighthouse at the end of the Point. This section is quite different from the gentle western slopes, and appears to have suffered much more from the effects of the weather, from 'quakes of long ago, and subsidences of various kinds. The canyons are more numerous and rugged, with much broken and rough ground in their windings to the bay.



GOING DOWN

Nearing the bottom of a Point Loma canyon.

In the old days we would make up a party and, putting on old clothes, start out to explore one or two of the canyons. When I say 'we,' of course I mean we boys and men. The girls go looking for wood-violets, ferns, and flowers in the easy canyons.

It took all our nerve and strength to climb the rugged sides, squirm along knife-like edges of 'bridges,' and work up and down through crevasses of unknown depth —supported by spread elbows and knees, feet and back. Sometimes we had to crawl and squirm through holes and tunnels, and there were lots of places in the crevasses only just wide enough for people without any superfluous adipose tissue to edge through sideways, and sometimes, too, for a considerable distance. In places, the canyon-walls, extending some seventy feet above our heads, cut out all but a thin ribbon of light which showed itself at intervals to those in the depths. In some of the dark passages where the

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INTERESTING ODDMENTS

OLD CHINESE OBSERVATORY

THESE old astronomical instruments were situated in the 'Forbidden City' of the imperial Manchus, in the heart of Pekin. The first illustration shows an Armillary Sphere and a bronze Altitude Quadrant. The former instrument — erected in the seventeenth century by Chinese artificers under direction of a French missionary, was used for fixing the various planes and great circles concerned in the observation of stellar movements, such as the plane of the ecliptic, the celestial equator, the local meridian, the plane of the horizon, etc.



AT THE PEKIN OBSERVATORY
ARMILLARY SPHERE AND ALTITUDE QUADRANT

The larger instrument was used to observe the height above the celestial equator of different heavenly bodies as they crossed the local meridian. The long straight arm, being pivoted at its lower end, swung along the curved arc, which bore graduations. By pointing the arm at the object viewed, by means of pinnules, or eye-pieces at the ends of the arm, and then reading the graduations on the arc, the correct height was ascertained.

The larger illustration shows a bronze Equinoctial and Declination Circle constructed in the thirteenth century by one Ko Chon King, astronomer to the first Tatar Emperor. The axis of the instrument points to the Pole-star, so that the large circle lies in the plane of the celestial equator. A second circle, seen somewhat on edge in the picture, bears a bronze shaft with eye-pieces for sighting, and is movable so as to enable the observer to bring it to bear on any point in the heavens. A reading of the large circle would then give the position of the celestial body in relation to some fixed point — this point being, with Western astronomers, the beginning of the sign Aries.

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comparatively late date — about 2000 B. C.— and they seem to have been used exclusively for charioteering; no other representation of horses is found. The harness, which the sculptures show to have consisted merely of a light collar, secured by bands about the breast, and a light bridle with double reins, gave the horses great freedom of movement; and so far as we can judge by their attitudes in the paintings and sculptures, they made full use of it!

The body of the chariot is extremely light, consisting of a 'floor' of thongs stretched on a light perforated rim, and a slight hand-rail barely reaching the driver's waist. Note that no part of the body extends back beyond the axle of the chariot. While this construction is obviously designed to reduce the vibration of a rough road, as well as stand shocks and strains, we believe that to drive one of these vehicles was no undertaking for an amateur! The small restraint exercised on the team by the slight harnessing, the lightness of the load they drew, and the meager foothold afforded the driver obviously called for skill: perhaps licensed 'chauffeurs' are no new thing in Egypt! — at least, we should hope so, for the sake of the city crowds in old times.

THE MASTER-SINGER

RICHARD WAGNER was a friend of animals who never ceased in his efforts in their behalf. While engaged in writing *The Meistersingers* he attempted one day to do some kindness to a wretched stray dog. The animal, unused to any kindnesses from humans, misunderstood his advances and bit his hand severely. Wagner was in desperate poverty at the time, and the opera which was to bring him fame was delayed by this accident for many weeks; still his compassion was not lessened, and he persisted in having the poor animal well cared for.

IF two tuning forks of the same pitch are placed facing each other — one sounding and the other silent — in a few seconds the silent one will be giving out a distinctly audible note. Is it altogether fanciful to imagine that in a more refined way the human voice will evoke corresponding vibrations from the natures of those around it? If this is true, how important it is that we should be vigilant, that our voices should ever express music — never discord.

New York's shortest street is Edgar Street, which runs between Greenwich Street and Trinity place, near the Battery. It is so short that no doors open on it.— *Clipping*

FROM the remotest antiquity the evaporation of the Dead Sea has supplied salt for the market of Jerusalem. It has been estimated that if the oceans were to evaporate there would remain a layer of salt about 235 ft. thick.

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STRAY BEAMS

"PROPERLY speaking, everything depends upon a man's intentions. Where these exist, thoughts will likewise appear; and as the intentions are, so are the thoughts."— *Goethe*

"WEALTH and beauty, scented flowers and ornaments like these are not to be compared for grace with moral rectitude."
— The Chinese book *Yo-sho-hing-tsan-King*

"THERE is no guilt greater than to sanction ambition; no calamity greater than to be discontented with one's lot; no fault greater than the wish to be getting."— *Tao-Teh King*

"BE not lenient to your own faults; keep your pardon for others."
— *Emerson*

"HE alone achieves all that is possible who forever aims at the seeming Impossible. This is the pathway of the great."— *Persian*

"TO have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power."
— *George Macdonald*

A FRIEND is one who loves the truth and you, and will tell the truth in spite of you.

"SMALL kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practised in our social intercourse, give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments."— *M. A. Kelly*

"BLESSED is the man who thinks himself no better when he is magnified and exalted by men than when he is held to be mean, simple and of no account. For as a man is before God, that is he and no more."— *St. Francis*

To dodge difficulties is to lose the power of decision.

"NO power in society, no hardship in your condition can depress you, keep you down in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent."— *Channing*

"IN every feast remember that there are two guests to be entertained, the Body and the Soul; and that what you give the Body you presently lose, but what you give the Soul remains for ever."— *Epictetus*

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Happiness, for as William Q. Judge said (he was the messenger that came in April), it is like the ocean; so deep in places that even the wisest men cannot altogether understand it but at its shore even little children may learn. I will tell you of one of its teachings.

When your daffodils or crocuses die in the winter you know that the life which produced the blossoms has gone down to the roots for a rest; and though you do not now see the blossoms, yet you know that next year there will be more beautiful ones springing up. And as surely as the flowers come spring after spring, so do we come life after life; and even the oldest oaks and redwoods are very young in age compared to you, the real You that never dies — even when we can see you no more for a time, as when you are absent traveling in some distant country.

Many such beautiful teachings have they brought to us. When you learn them you will do all in your power for the return of the gods on earth and the happy fairy days of old. M. D.

WHENEVER A LITTLE CHILD IS BORN

AGNES CARTER MASON



WHENEVER a little child is born,
All night a soft wind rocks the corn;
One more buttercup wakes to the morn,
Somewhere, somewhere.



One more rosebud shy will unfold,
One more grass-blade push through the mold,
One more bird-song the air will hold,
Somewhere, somewhere.— Selected

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ALL IN THE MORNING EARLY, OH!

THE old sun blinked through the open window, trying his best to wake a tousle-headed little lad, whose shock of golden curls he well-nigh set on fire. But Jack was still in Dreamland, and even the chirping robins and all the morning noises of the farmyard failed to wake him.

"Jack," called a cheery voice from the kitchen. "Bless my soul! what a sleepy-head! I shall have to be up and shaking him before he'll stir." A rosy-faced woman clumped up the narrow stairway, drying her hands on her apron. "Well, lad, you be a lazybones, and no mistake! The breakfast all but waiting on the table, and you still abed!"

The curly head stirred slightly on the pillow, and the wide eyes blinked at the sunlight. "I was dreaming," he said. "It was so nice!"

"Come, come, get up quickly, for the porridge be a-boiling in the pot!" She pulled back the patched quilt and went down the creaky stairs, singing the old milking ditty.

Jack sat up in bed. "I wonder," he whispered. . . ."I wonder how it ended. And the princess came into the garden, and I met her by the magic lake. I was riding on my coal-black charger, and I was



". . . AND RIDE BESIDE ME ON MY FIERY STEED. . . ."

all dressed in red. I asked her to go with me to the land of Paramint, and to ride beside me on my fiery steed, until we reached the castle of Julata, where I'd have to get off a minute to slay a dragon. But if she'd just sit still and wait I'd take her right on home to my own

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mother's voice rang out high and clear —"So early in the morning!"

Jack sat bolt upright, and rubbed his eyes: "It's no use — I never *will* know now," and put his left foot out of bed.

When he got downstairs a bowl of porridge was left on the table, but everything else was gone. They must have cleared it all away because he didn't come. Cold porridge! — Perhaps Minta would eat it: he certainly couldn't. She wagged her tail lazily when he called her, and sniffed at the bowl, but she had had breakfast long ago, she wasn't even hungry. As Jack picked up the bowl his eyes were just a little misty. — It wasn't right of them to treat him so! Lots of people sometimes overslept and it wasn't fair to have to go to school empty!

His books were piled up on the dresser, and by them was his lunch, all neatly packed by mother in a small tin lunch-box. He slung his school-bag over his shoulder and trudged off through the yard.

"Well, Maister Jack, fine marnin' bain't it?" shouted a jolly old farm-hand from the barn. "Be ye off to school? Ye'll be late, sure, if ye don't hustle."

Jack looked back crossly at the man, and passing through the gate, turned down the lane.

There were some sandwiches in his lunch, and he *was* a bit hungry; he would get one out and eat it as he walked. He opened the package — four sandwiches, a cake and an apple. Well, suppose he tried the cake now to see if it was good — and he bit into it, munching as he trudged along. Soon it was all gone, and the empty hole no smaller than before. He'd just have to eat the sandwiches to fill the corners.

Far across the fields the school-bell tinkled, but Jack still dawdled. Hiram had been right — it *was* a splendid morning — just perfect for chasing butterflies across meadows; and there must surely be some minnows in Miller's pool! But he had to *go to school!* Oh! they really didn't treat him right at all. They ought to give him a holiday on a day like this! At last he walked into the school-room.

Empty! On the black-board something was written. He went up to it. "*We have gone out for botany class. Late-comers sit down and*

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study your grammar until we get back." Jack's face fell. He *hated* grammar! and they were having *botany* — all about the flowers — *out in the fields* —! How he ached to be there with Teacher, asking her a thousand 'whys' about the buttercups and daisies. But he sat down at his desk and opened an old worn book — "A verb is a word that asserts." Tears welled up in the big blue eyes and the curly head dropped on his arm. It wasn't right — it wasn't right at all! Why were they all so cruel to him? Where had they gone, anyway? They had been away an awfully long time.

He was so lonely, and everything had gone wrong. Sobs shook the little shoulders, till — at last he fell asleep.

. . . .

Through the portals of a marble castle came a fair princess, in robes of shimmering blue. He rode to meet her on his coal-black steed, and at the palace steps he sprang to the ground, taking her hand in his, "Put your foot in the stirrup," he said, "and I will help you up. Come, princess, let us ride away together."

But she turned away from him on the steps: "I would have gone with you to the ends of the earth," she said, and in her starry eyes there gleamed a tear, "but you were late . . . late . . . late. . . ."

He opened his eyes — the class-room was filled with children. They were laughing — "Jack, Jack, sleepyhead, late — late — late!"

"A verb is a word that asserts," he repeated with a show of diligence; but inside his heart was sad, for he knew that his princess was farther away than ever.

M. A. B.

WISDOM

COMPILED BY MR. B. RABBIT



"ONE today is better than two tomorrows."

"WE have been given one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear twice as much as we speak."



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"WHAT *WILL* THEY THINK?"

"HOW would you like to do a little brotherhood work?" said Mother to Louise and Helen.

"Ready!" cried the girls. —Why of course — who wouldn't be ready for anything that Mother suggested!

"I have just been to see our new neighbors in the big white house. They have left Sweden and have come to this country to make a new home — Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and four children. Two girls about your ages I should think, a little boy and a little dear baby girl. Mrs. Anderson is anxious to have the two girls attend school, but they cannot speak English very well, and they dread to begin for fear the other children will laugh at them," said Mother.

"Oh!" said Louise, "we must not let that happen. Mother, why cannot we ask them to go to school with us?"

"That is a good idea, but as this is Saturday, why not make them a little visit and become acquainted first? And you might wear your . . ."

"Oh, our Swedish costumes that old Brita gave us before she left. . . . How jolly! And Helen, don't you remember, we will be able to say 'How do you do'—'Varsagoo!'" "No, that is 'Excuse me'," said Helen; "and oh, I can take them some of my lilies — they are just in bloom." And both girls ran off to dress.

Half an hour later the two little girls, in Swedish costumes, with their arms full of flowers, knocked at the door of the big white house.

How surprised and pleased Mrs. Anderson was when she opened the door and ushered in her little neighbors; and how the children's faces brightened at the sight of the familiar costumes; and what

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a merry time they had trying to learn each others' names! Karin and Inga were the names of the two girls, who were about the same ages as Louise and Helen. The little brother was Sven and the baby was Aina.



"GOOD MORROW!"

Then the girls taught Louise and Helen some new Swedish games to play, and Louise and Helen taught the children some of the games they played at school. After that Mrs. Anderson served all with a refreshing drink called *saft-och-vallen*, and with *kringlor* and *skorpor* (cookies and rusks), which they enjoyed very much. Then Louise asked Mrs. Anderson if she would play the Swedish national folk-song, *Du gamla, du fria, du fjällhöga Nord*. This surprised Mrs. Anderson, and she asked Louise how she had learned that song. Louise told her that they had learned it at school in English and were very fond of it. So Mrs. Anderson led the way to the piano and played while the children sang; and when they had finished Mrs. Anderson said that Sweden did not seem so far away when her songs were loved and sung by children of this new country.

After the song the children said good-bye, promising to meet on

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Monday for school; and, waving their hands, they skipped down the path towards home.

After telling Mother all about it Helen said: "But Mother, I don't see what *we* did — it was *they* who made us have such a good time. It was a regular party!"

"I think my little girls carried the brotherhood-spirit just the same," said Mother. . . .

That evening Mrs. Anderson told her husband about the doings of the happy afternoon. "We have good neighbors," she said; "it will not be so hard to chase away the longing for home with such good folk nearby."

"Real brotherhood folk, I should think," said Mr. Anderson. N.

* * * *

"I'M GOING TO POINT LOMA!"

* * *



VIRGINIA E. GUSTAFSON



ESTHER E. PENCILLE

TWO LITTLE NEW ENGLAND LOTUS BUDS

THEY are three years and twelve years old, and have always belonged to the Boston Lotus Group. They hope to join the Râja-Yoga Children in Lomaland soon, and learn more about their great Secret: that LIFE IS JOY.

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A LETTER FROM ENGLAND

DEAR CHILDREN:



"DET UP!"
Nellie's greatest Care

This is Nellie and I---only she won't get up! She's very old, you see, so she is rather lazy. I am sure she takes more than forty winks after her dinner, and she just hates to be disturbed. I wish she would get up, though, because you can't have your picture taken when you're asleep.

You know, Nell has some puppies, and they are much better fun to play with. She's very particular about whom she lets them play with, and though she lets me pick them up, she growls ever so fiercely if anyone else tries to. Of course, that is because she knows that I am a nice little boy, and that I will not teach them anything naughty.

Some day I shall send you a picture of them, when they have learned to sit still long enough to have one taken.

Well, good-bye to you all! STANLEY

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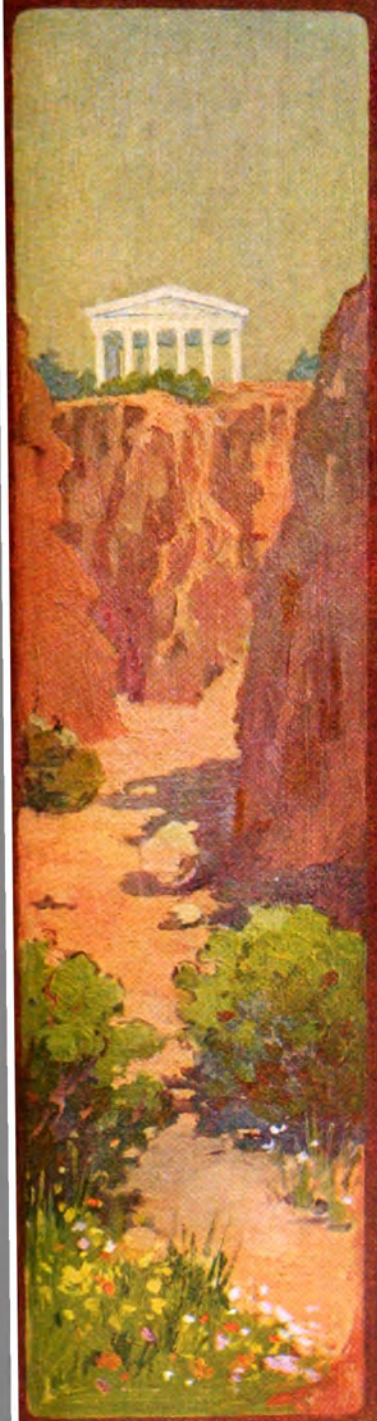
around the feet of the trees to make the sap flow faster, and they warm the great old giants and tell them too, that Spring has come. "Put on your fresh green coats," they say, "for the birdlings are all singing and they are waiting for you to get dressed so they can build their nests."

And so in field and wood they do their work, waking all of Mother Nature's children and helping to dress them in their bright new clothes. Soon a new world has sprung up everywhere, until one morning even the children awake, and begin to sing; they want to dance and frolic in the sunshine, for they too know that Spring has come. M. A. B.



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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER



An Illustrated Magazine Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

"THE SENSE OF DUTY COMETH FIRST; THEN COMETH STEDFASTNESS; AND ZEALOUS WORK THE JEWEL IS, THAT CROWNETH ALL."

—H. P. Blavatsky





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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUTH
Conducted by Students of the Râja-Yoga College

Published bi-monthly, under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter, December 27, 1904, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California
Copyright 1922, by Katherine Tingley
SUBSCRIPTION (Six issues): $1.00 *Foreign postage:* 20c *Canadian:* 10c.

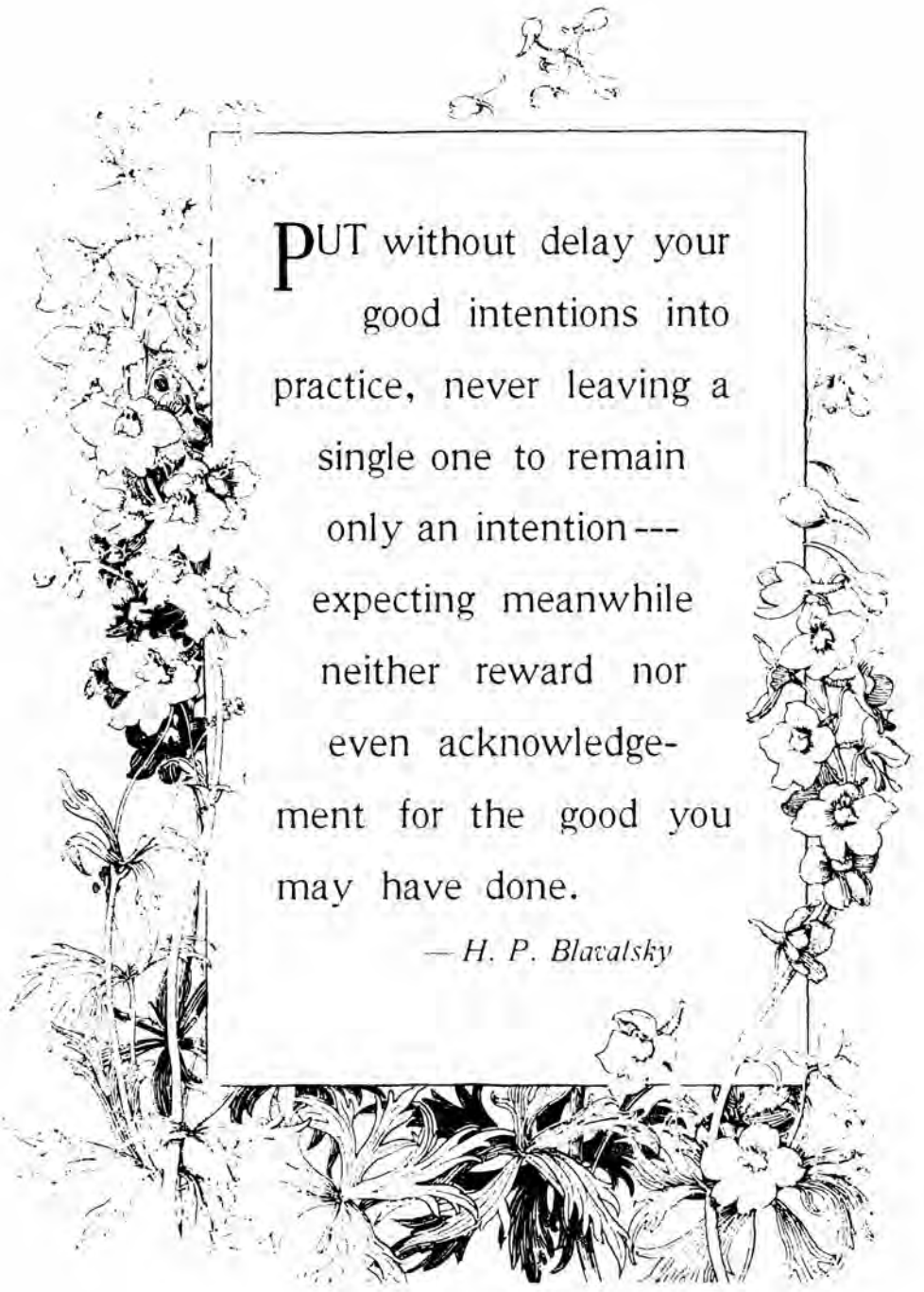
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PUT without delay your good intentions into practice, never leaving a single one to remain only an intention---expecting meanwhile neither reward nor even acknowledgement for the good you may have done.

—*H. P. Blavatsky*

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVIII, NO. 3 MAY 1922

"CHILDREN should above all be taught self-reliance, love for all men, altruism, mutual charity, and more than anything else to think and reason for themselves."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE SEASON OF RICHEST PROMISE

GROWTH is something that we constantly see all around us; for it is common to all things. And in every growing thing there is immanent That which works towards perfection, and which strives to grow true to its own type and ideal. Intuitively and unquestioningly we feel that everything that lives and progresses moves towards some ultimate goal of perfection — some great and noble Reality, which, though unseen, already exists. All the beauties of nature are but approximations or reflections of an inner Ideal towards which all Nature grows.

With the coming of Spring we feel this all-embracing growth of things in an encouraging and exhilarating way. Who, indeed, can feel it in the fresh forces of budding and flowering, singing and nesting Nature, and still suspect that we, in our humanity, are outside and apart from this new life? So far from having no part in this renewed and joyous effort, it is for *us* that the rustlings of Spring have the deepest significance. For all Nature works — it has been taught by the wise — for the soul's experience; and from her we can learn much that will help us to understand our own natures more thoroughly. A great Teacher said: "Grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air." — True progress comes when we seek to understand Nature and work on with her.

What is it that is awakened in us at the sight of sublime mountain-heights clad with lingering snows — by the beauty of a fresh-springing flower — by the glory of the flooding sunshine on the morning when first we hear the song of returning birds in spring-time? Is it not the inward kinship we feel for all that is noble and beautiful? Nature embodies it in birds and flowers, sea and sky; whereas in us the great Reality is *our own Higher Nature*. This is the ideal with which we seek to become wholly at one; for it is this perfection of

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attainment that is dimly shadowed forth in us, as is the great underlying plan in Nature which we see through her visible beauties.

From her we may gain a deeper understanding of ourselves; for the same just and changeless laws govern all life. We know that proper soil, proper care, and the right conditions tend to produce a perfect plant; for in the very seed there is the perfect plan upon which it seeks to build and unfold in harmony and balance — that 'Kingly Union' which is Râja-Yoga. And we have even greater possibilities than anything in Nature; for in us is the privilege and responsibility of choice. *We* have the *power of Will;* — we can *choose to do right*, and *will to overcome* the obstacles that impede us. Not by inevitable conformance with Nature's laws merely are we compelled to progress, but by our own volition do we unfold and grow.

Then too, we may observe from Nature that Spring is the time of year when weeds flourish most luxuriantly — along with the beneficial growths. When we go into our garden to cultivate the fairest plants, we must be prepared to find and cut away poisonous weeds — to tear them out, while yet the soil is soft and workable. For weeds grow faster than the finer growth, and may choke it out before it can mature. So, in the spring-time of life, there are harmful growths which impede the true development of the nature while yet it has but partly unfolded into noble manhood and womanhood.

Selfishness may be called the giant weed, which has its tiny seeds even in little children, and which can strangle all that is of richest promise in their natures. This, our first and foremost obstacle, is ever-present; and from the earliest days of childhood we must meet it time and time again; and when we reach young manhood and womanhood — the full spring-time of life — it is in the light of unselfish aspiration and altruistic ideals that we can build for a strong, useful and happy life. This is the time when, more fully than ever before, we realize the practical application of our ideals, when unafraid of what life holds, and filled with unquenchable ardor to strive and achieve, we can face its noble possibilities.

Among nations, too, which have their springtimes as well as individuals, this is now a time of great possibilities and richest promise. Mighty forces are moving the life of every nation along new lines of progress, and everywhere are signs of national rebirth. Can we, the individual men and women — both old and young — who go to make those nations, ever find a more splendid opportunity to do our part to establish their growing energies on high ideals of living, and love of what is good and true?

Efforts are required of us; experiences are waiting to be met; there is a great work for those who fit themselves for it. And so, in the face of the responsibilities which lie before us, let us plant the seed of a harvest which, in yielding us growing strength and joy, will help to enrich all men. B.

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STRONG PURPOSE VS. NEGATIVE WISHES



AM determined that nothing shall prevent the accomplishment of this duty I now set out to do."

"I wish that matters were otherwise; that I were wiser; were free; were all that I am not."

— Between these two attitudes of mind there lies all the difference in the world: the difference between strength and weakness, between joy and sorrow. A strong purpose leads into the straight way extending from our present station to the happy place of our ideal; while the weak little negative wishes lead up hill and down dale, hither and yon, in a roundabout way toward nowhere.

A strong purpose is like a beacon on the shores of the far land of our ideal, shining for us through the long night, that we may stedfastly hold to our course; the little uncertain wishes are like clouds of fireflies, vaguely drifting, unreal and confusing.

A strong purpose is like the tools a man uses at his honest daily work; while idle wishes are like the playthings that are lost, broken and forgotten.

Strong purposes have made heroes, while negative wishes have but helped forward failures in the lives of men.

Nothing except these negative wishes, these denials of the possibility of better conditions, come between us and our ideal; and only by means of a strong purpose shall we drive them, like pests, out of the mind.

"I wish matters were different." — A strong purpose, if we choose to form it, would make matters as different as we wish them to be.

"I wish I were better fitted." — A strong purpose would fit one for the labors of Hercules.

"If I were only free." — A strong purpose makes us free indeed. R-Y

WHAT RÂJA-YOGA MEANS TO US

A LETTER WRITTEN BY A GROUP OF JUNIOR BOYS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL AT POINT LOMA, TO MME. KATHERINE TINGLEY WHILE ENGAGED IN PUBLIC WORK IN SWEDEN, 1922

Lotus Home, Point Loma, California

DEAR MADAME TINGLEY: We hope that you and the Crusaders had a fine voyage and that you are in good health.

We have just finished having our Junior William Quan Judge Club and at the end of a very interesting meeting, our teacher Mr. Forbes tried to impress upon us the necessity of striving harder than ever just at the present time in order that we might add force to the great work you are doing. He again emphasized that it is in the small duties that our best work is done; and so we

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have made new resolutions to help you by doing our duties so well that our efforts will count with you in helping those who have not had the opportunities of doing right that we have, through lack of the training that we are having.



ONE OF THE HOMES OF THE RÂJA-YOGA 'BROWNIES'

We realize more and more — especially the older boys of the group — what a love the Râja-Yoga training has awakened in us for our parents, our country and other countries, and we would like others to share in that awakening. We have often heard, recently, the expression 'war-torn Europe'; and surely if we are true to our Râja-Yoga training we can help you to change that into 'Peace-loving Europe.' We feel that such a change in the condition of Europe is possible if we are true to the training which we have had in the Râja-Yoga School.

When this letter reaches you, you will be in a country we have all learned to love through a knowledge of its past history and because of the many boys from that land who have been with us. In fact, Sweden will ever hold a distinct place in the hearts of Râja-Yogas, because we know how you love that country and how you are going to help it in a wonderful way when the time comes to open the School at Visingsö. We look forward with enthusiasm to the time when the Visingsö School will be doing its share in making Sweden one of the foremost countries of the then 'Peace-loving Europe.'

Perhaps you would like to know just what we have been thinking about and doing since you left. Well, first our thoughts have been a good deal with you,

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not only on your voyage, but here as well. Here, because your lifework is being so graphically pictured* — a record for the future that we are all very proud of. We have wondered in our thoughts just what those who have never



SIX-FOOT *COSMOS* IN THE 'BROWNIE' GARDEN

seen Point Loma or been permitted to look closely into the life we lead here, with all its activities, will say when they see those pictures before them. We know that all are going to marvel at what you have done here, in just a little over twenty years. We say so with confidence not only because it is always being remarked by the many well-known people who visit us here and get acquainted with the school, that it *is* wonderful, but because of two remarks Mr. Forbes has told us about which deal directly with the pictures.

One remark was made by Mr. Abel, one of the camera men, and the other by Mrs. Cervantes, the daughter of Mr. Powers, the moving-picture director.

Mr. Abel you have seen, and you know how competent he is in his own work and likewise how competent he is to judge of dramatic work because he has filmed so many big pieces that are now world-famous. We have heard a great deal about what he has said because two from our group were helping him. Well Mr. Forbes heard Mr. Abel say to Mr. Powers that nowhere else in the

*Motion-pictures recently produced on a large scale at the International Theosophical Headquarters, by Lomaland students and pupils of the Râja-Yoga School, Academy and College. Among other important themes, they featured the growth of the Râja-Yoga system of education and the life-work of the Foundress, Mme. Katherine Tingley.

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world could they get such a picture as the full scene when the gypsies come in, as you planned it, in *As You Like It;* and nowhere else could they get such natural actors. That coming from one having much to do with moving pictures



A FOLK-DANCE AT THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY, POINT LOMA

Little folk entertaining visiting parents and friends. This dance is one of several originally brought from Sweden by Râja-Yoga Students doing public work in that country. It is here being performed by children of America, Holland, Russia, and England.

ought to be a good guide as to what the public will say when they see them.

The other remark was made by Mrs. Cervantes, who was speaking of the pictures she had seen. She said that she had seen so many in her day, because of her connection with them, that it required pretty interesting pictures to make an impression on her, and the Point Loma pictures she had seen had intensely interested her — even without the captions. She spoke especially of the scene where we are shown making boxes for our garden plants. "I was so interested," she said, "that I would just have liked to be with those boys." As Mr. Forbes says, if that picture is interesting, what about all the others that have been given so much care — especially those of the dramatic work. If you only knew the care with which all our manual-training scene was arranged so as to give at least a glimpse of our work, and then, at the last moment, it could not be taken. Mr. Machell knows just how quickly Mr. Forbes changed all into a small corner where there was sufficient light — but little room — to

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give the idea of the real work we do, and it had to go at that. There was no further time to give to us and so we were all very much disappointed, though the words of Mrs. Cervantes make us think that at least it is a credit to us.

Again, the words of Mr. Abel: that "nowhere in the world could we get such a scene," set us thinking that nowhere else in the world is there such a school as the Râja-Yoga School. We know it is true, not because we have heard the statement made so often, but because we have our own experience with the boys who come into this group from time to time with whom we can make our comparisons between the education we are receiving and the education given in other schools. Again we say that there is no such school as the Râja-Yoga School, with such splendid opportunities for real boys to get an all-around education.

We think of the boys who have come to us from the best-class schools and from splendid homes, and then we know how true the foregoing statement is. Just within the last two years our group has received quite a number of new boys, from thirteen to fifteen years of age; and in every case we have found them at least two or three years behind in the subjects they knew, as compared with those who had had their training here for years. We say 'the subjects they knew' because they knew so few; in fact, it is exceptional to find any of them who know more than Arithmetic, Geography, History (a little American) Reading, Spelling (very, very little) and sometimes a little Latin. Against that, think of the number of our studies, including such subjects as French, Spanish, Latin, Mechanical Drawing, Algebra, Geometry, Mathematics (after commercial arithmetic pure mathematics), History (including a knowledge of modern, medieval and ancient), Shorthand, Typewriting, Art lessons under such a well-known artist as Miss Edith White, Geography (having finished all the countries of the world, we now study from such magazines as the *National Geographical*, which gives us an insight into the lives and work of the people inhabiting the various countries which are only touched upon so very lightly in the various geographies), manual training; and then our musical training in the Band and Orchestra — and so on.

The boys we have just been speaking about and with whom we are making our comparisons came from the best schools. One was the son of a well-known judge in the Southern States, another was the son of a colonel in the American army, another was the son of an architect, yet another the son of a doctor prominent in hospital work in the state of Utah, another the son of a prominent broker in Salt Lake City, and our last recruit the son of a lawyer who has made a prominent name for himself in California. Now all these boys were many grades behind boys of a similar age in our group, even with their very limited number of studies. We can assure you that all of them felt very much embarrassed when they found out how little they knew in comparison with the boys of their own ages here; and they would invariably say when confronted

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with the number of studies: "Why you must study all the time." When they really got down to the facts and found that our study period did not exceed an hour and a half each day, and that our school hours were about two and one half each day, they marveled. Some of them seemed discouraged at first, but with help they soon found out one of the secrets of the success of Râja-Yoga — *learning to study properly*, whereby in their study-period as much could be done in an hour as had formerly taken them three or four hours. None of them formerly had had any idea how to study properly, and it was a difficult task for our teachers to get even a little concentration aroused in them. But bit by bit, through careful watching and helping, their attention to their studies became more and more marked, until an actual love had been aroused in them to get ahead in their studies — then progress became rapid.

We have been thinking especially of one who, because of the death of his mother, had to go home to his guardians in Missouri last July. He came to us, when eleven years old, from the best school in Coronado, California — a school which has amongst its pupils some of the sons of business men known all over America. He was very far behind in all the ordinary subjects, and did not know a note of music. He was with us two years, and in that time — although often a trial to our teachers because he was lazy and did not know how to apply himself to anything — he gained three grades beyond his companions in Coronado. Going home to Missouri he passed his examination as a sophomore (second year) in High School — the youngest sophomore in the school — and gained his position as 1st Clarinet in the High School Band. As you know, we could name others; and we feel that he would have been with us still if his mother's wishes had been followed by his guardians, and he was really sorry to go from us with his other two younger brothers.

Our teacher was reading to us from the *Scolsman* (Edinburgh) about the increasing number of American students in the Edinburgh University. One thing that impressed the students was their ignorance in history: the Americans knowing little of English history and the native students knowing little of American history. So much is this the case that Oxford University has now founded a Chair of American History, and Edinburgh is soon to follow suit. As he pointed out, this was the outcome of a one-sided education. Our teacher also pointed out that it might be possible in some countries to find boys who specialized in certain subjects — by a system known as 'cramming' — in advance of others in the same subject in another country. But that is not real education; to be up in one or two subjects and wholly ignorant — or nearly so — in others, is not being educated.

In this connection, he told us an amusing incident which occurred in a conversation during the war between our ambassador, Mr. Walter Page, and Lord Robert Cecil, who was in charge of the Ministry of Blockade. Mr. Page did much to keep America and England friendly, although at times it was a difficult

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task. One day discussing a certain amount of ill-feeling aroused by the seizure of American cargoes, Mr. Page remarked: "You must not forget the Boston tea-party, Lord Robert." To which Lord Cecil replied: "But you must remember, Mr. Page, that I have never been in Boston. I have never attended a tea-party there." Lord Robert had failed in history!! So again we say that we are fortunate in being able to study history thoroughly here, and at the same time to have a love aroused in us for other countries, which alone can make the study useful: the characteristics of a people speak through their history.

The foregoing are some of our thoughts aroused by the taking of the pictures; and now, just a brief statement as to what we have been doing. The weather has been very trying for our flowers; they had a complete setback on account of the cold. Do you know, we had such a heavy hail-storm one night that the hail lay on the ground until the following mid-day? It was a new experience for our flowers, and they did not like it. Some of them shriveled up, as much as to say: "Why did you not cover me up before it got so cold?" However, we shall see to it that we have plenty of flowers before you return. We have about one hundred and fifty boxes of fine cinerarias just coming into bloom, for you. We are going to set them in front of Headquarters, and they will make a fine showing until the time comes for the begonias again.

Now, although the cinerarias in our garden — though sheltered beneath the trees — were all done-for by the cold nights, yet not one of the cinerarias we have for *you* suffered in the slightest; and so we say they must have known they were for you. We have accordingly been doing plenty of garden-work to make up with flowers in the future for the loss that has occurred now.

Also, we are busy making a big double tennis-court for the young ladies. That will keep us busy for some time, because it is a big job; but we think Mr. Forbes is very happy when there is plenty of work to do. It seemed rather a strange coincidence, some would say, that we had cleared the place for the tennis-court some six months ago, so that you might see if it were suitable or not. We waited for your approval, but it never came until just before you left on this tour. That was the *very spot* they found so useful for taking all the scenes in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *As You Like It!* If we had commenced to level the place they could not have used it; and so the clearing of the ground there, months ago, was evidently in anticipation of the pictures.

We must close, and in so doing send you and the 'Crusaders' lots of love. As an International Committee organized by your loving 'Brownies,' we sign our names in their behalf. *With best wishes:*

ROSS WHITE, *for America*
DAVID CORYN, *for England*
ERLAND SIRÉN, *for Sweden*
JOOST DE LANGE, *for Holland*
MILTON PETERSON, *for Norway*
REGINALD KAHN, *for Russia*
BARDY BARDSLEY, *for Australia*
KARL EUGENE MILLER, *for Germany*

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more arches, others consisting simply of a long stone slab thrown across a canal. When seeing all these bridges one is reminded of Marco Polo's description of old Hangchow — for which he claimed 1200 bridges. Old Hangchow must have been a city of canals, like Soochow, but hardly anything remains there either of the bridges or canals. The present-day Hangchow is indeed a less historic place than Soochow, which has largely preserved its old character: its fine walks and watergates, amazingly narrow streets, and canals. In them are moored hundreds of small boats painted in bright colors and ornamented with carvings, and besides these there is any number of large transport-boats which carry everything necessary for the daily life of the people is brought to town.



'MONDAY MORNING' ON THE CANAL
— Judging by the domestic occupations only; for the Chinese calendar contains neither Sundays nor week-days.



HOUSEBOAT-DWELLERS
Though modest in size, these little craft furnish more roomy quarters than are enjoyed by many of the crowded city-dwellers of China, and their mobility is an advantage.

"The canals are also a great convenience for laundry, as you may observe in one of the photographs —and in the warmer season favorite haunts for Asiatic cholera.

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"An old resident of Soochow made the following well-balanced and illuminating statement: 'When the waters are high and fresh, boating is a pleasant mode of traveling for a family, but when the water turns green and then black, and melon-rinds and garbage float on the surface, and the boats get jammed for a couple of hours amid odors not from 'Araby the blest,' the poor shut-in prisoner wishes he were ten thousand miles away from the Oriental Venice.' . . The beauty of Soochow is hardly of the kind that makes you long to live there, but it is certainly a delight to the eye and may keep you enchanted for quite a few days by its picturesque charm.



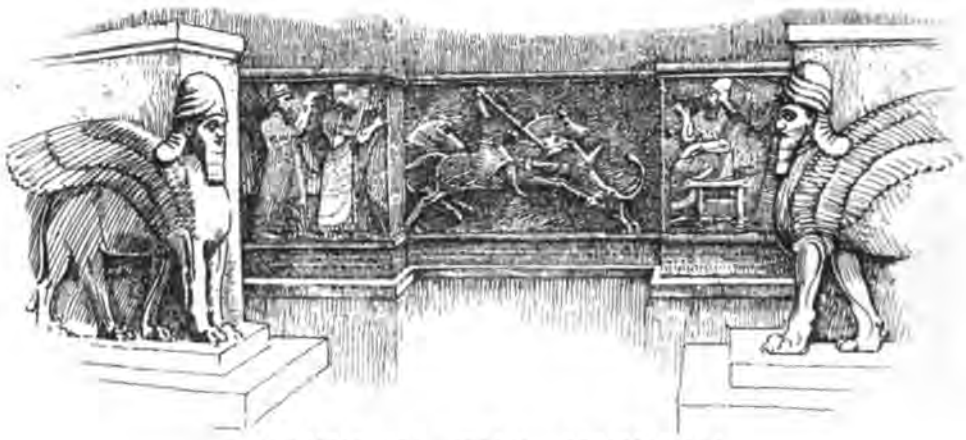
SEEING THE WORLD FROM THE DOORSTEP
The numerous and well-padded coats show it is yet late winter.

"In olden times this beauty must have been more apparent, because there is a saying attributed to an emperor of the Sung dynasty (who was also a great artist) that gives it all in a nutshell: '*Above is Heaven — below Soochow and Hangchow.*' The people of Soochow often quote this saying; they are proud, indeed, of their old city, they think it is about as good as the 'Western Heaven' of the Buddhist priests, or the 'Isles of the Immortals' for which the Taoists long. The old Soochow citizens are the most happy-looking, gentle and contented population that one can find in present-day China. They are said to be pleasure-loving and easy-going, and this may well be; but they are very pleasant to look at, because their round faces radiate sunshine, and their loud voices speak a tongue that is mild and harmonious like a song. The children in their padded coats and 'rabbit-caps' who roll along the narrow streets or sit perched on the thresholds of the rickety houses, are just as happy as the chickens and the kitties, which never get tired of their company. They do indeed need some Râja-Yoga education, which would include some skill in the use of soap and water. But as long as they have not got it, they are happy with the next best thing, which is sunshine, friendship with all that lives and breathes, and a never-failing good humor."

Greetings to all!

Your 'Chinese correspondent' OSVALD SIRÉN

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'BABYLON THE MIGHTY'

A Picture of the Life of Ancient Antiquaries as Revealed by Modern Researchers

THE sun beats down over the wide Babylonian plain — temples, palaces and shrines radiant in the white glare. Lined with the terraced gardens and the steps of lordly pleasure-grounds, the broad Euphrates flows proudly through the heart of the ancient city. Busy throngs fill the streets, while from the fields hurry the sweating laborers — for today is holiday in Babylon. All are agog to hear and see the haughty Assyrian envoy who arrives from His Majesty King Asurbanipal, on an errand of peace — even deference — to the older, more cultured city. Though fortune has been against them in their encounters with this indefatigable wager of battles, the Babylonians still look tolerantly upon their unruly daughter (and their sometimes mistress) of the north, Assyria, as a land of unlettered provincials. They pride themselves on their well-stocked libraries, their mud-books, curiously inscribed in the rich Sumerian tongue — the language of learning only — which preserves the lore of their Chaldaic forefathers, those wise readers of the stars, and interpreters between gods and men.

No one knows the millenniums of the legends: whether they be from the days of Oannes, the fish-god, who came out of the deep each day to instruct men in wisdom and the arts; or whether they have been handed down since the time of Father Xithusrus, who buried the tablets containing all knowledge before the Flood, and afterwards exhumed the holy writings and restored them to his children.

So the gossips and the graybeards wag their heads and stroke their chins; the young men and the soldiers look their tallest and their fiercest; the priests, stately, and grave, wait with unbending dignity to open their treasures to the inspection of the lordly barbarian who approaches.

But it is the brick-makers — the scribes and artists — whose heyday it is

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above all others. Is not theirs the work that has brought this recognition to their beloved city? — The laborer feels that his dripping brow and limbs have bedewed the clay that kings will hold in their hands. The hours spent under the fierce sun, treading out and working the fine clay into shape, have brought their reward. On them, as on the scribes with their delicate ivory styluses, rest the eyes of the populace with new interest and concern. The glaziers and enamelers thank Marduk that the baking ovens were hot and well-tempered, and the artists cry aloud that the whole city is itself an open book, the work of their hands, with its sculptured walls, painted and carved with their history, their religion and their arts. . . .

Now the state barge is seen, and presently shouts of welcome and acclaim announce its near approach. With slender swan-like prow, its gorgeous silken canopy and colored sails broken into dancing reflections on the waves, it shoots over the tide, impelled by the strokes of swarthy rowers: eight bronze statues in their white pleated skirts.

Riding up to the quay, the light craft is met by representatives from temple and court, who assist the lordly visitor to descend, and escort him to the chariot that awaits. The populace shout and cheer, and jostle and push to obtain a nearer view of the strangers. They, for their part, veil an eager interest under courtly indifference, while with pride their escort point out the strength and extent first of their wharves, to which come ships laden with the treasures of the East. — From Arabia, frankincense and horses; pearls and gems from India; wine, emery and building stone from Armenia; fine wool, lapis-lazuli, silk, gold and ivory from Media. Fruit venders with golden oranges and purple figs from the north,* crimson pomegranates, or whatever will tempt the Babylonian palate; foreign merchants with strange dress and stranger tongues, that remind one of the confusion of languages when the tower of Babel fell — all are at home in the mart of the world's trade. The road of the envoy leads direct from the river through the Gate of Ishtar, the benign goddess — only one of the bronze portals that pierce the walls of Babylon 'the Hundred-Gated City.'

Between the walls and the city, orchards and gardens are in flower.

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*Herodotos, the Greek historian who traveled in Babylonia a few centuries later, says of the 'Land between the Rivers' that: "It makes no pretence, indeed, of growing the fig, the olive, the vine, or any other tree of the kind: but in grain it is so fruitful as to yield commonly two-hundred-fold, and when the production is greatest, even three-hundred-fold [the amount of seed sown]. The blade of the wheat plant and the barley plant is often four fingers in breadth."

The observation of some modern joker, who suggested that Herodotos must have got these astounding figures from some old Babylonian 'Chamber of Commerce,' seems to have been anticipated by the historian, who says further: ". . . I am not ignorant that what I have already said concerning the fruitfulness of Babylonia must seem incredible to those who have never visited the country." (*Book* I, 193) Many of his 'marvels,' however, are now accepted facts; and in the light of *our* growing knowledge the old historian is increasingly vindicated.

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The apple is in early bloom in the north Babylonian plain, with myriads of silken blossoms blushing like dawn. The air is sweet with the breath of honeysuckle and thyme. Fields of wheat, barley and millet billow green and gold in the sun. Waterways lined with groves of date-palms, promising abundant harvests, and the rosy tassels of the feathered tamarisk, give grateful shade. Thrifty husbandmen lead countless streams of water over the rich soil, covered with lentils, succulent cucumbers and melons. The songs of the lark and thrush arise by day and the nightingale at night. Here and there a parrot screeches from some leafy haunt, and pheasants flash their bronze throats in the shade of giant tulip trees, whose orange and yellow flowers look like flocks of orioles settling on their branches.

Within the massive walls, straight streets divide the city into regular blocks. The dwellings of the good citizens of Babylon — three or four stories high, upheld with posts of palm-wood, decorated with twisted rushes, plastered and colored till they look like carved stone — line the avenues leading to the palaces, one on each side of the river. Raised high on their platforms of well-baked bricks, they tower above the flat plain, the surrounding walls broad enough to accommodate four chariots abreast. From the many towers filled with guards, the full-armed soldiery look down — half fiercely, half fearfully — on the representative of the great monarch, the weight of whose arm they have often tested in battle. Soon our envoy arrives at the dwelling of the high priest of Bel, the city's chiefest citizen.

— Gardens of lovely flowers, and thickets of oleanders and myrtle cluster round the pilasters and buttresses of hard red brick. The pale anemone in the shade of protecting trees makes way for gay crocuses and jonquils, the night-blooming cereus, and lilies of many a hue. With his faithful grayhound behind him, old Ur-Sim, the bent and wrinkled gardener — who rules here more severely than the governor in the palace — watches with jealous eye, lest a careless foot tread on one of his precious plants.

Within is the glory of Babylon. Sculptured stone slabs and walls of bright enamelled brick tell stories of victory or of the chase, recited in proud language, in white inscriptions skilfully sunk into a deep blue ground. Rosettes, flowers, winged serpents and dragons in brilliant color blaze over the walls. The foot falls soundlessly on the thick Babylonian carpets, famous throughout the antique world. Curtains and hangings heavy with gold and embroidery vie with statues, incense-burners of strange form and delicate workmanship; gold, silver and bronze vessels excite the interest of the strangers. Human-headed bulls guard the entrance to the banquet-hall, where the wisdom and might of Babylon are gathered to confer upon the weighty matter of supplying His Majesty, King Asurbanipal, with the learning of Bel's favored city.

Grave courtesies are exchanged; the noble guest is led to the seat of honor,

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while deft slaves hurry soundlessly to bring in the steaming dishes. The Assyrian feasts his eyes on the richness of his host's attire, the splendor of the starred ceilings, the curiously wrought patterns of mother-of-pearl, lapis-lazuli, carnelian and jade. Never has he seen more rich and curious embroidery, more elegantly set and polished stones, or finer array of necklaces, bracelets, well-wrought tiaras of gems and plumes. Never has he seen better plate of fine gold, silver, and bronze, better or more highly polished spoons and forks of well-chased bronze. The spiced wines and cooling drinks are poured into goblets of crystal; honey distilled from a thousand flowers awaits him in dishes of cut and colored glass; grapes and plums and fine wheaten bread are piled in silver and copper bowls, or trays of onyx and jasper.

Strains of music now are heard, voices hymning to Bel, while harp and psaltery add deep notes to the chant.* As it dies away, through the curtains steps a maid of Babylon — daughter of the high priest — and at her entry all sounds cease, all eyes are lowered. With modest mien she advances, awaiting her father's command, regardless of the unveiled admiration in the eyes of the prince she has come to entertain. Lover of the old legends and stories, at her father's side she has spent her youth in the temple precinct — his best scribe, and custodian of the precious tablets. Hymns, prayers, war-songs, epics — she knows them all — has seen many eager youths taught the strange science of numbers, the art of reading the stars; has piled high many grammars and syllabaries, the texts of the old Sumerian tongue. Love-letters she has taken down and answered, and knows Khammurabi's code well-nigh by heart. To her then the old man turns with just pride and tenderness, and bids her recite some noble verse as earnest of what shall go from Babylon to enrich the new library of Nineveh. . . . So until evening the noble guests refresh themselves, but when the great white stars burn in the dark Babylonian sky, they go to the tower of Bel, to see the curious instruments wherewith the Chaldaic seers read the mysteries of the heavens. The procession starts forth between the dark blue walls, whereon the lions of Babylon march forever forward, guarding the hall that joins palace and temple.

Presently they arrive at the great temple: its base dedicated to Saturn, and blackened with bitumen, as is fitting for that planet. The winding steps take them past the second stage of orange, because that is sacred to Jupiter; the third is crimson with the color of Mars; and next, its gold plates glittering in the light, is the house of the Sun; on the fifth stage, yellow as the limpid flame of Venus, were placed seats for the guests to rest, and look out over the

*Nearly all known instruments of the Harp kind were used in ancient Mesopotamia. A variety of zither, and an instrument resembling the 'cembalo,' are much in evidence on the monuments. These instruments, curiously, seem also to have been used for military purposes, and the sculptured processions contain many 'bands' of mail-clad harpers, vigorously striking their instruments as they march.

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city shrouded in darkness at their feet. Their guides bring them the instruments of bronze and crystal that show them the horns of Venus, and Saturn with his whirling rings, and planets with a heaven full of moons. Charts and maps are stored within the enclosure — a precious legacy. Continuing, they came to the stage of Mercury, blue as the firmament. Last was the stage of the moon — silver as the white crescent above them. Here was the shrine with its huge golden images of Bel, Beltis and Ishtar. On the golden table were vessels of iridescent glass, drinking-bowls and censers of gold. Here burned fragrant frankincense, of which a thousand talents were offered yearly before the guardian deities.

The golden lions of Beltis seemed to crouch, ready to spring upon the intruders; and the silver serpents, thirty talents each of pure metal, appeared sinuous and alive as their ruby eyes glittered in the flare of the torches. The drapery of the couch for the divine occupants was sumptuous and rich. Even the lesser shrine had its image of gold, and its table of the same precious metal, and its attendant image, twelve cubits high, equally precious. Entranced with all they had seen and heard, the dark princes descended, and in the open air breathed the fragrance of the temple-gardens.

WHEN the days of their visit were ended, the boats were loaded with their precious freight of brown bricks. Lucky scribes — selected to go north to teach the 'barbarians,' and proud of their signal honor — strutted along, with their goods and outfits borne after them. The friendly crowds thronged the steps, cheering and rending the air with felicitations; stern officers listed and checked the loads brought on board. . . .

The journey was prosperous and safe, and at the wharves and steps and palaces of the northern city, richer and more sumptuous than their own, the southerners in their turn were filled with becoming wonder. The city teemed with busy throngs. Here and there the gaily painted chariot of a nobleman thundered swiftly down the broad streets; everywhere were the long flowing garments of officials and men of rank, with their fringes and borders of golden and colored threads. Footmen attending high-born ladies made way for their mistresses, while the admiring visitors gazed on the delicate silken robes, the rich jewelry of their girdles and necklaces, their embroidered cloaks and gemmed scarfs. On either hand were displayed the sumptuous wares of Assyria: fine fabrics of silk and wool, carpets from their own dear city, glowing with color and soft as fleece; dazzling displays of iridescent glass vases, dishes and bottles; bronze bells and weapons; implements and vessels of elegant form and skilled workmanship.

At the palace, they were conducted through passages and halls lined with alabaster slabs, covered with elegant sculptures. Great winged bulls guarded the entrances, and the southerners wondered that they had five feet,

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till their hosts explained that it was done so that from all angles they would look as if they had four. The walls pictured the life and history of the magnificent city; the hunts, victories and pleasures of the kings; vassals bringing him tribute, religious festivals, and likenesses of powerful gods. Drawings of flowers and animals adorned the walls, and the furniture was inlaid and carved with extreme delicacy. The ceilings were painted and enameled with flowers — lotuses, rosettes, honeysuckle, with colored borders and moldings. Precious cedar beams, plated gold and silver, adorned the lofty chambers, and the windows showing the azure sky were enclosed in brightly colored frames. Even more than the palace, the visitors longed to see the library. Hither they were conducted, with some beating of the heart, for here was their home to be, and here they were to make their fortune, at the pleasure of the king. The workmen were still finishing the last decorations, and stood open-mouthed to view the lordly conclave. . . .

Next came the storing away of the precious bricks, the study and copying of old texts, till by the thousand they filled the shelves. Scribes listed them; librarians were in charge of them, students and old scholars came with eagerness to examine and read them. Calligraphers toiled early and late to supply new ones; and the inscription of laws, judicial treatises, mathematical instruction, prayers, history — all that Nineveh had done — was stored away there. At times the great king came with his nobles, and all prostrated themselves and bowed low before him, and praised him and his great deeds. Here he and his successors watched the piles of tablets mount higher and higher, till that evil day when Cyaxares the Mede, and Nabopolassar the Babylonian, after besieging the city for two years, made their way through walls destroyed by the flood, and brought low the mistress of Mesopotamia.

THE great palaces and temples became mounds of sand; nomads pastured flocks where the gardens of the queen had bloomed. Year after year the river flooded the treasured library, soaking the precious tablets. . . .

So it went for 2500 years, until an English scholar, patient, imaginative, undaunted, resolved to lift the curtain that hung over the history of the land between the rivers. Unafraid of sickness, danger, hardships, with the labor of heart and head and hand, George Smith, in 1873, began to rescue these treasures buried in the huge dust-heaps. Not only opening the crumbling mounds, that were the habitations of kings, he unsealed their strange script, revealing their thoughts, their knowledge, their prayers.

The vista he opened up has not only added undreamed of chapters to the story of human history, but shows us that even in those far-away times, man was civilized, skilled, artistic: at times progressing, at other times falling back in culture; but always adding some element to a worthy heritage, and writing some lasting message on the screen of time. K. H.

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CHERRY-BLOSSOM TIME AT MUKÓJIMA

A GENTLE breeze stirs the branches of the cherry-trees. Their pink and yellow blossoms shed a soft glow on the grassy bank of Sumidagawa. The merry laughter of the people who pass under the trees echoes over the quiet river; now and then strains of a *samisen* come floating over the water from pleasure-barges.

People from the country are walking along the bank — men and women who never pass an idle day except at this season. They carry their bright red blankets and their provisions with them, smiling and nodding to some acquaintance from the country, looking with wonder at the bright *kimono* of children who have come with their fathers and mothers to join in the flower-festival.

All along the road for miles, as far as the avenue of cherry-trees extends, there are little tea-houses, where gaily-attired *músume* offer the passers-by tea and sweetmeats of all kinds, among them little cakes wrapped in cherry-leaves.

Here and there under the trees are groups of people, seated on red blankets, eating their lunches. Their laughter mingles with the rustling of the branches in the breeze; the blossoms above them nod quietly, as if they knew why these people are happy, and the pink and yellow petals come fluttering softly down upon them. — TAMI-KO S. *Râja-Yoga Academy*

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TIDES IN THE OCEAN OF AIR



HEN the first balloon ascent was made at the close of the eighteenth century, people became very much excited, because they thought that once air-travel had been made possible there was no reason why they should not visit the stars and the planets, and certainly our own near neighbor the moon. Great was the disappointment when it was discovered that the air only extended a few miles overhead and then gradually thinned out.

The fact is that we live at the bottom of an ocean of air supposed by some to be two hundred miles in depth; but even at a height of only seven miles it becomes too thin for human beings to breathe, and the greater the height the more rarefied does the air become. This atmospheric ocean, like the ocean of salt water, has a very uneven surface, with great saucer-like depressions and vast mounds of heaped-up air which slowly sweep over the face of the planet in a general easterly direction.

At the Lomaland Weather-station there is a little instrument called the 'Barograph,' by means of which the varying pressure of the air overhead is made to record itself during every minute of the day.

On Monday morning a blank chart is carefully fitted round the drum of the barograph, and the clockwork which works the drum is wound up and started for its seven days' run. A long metal finger furnished at the tip with a little pen full of ink rests lightly upon the chart. The metal finger is connected with a sensitive aneroid barometer, so that the continuous line made by the pressure of the pen against the slowly revolving drum rises and falls with the changes in the pressure of the air.

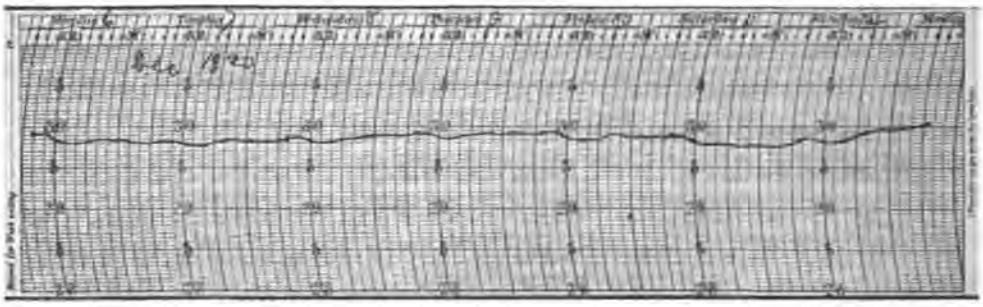
The aneroid barometer consists of eight little flat boxes made of German silver screwed one on top of the other, thus forming a column. Each box is air-tight, and has been pumped nearly empty of air before being sealed up. A spring inside each box tends to keep the flexible tops and bottoms apart. Thus any increase of air-pressure shortens the column of boxes by forcing the flexible tops and bottoms nearer together; while a decreasing weight of air, allows the springs to push the two sides apart thus making the column a little longer. As the column lengthens and shortens so the finger indicator moves up and down and the pen at the end rises and falls — thus making a wavy line upon the chart wrapped round the drum. In this way, by the time the pen reaches eight o'clock on the following Monday morning, a complete record of the air-pressure for every moment of the past seven days has been made. (*See next page.*)

The figures 28, 29, and 30 show that at these points the pressure of air would exactly balance a column of mercury so many inches high. The distance between the lines running up and down the chart represents two hours in time, midnight being marked MT. and noon XII.

Two very curious tides in the air-pressure can be traced on the chart.

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If you look at the recording line between 8 and 10 in the morning you will see that every day the line rises a little, while from 2 to 4 in the afternoon it



AN AVERAGE WEEK'S BAROGRAPHIC RECORD FROM THE RÂJA-YOGA WEATHER STATION, PT. LOMA (December 6th to 13th, 1922)

tends to dip downwards. At midnight also there is a slight tendency to rise. There is a good deal of mystery about these regular ups and downs, and they still await an explanation. It is unlikely they would have been discovered but for the barograph, which supplies a continuous record for us to study.

It will be seen from the week's record before us that the mercury stood at about 29¾ inches high most of the time. A steady falling of the line is a pretty good sign of coming rain, while a rising line betokens fair, dry weather.

Seeing that the line of the barograph follows the rise and fall of air-pressure it is plain that if it were to be carried up a mountain, it would steadily fall, because the higher you go the less the weight of the air above your head. Mr. Glaisher, who in 1862 ascended in a balloon to a height of 29,000 feet, reports that the air-pressure fell to nine and three quarter inches!

Climbers of mountains who try to make tea at great heights discover that owing to the diminished weight of the air, the water boils at such a low temperature that the tea will not 'draw,' and they have to content themselves with drinking warm water.

UNCLE LEN

"BROTHERS WE"

A RECENT issue of the *New York Times* reports a remarkable friendship between two animals who, though widely separated zoologically, are very close in sympathy, and offer an example, not uninspiring to us humans, of untutored practical brotherhood.

A certain white gander, resident at a logging camp near Greensborough, Alabama, has made a companion of an old blind ox, says the report. Every day the kindly fowl leads his old ox to the watering-trough, cackling repeatedly the while in order to show the way, and later leads him to and from

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the pasture. On the return the gander sits sociably by and preens his feathers while the old ox rests.

This is the second report we have noticed of such behavior on the part of geese. A reader of this magazine wrote some time since of another gander who became 'pater familias' for a whole family. A certain 'Mother Goose,' having become blind through accident, was being shunned by most of her flock, when the chivalrous gander appointed himself guardian of her and her goslings, leading them to the pond, and piloting the whole squadron about on the water, himself remaining constantly by the side of the afflicted mother.

COCOA AND CHOCOLATE

THE cocoa (or cacao) tree is an evergreen, growing to a height of from fifteen to twenty-one feet, flowering and bearing fruit at all seasons of the year, and yielding from fifty pods to, in some circumstances, several hundreds per annum. The seeds contained in each pod vary in number from twenty to forty.

The pods do not ripen seasonally but irregularly and are stripped off at the discretion of an expert, piled in heaps, and opened; the rind is then removed, and the closely-packed, almond-shaped brown beans or nuts extracted and laid out to dry before being packed in sacks for exportation.

The original home of the tree was undoubtedly the valley of the Amazon, where it grew in wild profusion. At the present time our sources of supply include Guayaquil, Pará and Bahía, the West Indies, Ceylon, and some parts of Africa. The finest qualities are grown in Central America, Trinidad, and Ceylon. The Ceylon product, of comparatively recent cultivation, commands the highest market-prices, on account of its delicacy in color, flavor and aroma.

The processes by which, from the imported brown berries, are obtained the cocoa extract and various dainty forms of chocolate are as follows:

The beans are emptied in sieves and sifted, all imperfect ones being thrown out. This preliminary is followed by the process of roasting, and then by winnowing. Broken and stripped of husk or shell, the berries at this stage are known as 'nibs.' The nibs being ground and melted into a paste, differentiation of treatment then begins. In the production of the dry cocoa powder of commerce, hydraulic pressure is employed for the elimination of superfluous oil or butter — amounting to fifty per cent. In the making of chocolate and chocolate creams in all their infinite variety, the paste is mixed with fine-ground sugar of pure quality, and flavorings then added.

Analysis reveals that the beans contain tissue-forming nitrogenous matter or gluten; energetic force or working power in the form of digestible fat; starch and sugar; minerals; and theobromine, a stimulant. Nearly one-fifth

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of the full bulk of cocoa is pure albumen, on which the white corpuscles of the blood are dependent. Concentrated cocoa is proved to be richer in proteid elements than even veal, lean mutton, cheese or eggs. T. B. M.

THE INDIANS OF THE AMAZON AT HOME

THE *Bulletin of the Pan-American Union* gives an account of two years which were spent by Dr. Koch Grunberg among the Indians of that portion of the great Amazon Valley which lies between the tributaries Yapurá and Rio Negro, in the back country of Venezuela and Colombia.

Before Dr. Grunberg set out he was warned that these Amazon velley Indians were so depraved that they used their visitors for food, and were so ignorant as to be unacquainted with the art of making fire. True, although most of the Indians he met had no knowledge of the civilization of the white man, yet he found them ready to respond to kind treatment, and wherever he went he was made free of their homes and looked upon as one of themselves.

The Doctor made it a rule to pay for everything he used and to reward every service done for him; and thus he got the title 'Friend of the Indians,' and his good reputation went before him and raised up friends wherever he went. His boatmen never grumbled when — as sometimes was necessary — they were asked to work eighteen hours a day.

Gold and silver is of no use to pay these people with; but fish-hooks, calico, knives, beads and salt are greatly prized. The natives live together in *malokas*, or large huts, which afford shelter to several families, so that sometimes as many as a hundred people may be found living in one of them. The roof is thatched with palm-leaves, and keeps out the rain perfectly.

These communal dwellings are kept "painfully clean" — so the Doctor tells us, and are swept out every day. The inmates of a *maloka* live together in the most perfect harmony, and the harsh sounds of voices raised in quarreling are almost unknown. Their honesty too is something wonderful. Even old scraps of newspaper which had been thrown away and drops of candle-grease that had been spilled were always carefully collected and put on the traveler's campstool where he might find them. Once he left all his baggage behind him in charge of an old man, and when he came back after a month's absence every trunk was thickly covered with dust. — No one had touched them although they were known to contain valuable axes and knives and beads. This was not merely because of fear of the white man and his terrible firearms, as the Indians do not even steal from one another. The only case of theft the Doctor ever met with was committed by a certain Indian who had become partly 'civilized' by living with and learning from the whites!

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The affection they show to their children is most touching, and mothers will often play with their babies for hours together. Once the Doctor spoke rather sharply to a little brown boy who was playing about his feet and making himself rather troublesome. The mother, who was standing nearby, gave him a severe lecture on his want of self-control in thus scolding a child who was too young to know any better! The wife of one of the chiefs was his special friend, and helped by her little daughter she did everything in her power to make his visit a success. He always called her "my mother" and she returned the compliment by calling him "my son." Every morning as soon as he awoke the little girl fetched him a calabash of fresh water with which to rinse his mouth, and many choice morsels of food and refreshing drinks were prepared for him. When the day came for him to leave the tribe neither his 'mother' nor his 'little sister' were to be found — they had gone out before sunrise into the *mandioca* plantation because they could not bear the pain of saying good-bye.

The inmates of a *maloka* are awake long before day. At sunrise they bathe in the river, and soon after the women call them in to breakfast, which usually consists of boiled fish, *mandioca* cakes and broth. The *mandioca* cake sounds like a strange and foreign food; but we must remember that our familiar tapioca-pudding is also made from this plant.

After breakfast the men disperse to hunt or fish, while the women go to work in the *mandioca* plantation, and peace and quietness pervade the village. The old folk quietly swing in their hammocks; tame parrots call out from time to time among the branches overhead; and the silence is occasionally broken by the muffled shouting and laughter of the children as they splash each other in the shallows of the river. About the middle of the day when the heat becomes unbearable, the women come trooping back with baskets full of fresh *mandioca* roots, and shortly after the men return with their catch; so that by six o'clock a hot supper — well seasoned with pepper — is ready to be eaten.

The evening is spent in friendly chat in which the events of the day are thoroughly discussed, and shortly after sunset all retire to their hammocks.

They are very clever in making pottery from a bluish kind of clay. They use no potter's wheel; but build up their pots from flat slabs of clay rolled out thin on a board and consolidated by pressure. With a sharp stone the sides are made smooth, and are then decorated with very artistic colored patterns. They weave their own hammocks from palm-fiber, and these are much more durable than our manufactured cotton goods.

These simple forest Indians find all they need close at hand and manage to live very happily in the midst of wild Nature where most of us would starve. They can get along very well without us, though they certainly find our fish-hooks and knives better than anything they make themselves.

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Any one of my readers probably uses more material in a year for his pocket handkerchiefs than one of these Indians would wear out in the form of clothes during the same time, but they behave with more dignity and propriety than many so-called 'civilized people,' and keep their bodies and their minds clean and pure. Surely they set us a much-needed example of cheerful, simple and contented minds living in harmony with Nature's laws and guided by the principles of brotherhood. UNCLE PERCY

INTERESTING ODDMENTS



WHERE OUR HOUSES BEGAN

LOGGING in the American Northwest is carried on by methods adapted to the special conditions met with — the huge size of the trees being the principal one. In the virgin forest of these regions, firs and cedars of five and six feet diameter are common. The men 'felling' these giants ply their axes and cross-cut saws while standing on boards let into the trunk some six feet above the ground, where the girth of the tree is less than at the ground-level.

When brought to the ground, trimmed, and cut into sections, they are dragged through the woods over well-worn tracks in the smooth clay — which is always wet and slippery in this land of continual rainfall. The 'donkey engines' doing this work are huge machines, the kind shown in our illustration not being of the largest. They are mounted on ponderous runners or 'skids,' and move from place to place by sending out their own hauling cable, by which,

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when it is fastened to some great tree or stump, they pull themselves along!

The logs are usually hauled to the banks of rivers — principally the Columbia — and are rolled or sent down 'chutes' into the water, where they are made into enormous rafts and towed to saw-mills. Ocean-going rafts of huge proportions have been made up in the rivers of the Northwest and towed by powerful tugs to Hawaii, Japan, South America, and even around the Cape of Horn to the Atlantic seaboard of the United States. B.

Dickens' Good-will towards Others

Charles Dickens was passionately fond of the theater, and loved the lights and music and flowers and the happy faces of the audience. He was accustomed to say that his love of the theater never failed; and, no matter how dull the play, he was always careful while he sat in the box to make no sound which could hurt the feelings of the actors or show any lack of attention. Life behind the scenes was always a fascinating study to him.

— *Pitman's Shorthand Weekly*

When the Poles were 'Tropical'

The South Polar regions have become the object of a great deal of scientific investigation, and the discoveries made there by recent expeditions have proved important from a botanical and geological point of view.

This is largely due to the discovery, within three hundred miles of the Pole itself, of fossilized wood belonging to species *which grow only in temperate regions*. This fact seems to indicate that the climate of the Antarctic has not always been what it is now. Similar discoveries made in the North Polar regions also support the theory that possibly the axis of the Earth's rotation has shifted at certain periods in the past, thus greatly affecting the climate of large areas of land.

It frequently happens along the railways that run through mountainous regions of the United States that deer are found standing on the track at night. When this happens the glare of the headlight of the approaching locomotive blinds and dazes them so that they are powerless to move and they are invariably killed. Last January more than a dozen deer were reported as having lost their lives in California alone. Consequently the Southern Pacific Railroad issues instructions to its engine-drivers to dim the headlights for a few moments whenever a deer is seen on the track, so as to give it an opportunity to make its escape before it is too late. A.

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STRAY BEAMS

"JOY is the mainspring in the whole round of everlasting nature; joy moves the wheels of the great time-piece of the world; she it is that loosens flowers from their buds, suns from firmaments, rolling spheres in distant space seen not by the glass of the astronomer."— *Schiller*

"THEY are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts."
— *Sir Philip Sidney*

"WHOSO neglects a thing which he suspects he ought to do, because it seems to him too small a thing, is deceiving himself; it is not too little, but too great for him, that he doeth it not."— *E. B. Pusey*

"THINK truly and thy thoughts
Shall the soul's famine feed;
Speak truly and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly and thy life shall be
A grand and holy creed."— *Horatius Bonar*

"HE who lives without a definite purpose achieves no higher end than to serve as a warning to others. He is a kind of bell-buoy, mournfully tolled by the waves of circumstance, to mark the rocks or shoals that are to be avoided."— *George Eliot*

"TEMPTATION never catches a man with his back to it."
— *Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont*

"THERE is no royal road to anything. One thing at a time, all things in succession. That which grows fast, withers as rapidly; that which grows slowly, endures."— *J. G. Holland*

"FOR blocks are better cleft with wedges
Than tools of sharp or subtle edges."— *Buller*

"THUS does he live, as a binder together of those who are divided, an encourager of those who are friends, a peacemaker, a lover of peace, impassioned for peace, a speaker of words of peace."—From the Buddhist *Sûtras*

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YOURS IN FUN, PUCK

Some people think the only thing I am good for is having fun at somebody else's expense; but I must tell you right away that such ideas are quite incorrect, for I have helped no end of mortal bodies, and enjoyed it, too. Why, just as an example, take that account of me in a book called *Puck of Pook's Hill* — where do you suppose those children would have been without me to help them in seeing all the unusual people that they met? — But enough of that; I have an idea, and if you can just wait until I rest my hand (I'm not used to writing) I'll tell you what it is.

Perhaps you have noticed that there is a picture with my letter: it is one that was taken by the court photographer recently, when we were having some fairy frolics. I found a copy that some one had left near Titania's bower — "whereon the wild thyme blows" — and I thought that you might like to hear about it (I mean the picture, not the bank).

We had been having no end of good times, dancing now in this part of the Lomaland forest, now in that; and playing tricks, too, for some queer country people came during the season of our revels to rehearse a play, and I just had to show them a few ways of acting. Of course that kept me rather busy, and as a result I lost several of the dances; but I was there on the last day, and I had a chance to have my picture taken with the rest of the revelers. If you look well, you will see me behind the other fairies, and perhaps you can tell by my position that I am trying to make them dance faster, but most of them were interested in watching the owl and the frog — they are an extraordinary pair, aren't they? The frog is really quite an expert in acrobatics, and he can amuse the court for whole hours sometimes. The owl is not exactly brilliant in the daytime, but at night he sees everything. He is a good person to put on guard, and one of his duties is to see that no one comes near Titania when she is asleep.

Well, I seem to have said something at least, so I think I'll stop. It is a mystery to me how you mortals ever write so much — my hand won't be good for waving my wand for several days now.

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I don't mind, though; for as I told you at the beginning, it is a most unusual pleasure to be writing to you children. Just one thing more — Midsummer is coming, and perhaps I shall visit you then, even if you don't know it. Good-bye, and good luck to you all.

Yours in fun — PUCK



AN ELF OF SPRING

By AMELIE RIVES

TOO cold it was to ride or walk;
A little elf swung on a marigold stalk.
The marigold flowers were fallen and dead,
The marigold flowers were shrouded in snow,
A bitter wind rushed to and fro,
And all the violets were a-bed.

The little elf's nose was sorry and blue,
But the little elf's self was jolly all through;

And as he swung from side to side,
He sang this song with an air of pride:

"Out o' the wool o' the chestnut-buds
My Minnie spun my hose and jerkin;
Of a bat's wing made my cloak,
Warm enough to wrap a Turk in;
Lined them all with thistle-down,
Gathered when the pods were brown;
Trimmed them with a rabbit's fur,
Left upon a cockle-bur;



"Yet in spite o' everything,
Much I fear that cold I be.
Ha! Ha! the Spring! Ho! ho! the Spring!
The merry, merry Spring for me!" — Selected

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THE WHITE LILY OF PERSIA

An Eastern Story

IN a far-off Eastern land, where nightingales sang and roses and white jasmine scented the air with their bloom, the Princess Sharnaz sat in the palace garden. Once more a story-teller had come to the palace, and once more she felt a longing in her heart. From him as from the others she had waited to hear something about — she



"He told Wonderful Tales"

knew not what. He had finished — and still she waited. Sharnaz stole out to the garden, to search her heart, and find where the longing lay. . . .

In the palace all was mirth and gaiety. The king her father, the story-teller and the guests were now reclining on rich divans: the story-teller was being entertained in his turn. He had told wonderful stories of old heroes, and their high chivalry and glorious deeds, and his listeners were thrilled with the tales of their greatness.

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But these tales had not thrilled the princess Sharnaz. They had only reawakened her longing.

. . . . . .

ONCE more the palace was gay with dance and song. Another story-teller had come and the reception-hall was bright with many-colored lamps, that blended well with the rich colors of the tapestries. The princess Sharnaz was there, clothed in a rose-colored gown, which was fastened with golden brooches, and golden bands bound her hair. Her eyes, clear and dark, shone in rare beauty in the glow of the lights.

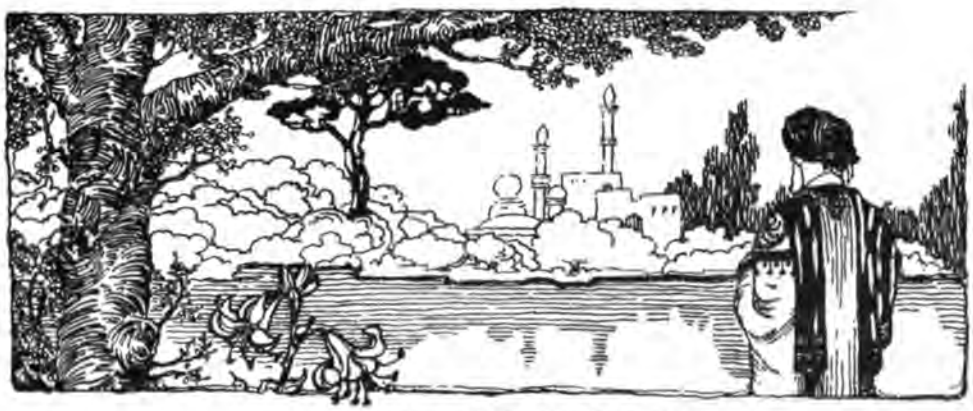
The lamps were dimmed and everything was hushed, while the story-teller told not of bold warriors or heroes, but of old magicians and their enchantments; and he recited magic incantations, so that as he finished the room in the half light seemed under a spell, and there was deep silence. Then he saw the wondering eyes of the Princess Sharnaz, and he said they reminded him of Fairyland, and the fairies; and he told wonderful tales of *devs*, and pearl cities in the sea, and of trees and flowers who became men; — and when mortals were asleep, the fairies crept forth from the hearts of the flowers, and the curled leaves, and chanted magic spells, and danced to sweet music of silver-stringed harps of shell. The little nymphs and sprites were always among the trees and flowers; and perhaps some night when the Princess was all alone, they would come to her and whisper her secrets.

The heart of Sharnaz was filled with gladness; the lonely feeling had gone; she knew not it was the fairies her heart had yearned for and for lost Fairyland. And when all the guests had gone, and the whole palace was in slumber, she stole out into the garden to wait for the fairies. Soon she sank into slumber among the roses and sweet magnolia, and she dreamed that the fairies crept out from the hearts of the flowers and carried her into a silver bark; and they glided over a crystal lake, where the lotus-flowers were blooming. Soon she heard the fairy bells — the fairy clocks striking the hour of midnight; and the boat glided on and on till they came to the

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realms of Fairyland. The air was filled with sweet perfume, and she heard the silver-stringed harps that the fairies were playing around the throne of their Queen. They told her wonderful secrets about their life and hiding-places, and she danced and sang with them till they saw the morning-star rise over the hills of Fairyland.

. . . . . .



". . . BUT HE SOUGHT IN VAIN"

IN a far-off Eastern land, where nightingales sang and roses and white jasmine scented the air with their bloom, came the King seeking his daughter. But he sought in vain. Never would he find Sharnaz more. The longing in her heart had ceased; for the fairies had come for her. They had borne her away in a silver bark to be their own Princess in Fairyland, where the lotus-flowers bloomed.

But under the trees where the Princess used to wander sprang a pure white lily, stately and beautiful — to be known throughout the land as *Sharnàz* the 'Flower of Fairy-Longing.' — That is how the lily first bloomed in Persia. F. H. E.

A MOTHER'S SONG, by FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

Lillle ships of whilest pearl
With sailors who were ancient kings,
Come over the sea when my lillle girl
Sings.

And if my lillle girl should weep,
Lillle ships with torn sails
Go headlong down among the deep
Whales.— Selected

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ON THE UNDER SIDE OF THE EARTH



"YOUNG CELESTIAL"

ALAN was trying to study his Geography, but he found it very hard, for it was all so strange that he simply couldn't get it into his head. "The earth is like an orange," he repeated to himself, but in his heart he simply couldn't believe that it was true, because he couldn't see how people could live on the under side without falling off. He looked at the globe and wondered what it was like in China, where everyone lived upside down. "It must be a very topsy-turvy place," he said to himself, and his head began to spin as he tried to imagine it.

"You wantchee come see?" said a voice quite close to his ear.

Alan started and turned to see who was there, but nobody was in the room, so he thought he must have been dreaming for a minute, and shaking himself he turned back to his book again. "I should say I would like to go there," he mumbled to himself. "That's the real way to learn Geography! I wish I were Francis Drake or Columbus! *They* never had to study books — they just *went* places!"

"Hully up," said the voice again; "Makee step on magic carpet, we go largy journey."

"But where is the Magic Carpet?" asked Alan, in surprise.

"Whaffor you so silly?" asked the voice impatiently. "Him b'long on floor, o'course."

Alan looked at the old hearth-rug that lay in front of the fireplace — just where it had lain ever since he could remember. There certainly was nothing magic about that. But he didn't want to annoy his invisible visitor any more, so he walked across the room and sat down cross-legged on it, and began to look into the crackling fire.

"Now must wanchee start," — and right beside him Alan saw the little Chinese boy who had so often smiled at him out of his Geography Book, page 40. He expected to see "YOUNG CELESTIAL" printed below his feet; but he had them crossed under him and he

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didn't look a bit as if he belonged to the schoolbook any more.

"What is your name, and how did you get here?" asked Alan.



"They just *went* places!"

"Me b'long Hsing-Fu," laughed the little pig-tail gentleman, bowing deeply before him as he introduced himself. "Me takee you see me home; me home b'long Shantung-side."

. . . . .

Alan might almost have thought he was dreaming, had not Hsing-Fu held him so firmly by the hand; for everything seemed so strange. They came to a quaint old village, where little pig-tail boys were playing marbles on the road, and smiling almond-eyed little mothers rocked their dollies and crooned soft lullabies to them. Even the houses seemed strange, with their low curving roofs, that turned up to heaven at the corners. Tiny bells were fastened to the eaves, and tinkled as the breezes swung them to and fro.

"This b'long me house," announced Hsing-Fu, when they came to a gate in a high stone wall, that inclosed a paved courtyard, and a number of houses, both large and small. At one end of the enclosure Alan noticed a kind of scaffolding that held up a roof. His little companion saw him look in that direction and said: "That b'long new house; my honorable grandfather makee new home for Uncle Hsing-Ma.

"But surely you don't build houses like that, said Alan in surprise. "Why, they've begun with the roof!"

"Yes," laughed Hsing-Fu; "allo time makee house so-fashion. Allo time put on loof first."

"Of course," said Alan after a minute. "That's because you live upside down." As they went into the house Alan took off his cap. (His little companion had such nice manners that it made him feel as if he wanted to be polite too.) A venerable old man sat smoking

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a long pipe near the doorway as they entered, and his face broke into a smile of a hundred creases when he saw them. Alan didn't know quite whether to hold out his hand to him; but Hsing-Fu bowed down very low with his hands in his sleeves.

When they were alone again Alan asked his little friend: "Don't you take your hat off in the house?"

"No b'long ploper takee off hat s'pose makee chin-chin olo people" — by which Hsing-Fu meant to say that one must never remove one's hat while speaking to one's elders! Alan wondered what strange topsy-turvy things he would come across next.

"Wanchy tiffin?" Hsing-Fu asked him, as a great gong sounded through the house. — He realized for the first time amidst all this strangeness that he was very hungry. "Yes, indeed," he answered, "but please may I wash my hands first?"

Hsing-Fu looked at him in amazement: "You makee *wash?*" he cried. "Whaffor you makee wash?"

"Because I like to be clean." — Alan felt as if he were saying a sentence out of his reader: 'All nice boys wash three times a day.' Then he felt that perhaps he had hurt his new friend's feelings, so he added quickly: "But I don't always do it."

"You velly dirty boy s'posee wanchy wash three times evly day," said Hsing-Fu very solemnly.

That was a new idea; but of course, just what you'd expect in the Land of Upside-down.

When they sat down to dinner Alan was scarcely surprised to find that they served the dessert first, and ended the meal with soup. Everybody seemed to gobble very fast, and they were careful to make noises when they drank their soup, as if they considered it good manners. He thought he must be sure to remember that — so that he could tell Mother about it next time she said that it was ill-bred to eat fast or noisily.

After dinner Hsing-Fu took him all over his home and showed

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him his lesson-books, which all began from the end and seemed to be written backwards.

"You likee China?" asked Hsing-Fu.

"Why, I think it is just fine," answered Alan, "and I'm awfully glad you brought me. But, you know, Hsing-Fu, it's funny, everything seems upside down here!"

The little Chinese boy looked puzzled for a moment, but then he began to chuckle. "No," he said, his bright almond eyes twinkling, "*You* country b'long upside-down."

They stood looking at each other thoughtfully, for each of them was perfectly sure that the other lived in Topsy-Turvy Land.

"Anyway, it doesn't matter a bit," said Alan, "who is right side up — for you are just as real, and your country is every bit as good as mine. And perhaps, you know, there really isn't any right side up at all! Perhaps, if the world is really round like an orange, it is right side up all over, wherever you happen to be!"

"Yes," said Hsing-Fu beaming, "Me tinkey so too!" M. A. B.



THE TOP SIDE OF THE EARTH

A RIDDLE, *by Jonathan Swift, who wrote* Gulliver's Travels

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features.
One of us in GLASS is set
One of us you'll find in JET.
T'other you may see in TIN,
And the fourth a BOX within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from YOU.

A E I O U

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I AM 'PLATO,' THE FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN

THINGS THAT DOGS CAN DO

WHEN I was quite young I heard a man tell many stories about a certain dog who could do tricks — useful ones. This dog could bring any kind of tool to his master at command, carry the mail, etc.; but he would *offer* to help only when there was more than one package to carry! Once when his master had a load of hay he looked up at it as if he wanted to ride on top. "You can't jump up there, Wolf," said his master. Wolf looked at him and then went to the fence alongside the road and jumped on that, as if to say "you drive close to the fence and see if I can't." So his master drove up to him, and sure enough Wolf jumped up into the hay.

When I heard of all the smart things this dog could do I became quite ambitious to be like him. As I said, I was only a puppy then; but I made a resolution that by the time I had grown up to full dog-hood I too would help my master with useful tricks. Now the RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER has asked me to write up a few of the things I can do — which is rather embarrassing for a modest dog. But you

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ask my friend George about me, and he will tell you a thing or two. My first master was very much surprised because, when I was little, I once carried his shoes from where he had misplaced them to where he usually put them; and I always brought him his dinner-pail when it was noon without having to be told to do so.

What I like best of all is to jump from the top of the barn into



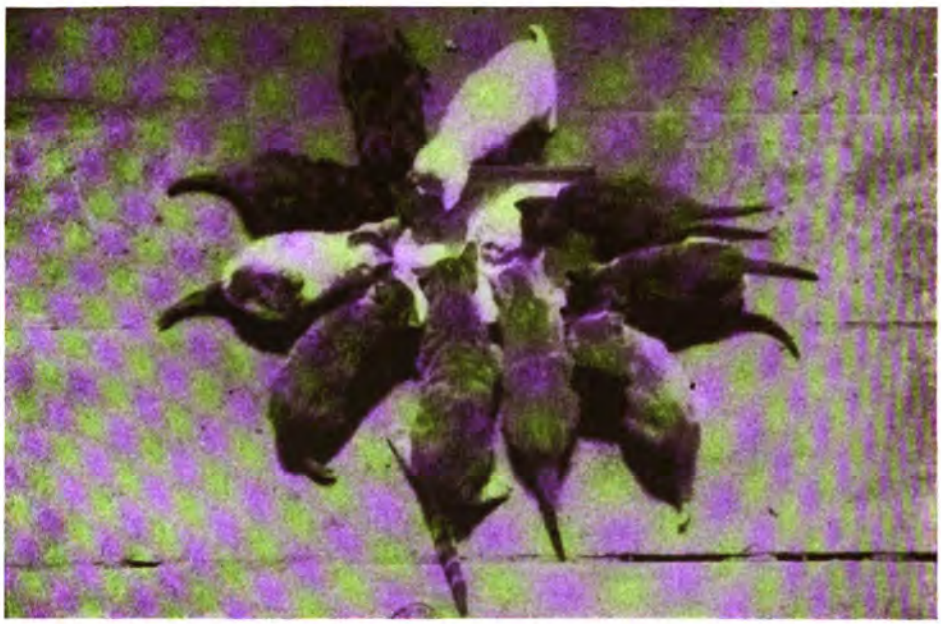
THEY SAY THIS IS MY BEST TRICK

my master's arms. I can jump eighteen feet that way. You can see me doing it in the second picture. In the other I'm waiting for them to fill up the wagon with hay for me to ride on top. I also like to run after balls and sticks. My friend Hugh is a great ball-player, he likes to be out-doors as much as I do. I could never live inside the house all the time, like Thirteen or Ivan or Puck (who ate one of his little mistress' bed-slippers). However — every dog to his taste. I do not say that I am as smart a dog as Wolf, but I leave you to judge how clever I am in my own way when I tell you that for some reason or other my good master named me: PLATO

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A NARROW ESCAPE

MOTHER PUSSY made a nest under the bushes for her seven kittens. "It is a fairly good place," she said, "while they are tiny, but I must go in search of a better one before the rainy weather begins." She went house-hunting the next day and discovered a nice barn nearby; but also discovered George, who took care of the barn and the horses. Now



PUSSIES WHO LIVE AT ONE OF THE BIG VEGETABLE GARDENS IN LOMALAND

They are at midday lunch — look at the shadows and see if you can tell how we know it. Their parents are responsible for the barns and seed-rooms at the farm, and they are learning to take up this duty too.

Pussy was rather a timid cat and not used to people; and as she did not know George, she concluded to make a home under a pile of boards nearby.

Moving-day came; and when she thought no one was looking she picked up a kitten in her mouth as mother cats do, and carefully carried it to the little hollowed-out place she had made under the pile of boards. Seven times Mother Kitty picked up a baby and carried it way across the road and under the fence; and when the last one was safe in the new home, she was quite ready to curl

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up with the kittens and take a good long rest, not just a cat-nap.

But after the moving was over there was still much for Pussy to do, and she had to leave her kittens and go to the business of catching rats and mice about the barn.

She had not been away for half an hour when she returned to find her home invaded by a horrible snake — a rattler at that! There he lay, coiled around her nest and in the middle of the coil her seven little kittens, their eyes open and wild with terror! When the cat approached, the snake raised his head and hissed, rattling at the same time. What could poor Mother Kitty do!

First she began to tease the snake, hoping she could get it to chase her, but only succeeded in enraging it, and it showed no sign of leaving the kittens. Then she saw George! Could she get courage enough to run to big George, and would he understand the danger that threatened her little family? She had not been especially friendly with George when he was busy about the barn, but *he* had shown no sign of being unfriendly, and anyway, it was her only hope. So she ran to him — mewing pitifully and rubbing herself about his legs and looking up at him until he noticed her. Then she ran back to the wood-pile, and then back again to him rubbing and mewing. Then back again to the wood-pile to tease the snake.

George did not understand at first. He petted her and asked her if she was hungry; but there was something distressing in her cry and in her actions which meant trouble of some kind, so he thought he would follow the cat. As soon as he neared the pile he detected a sound which, once heard, is never forgotten. —"Rattler!" said George, and ran into the barn for the spade.

Pussy was at her post busily teasing the snake when George arrived. Quickly removing the boards he found the snake still curled around the frightened kittens — rattling his tail with all his might. It took but a minute for George to dispatch Mr. Snake. Then he gathered up the seven poor little kittens and made them a nice safe nest in the hay in the barn, where no more snakes could find them, and there Mother Pussy raised her little family in peace. SISTER SUE

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"WON'T YOU TAKE SOME OF THESE PRETTY FLOWERS?"

DEAR CHILDREN:

It is my birthday today, so I have come to bring you some of my flowers. Mother says that is the way that the Râja-Yoga Children celebrate their birthdays—by giving something to others—and I want to be a Râja-Yoga too, so I am going to give you some of my marguerites.

Mother tells me that the Râja-Yoga's learn that "Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means," and I think it is true too. Once when I helped her with her mending she said it made the work ever so much easier when her dear little helper was around. And I think that sharing is just as important as helping, for it makes you feel very rich when you have something to give away, especially when it is something you want very much yourself, because that makes it all the more precious. It isn't much use giving things away when you don't want them yourself. Why! that is just what you do to the waste-basket. The only difference is that the waste-basket is made for things like that, and it isn't a person. But just supposing somebody should give you something he didn't want, wouldn't it make

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you feel somewhat as if he thought you were a kind of waste-basket?

Mother is calling me now to go and help her, so I must say good-bye. You see I am very busy, and really do not have much time to write letters, because it takes so long to spell the big words.

Well, good-bye now, and many good wishes, MARGUERITE



"ADD A LITTLE FLOUR AND STIR WELL"

AT PLAY

I'M making a cake for Dolly
With pebbles, and mud, and sand;
If she's good she shall have it for supper,
And I'll make her understand
That the pebbles are great big Raisins,
And the mud is Chocolate brown,
And the sand is poured all over
Like Icing that trickles down.
And oh, she must chew it and chew it,
Or she'll be very ill.
It's so good, even you would enjoy it,
And I'm sure my Dolly will.

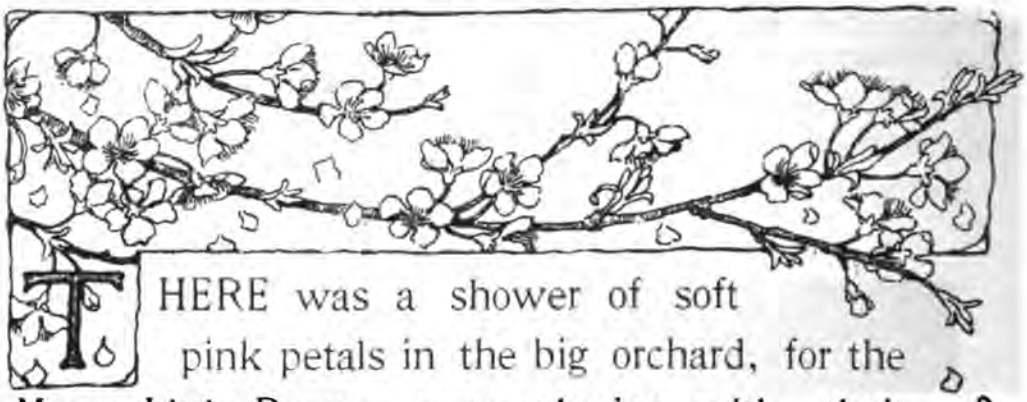
— CARMEN HELENA

TIME TO RISE!

A BIRDIE with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"'Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepyhead. *'R. L. S.'*

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THE JOURNEY OF THE BLOSSOMS



THERE was a shower of soft pink petals in the big orchard, for the Merry Little Breezes were playing with their sisters the Blossoms. They had promised to teach them to fly; so they caught them up in their strong wings and whirled them through the sunny air.

"Where are you taking us?" they cried; for they could see nothing but the blue sky all around them.

"Over the Hills and far away!" whistled the Little Breezes, as they whirled them faster and faster in their gay dance.

At last from far away the Wavelets on the beach called to the Breezes to help them wash some kelp ashore; and as the Breezes love to help they said goodbye to the Blossoms, and let them flutter gently to the ground. And there they nestled close together, whispering softly of their great journey, and of the big blue world they had seen above the sunny orchard. "And perhaps," they said to each other, "perhaps there are many things we have not seen yet!" M.

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUTH
Conducted by Students of the Râja-Yoga College

Published bi-monthly, under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter, December 27, 1904, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California
Copyright 1922, by Katherine Tingley
SUBSCRIPTION (Six issues): $1.00 *Foreign postage:* 20c *Canadian:* 10c.

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVIII, NO. 4 JULY 1922

RÂJA-YOGA *is an ancient term, meaning simply 'royal' or 'kingly union.' I selected it as best expressing the aim and object of true education, namely, the perfect balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and spiritual — in a word, Character.*— KATHERINE TINGLEY

DUTY — "THE ROYAL TALISMAN"

LET "DUTY" be our watchword, and the happiness of its fulfilment the sunshine of our daily lives. There is joy in the thought of Duty well done, and happiness in the doing.

Sometimes we hear one say that he or she lets duty go in order to enjoy some preferred pleasure. Does this mean that there can be other and greater joys than the doing of Duty? It may appear so — but only to the *lower* side of our natures, to whom the Duty means nothing.

In each of us there are two selves — the Higher and the Lower. We surely all know these two selves within, and the part they constantly play in shaping our thoughts and deeds. We know the one to be our true self: wise, aspiring, compassionate — our Warrior-Self; and the other the opposite of this — our own enemy. What prompts us to pure, noble and happy thought and helpful, courageous deeds is the Higher; while that which seeks to blind us to the great and noble things, and to lead us to forget others in selfish and evil acts, is the lower — which is entirely wrapped up in its own unworthy aims.

So we see that the distinction between 'duty' and 'pleasure' — so often made — is only the difference between *two kinds* of pleasure: that of the Higher nature, and that of the lower nature.

"Duty," said a great Teacher, "is that which is *due* to others." Now we know that we never neglect the performance of anything we owe to another because of a noble, unselfish motive. The neglect of duty — to others, or to our own better selves — can only be prompted by the lower self. And since the latter cannot feel and act for the good and happiness of others, but only *desires for itself*, small wonder that, *to it*, duty seems drear and unprofitable. But is *this* the viewpoint we should take in seeking to do right?

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The higher part of our natures is in the deepest sense one with the higher nature of all men; and it exists therefore but for the good of all. "That which is due to others" is its constant care, its eternal purpose and quest. Duty is the noble happiness of the soul; and it should be our supreme joy.

Through devotion to what "is due to others" we come in touch with that aspect of human nature in others which is common to us all — the ***higher*** human nature. And with high associations in thought and act, and large, unselfish purposes, comes growth — of mind and heart; and with this growth come larger and nobler opportunities — to render "that which is due to others." Let us bend our efforts to this high purpose!

Genuine efforts may be accompanied by possible failure and discouragement. But obstacles which seem to block the way, and outlooks which suddenly loom dark and threatening when we have failed — for the time — to surmount them, are but signs of a worthy task determinedly undertaken. Bright success is hidden behind disheartening failure, if we will but persevere. It is in the face of discouragement that we should seek to ally ourselves more consciously and sincerely with our Higher Self — the Warrior within — like Sir Galahad, whose strength was "as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure." It is the time to cleanse our hearts of all less worthy desires and insincerities: "cutting all doubts with the sword of knowledge."

Let us begin our days with this abiding purpose and trust. A good beginning is half the battle won. To rise each morning with an earnest determination to fulfil and to achieve all that lies before us, for that day, of what is good and true: this will enable us to take the first thing we have to do from 'on top,' with the confidence of achievement. And so on to the next thing, and the next. There is a strength which comes through courageous devotion to Duty such as made strong the noble Knights-errant of the Grail, who passed invulnerable through perils, and not to be withstood by evil, so long as they continued to cherish deep the sacredness of their mission.

One duty at a time, and each in its proper place — this is the Râja-Yoga ideal of the doing of duty: the achieving of a 'Perfect Balance' of right action, which prevents confusion and doubt and loss of time and energy, and leads to perfect results — a Kingly Union of purpose, effort and achievement in our lives. "Duty, consistently followed, is the highest path."

THE Râja-Yoga system endeavors to make clear to the young mind not merely the necessity but the meaning and beauty of rules and regulations; so that following them does not become a task but a pleasure.— *Katherine Tingley*

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HOME

WHERE is thy Home, O Soul?
Where thy abiding place?
Here thou dost build thee a fortress,
There thou dost plant thee a grove,
And a garden, whose trees and whose flowers,
Are the children of men.
Hast thou no Home in all the lands
Though collage and palace receive thee?
Where is thy Home, O Soul?
Is it here in our hearts?

Where the night is darkest,
Where the need is greatest,
Where the hope is brightest,
There thou art.
Where the wrongs are deepest,
Where the hates are fiercest,
Where the hearts are sorest,
We see thee there.

There though the task be heavy,
There though the night be dark,
There though the wrongs be ancient,
There where the need is greatest,
There is thy Home;
And here
In our heart.—Lomaland, June 7th, 1903

THE KINGDOM WITHIN YOU

BETWEEN the eighth and the tenth centuries France was ruled by very weak kings, called *Rois Fainéants*, or 'Do-Nothing Kings.' The real power of the government was in the hands of officials called Mayors of the Palace. *They* were the real kings, and dethroned their nominal masters, shut them up in monasteries, or disposed of them in other ways at their own will. The weakness of the royal power was an excellent occasion for the feudatory and dependent baronies and dukedoms to become very powerful and turbulent.

As the history of a nation is usually that of an individual in larger proportions, we can take a very useful lesson from these conditions in old France.

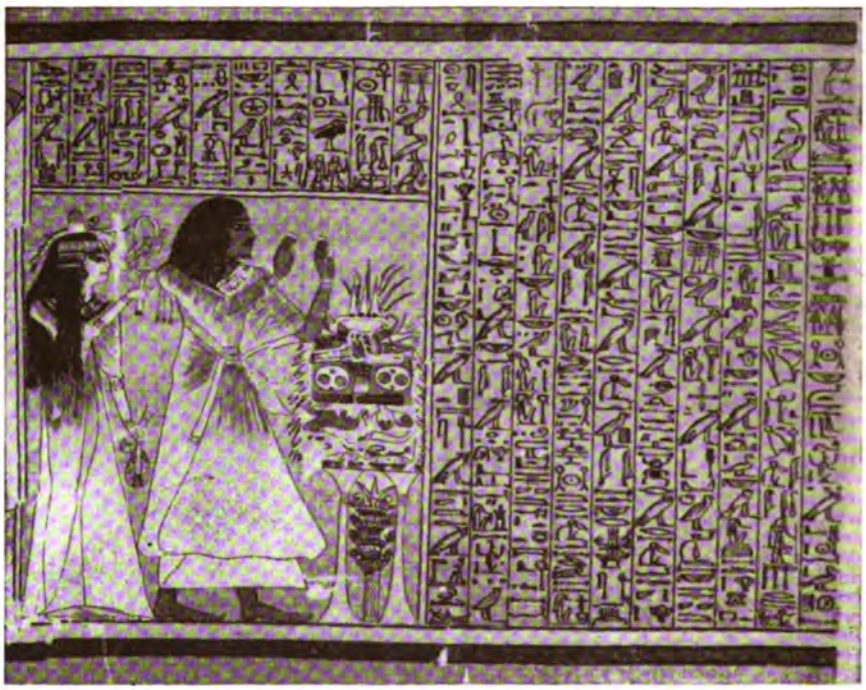
Every human being has a kingdom within himself — a veritable empire — of which he alone is the Crowned Head. Of this empire he generally knows only a small portion, and governs somewhat less. It has not only dangerous places which he frequently does not suspect — like dark morasses, perilous chasms, and deserts, but also unknown riches and unworked resources.

Usually he remains within certain familiar portions of his domain, contenting himself with utilizing such parts of his inheritance as he is easily acquainted with, neglecting, or ignoring the rest. As a result such proud dukes as Ambition and Egotism possess themselves of fair provinces in his domains: selfish Lords and Princes of Vanity, Indifference, Carelessness, or Untruthfulness eat away his patrimony, until the real Man, the nominal King of this interior realm, has but a small demesne left to him of his original estate. His resources are wasted, or exploited in a thousand unworthy ways. His household governs him. The servants and domestics — his faculties, impulses, ideas, and chief of all perhaps, his words — become independent

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approval of the good works which marked the first year of his reign. But in thus extolling their King, they little knew that their solemn memorial was to become millenniums later the means of bringing to light, not the glory of Ptolemy, but the glory of all Egypt throughout the ages of its history.

In accordance with their decree, one of these "Stelae of hard stone" was



FROM THE BOOK OF 'GOING FORTH INTO LIGHT'— COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE 'BOOK OF THE DEAD'

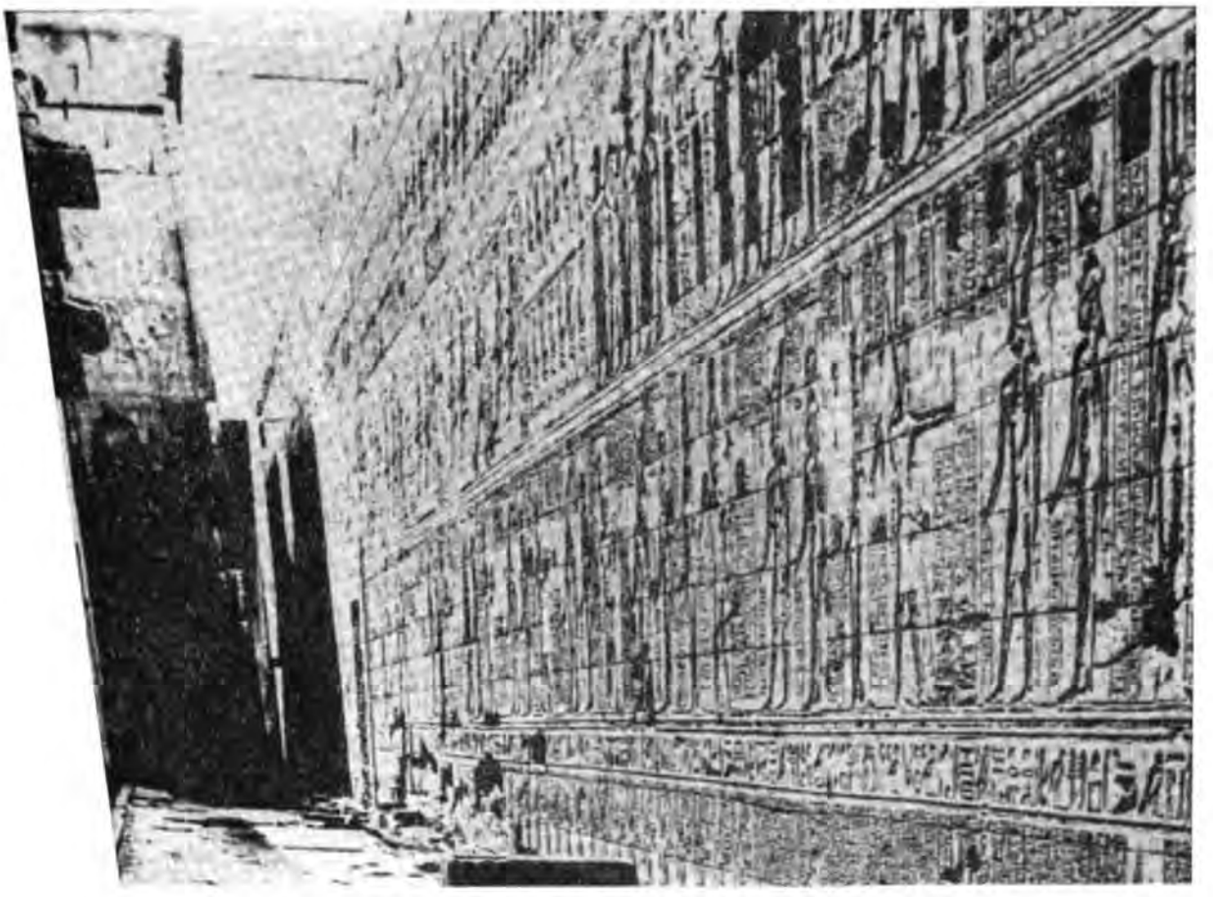
In earlier times the sacred books were written in this simplified *hieroglyphic* style.

set up in the temple of Tem near the city of Bolbitine in the Delta; and there it remained during the few years which were left to the Egyptian nation. Its greatness was already a thing of the past these many centuries, and even the national life and culture were fast fading out. The rulers of Egypt and a large and growing portion of her population were of Greek origin — in race, language and customs. The mighty power of Rome was spreading over the Mediterranean lands; and the King himself had in his youth been made the ward of the Senate. The real Egypt was soon to sink into oblivion as part of the Empire.

It was therefore in the very closing scenes — in the last moments of her existence — that the learned scribes of Egypt left for the future this key to her records. Under the Romans Egypt became (outside of the great city of Alexandria, where a brilliant foreign culture flourished) but a great corn-land

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— the "granary of Rome." The old cities decayed, the temples fell into neglect, and were slowly buried under the accumulated rubbish of a dwindling and spiritless population. When the Arabs came in 641 A. D. the Coptic Egyptians, descendants of a once mighty race, did not know the names — in



PART OF TEMPLE WALL AT EDFU, SHOWING THE MONUMENTAL USE OF HIEROGLYPHICS

The greater part of the wall-surface is covered with texts. Mingled with these on the lower frieze we see representations of the King standing in various postures before figures of Horus and Isis.

some cases not even the sites — of some of the old cities. — And beneath the ruins of forgotten Bolbitine lay the solemn edict of the priests, decreeing the everlasting glory of Ptolemy.

In the meantime the Dark Ages settled down over Europe; intercourse ceased with the western countries, among whose people Egypt and her history became mere fable and tradition. Under the Arabian dynasties an entirely new order of civilization held sway in Egypt, and the oppressed Copts were relegated to an obscure place in Moslem society. The only legacy left to them from their old culture was their language — a true lineal descendant of the old Egyptian tongue — which still survives in the Coptic Scriptures.

Among other Arab settlements in the Delta, there grew up the town of

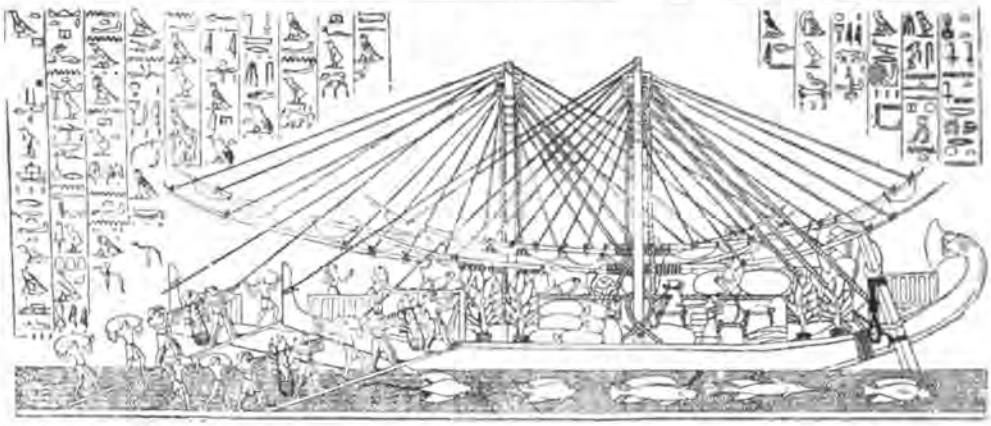
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Rashîd, founded, as fate would have it, on the very site of ancient Bolbitine. The Copts called the town Rashît, and it became a center of the Levantine trade which came up the mouths of the Nile. Now the Mediterranean traders of the day were mostly Italian; and in the *lingua franca* of the seaports, the town of Rashît became known as 'Rosetta.' Beneath the city lay the 'Stele of hard stone,' waiting for its resurrection.

Then, a little over a century ago, in the year 1799, Napoleon Bonaparte landed in Egypt and occupied the country, and in doing so became the inaugurator of the science of Egyptology. By his direction, a body of *savants* accompanied the military expedition to study the monuments and antiquities.

It remained, however, for a simple artillery officer to make the great and priceless discovery. In the environs of the town of Rashît, or Rosetta, fortifications were commenced. Foundations were dug; a pick struck something hard in the loose soil, . . . and the Rosetta Stone was added to the archaeological spoils of the French army.

With Napoleon's evacuation of Egypt in 1800, the Stone passed into the hands of the English, and in 1801 found a place in the British Museum. It had by that time already become the center of great antiquarian interest. The *savants* brought by Napoleon had caused casts and rubbings of the Stone to be sent to France; and after its acquisition by the Museum it was sent in facsimile to universities and other centers of learning all over Europe, and was thus made accessible to scholars. This was in the year 1802. Twenty years later — just one hundred years ago — M. Champollion presented to the world the first practically complete system of translating Egyptian hieroglyphics.



TAKING ON CARGO IN THE LAND OF PUNT: A SCENE FROM QUEEN HATSHEPSU'S FAMOUS EXPEDITION IN 1300 B. C.

The rare and curious products of Punt are listed above: precious metals, woods, ivory, potted shrubs, ***habni*** or ebony, ***netersentra*** incense, ***mesdemut*** ointment, and other goods. A bearer is steadying a crated plant on to the deck; the 'mate' officiously superintends amidships; the idler on the bridge is about to get into trouble with one of the great dog-faced ***anau*** apes.

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In the inscription on the stone itself it is decreed by the priestly conclave that the edict shall be inscribed in the "writing of the gods, the writing of the books, and the writing of the Greeks," — and it was done accordingly. The Greek inscription was easily translated — the "writing of the Gods" (the *hieroglyphic*), and that of the 'books' and the people generally, (the *demotic*), at first baffled all scholarly efforts. But the Greek text was there to furnish the key, from which was worked out the process of decipherment familiar to most of us from histories and school-books.

As early as 1801 one Citoyen Du Theil, of the French Institute, declared the three parallel inscriptions to be *repetitions* of the same text. Still earlier, in 1761, J. J.Barthélemy had proposed that the ovals occurring in the Egyptian texts must contain royal names. The Swede Åkerblad made some progress in identifying the names and titles of King Ptolemy in the demotic text. The first step, however, in the translation of the *hieroglyphic* was made by the eminent Dr. Thomas Young, of the British Royal Society, famous also as the promulgator of the Undulatory Theory of light. Comparing the hieroglyphic signs in the royal ovals (commonly called by scholars *cartouches*) with the corresponding names in the Greek text, he succeeded, in the year 1821, in establishing the identity of some five of the signs, and also made certain other important findings.



THE BRITISH MUSEUM

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It was by enlarging upon this beginning that Champollion finally filled out and completed a system of reading which, though afterwards found incorrect in some details, forms the basis of the present knowledge of the subject. Availing himself of his knowledge of the Coptic tongue, he was able to co-ordinate it with the results of his hieroglyphic researches, and thereby to reconstruct in detail the grammatic structure of the language of ancient Egypt, as well as to compile a vocabulary for the use of translators.

That was a century ago. Since then the work of a large number of in-

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dustrious scholars has introduced us to every possible phase of ancient Egyptian literature: monumental inscriptions have been copied and preserved, manuscripts translated and published; even private letters of those long-departed folk — business records, deeds, memoranda, the very contents of wastepaper baskets in old Egyptian dwellings — all have been read and made known to whomsoever would learn. These acquirements have changed our whole view of ancient history and life enormously; but Egypt still has its secrets, and mighty ones. After the reading must come the *interpreting* of these eternal records — records which link the greatness of Egypt up with that of the glories of ancient India, of America, and other venerable civilizations. In the light of the teachings brought to the western world by Mme. Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, all the wonder and greatness of those ancient peoples are shown to belong to one magnificent whole, as star-clusters flaming in the deep night of time, as precious jewels which enriched the crown of humanity's past splendors — as a promise of what may still grace its future greatness, when man "ascends the throne of his fathers." In this way the past can become a *living thing* for us, to inspire our efforts to attain our highest possibilities, in the realization of humanity's great heritage. H. B.

LOMALAND BY THE SUNLIT SEA

AN APPRECIATION BY A VISITOR

ATHENS ne'er had sweeter flowers
Than those of Lomaland's fair bowers;
With human grace resplendent shown,
The teachings of the ages gone;

No fairer sky we e'er may find,
Nor wondrous training of the mind
To things unseen, existent, fell,
Where past and future, comingling, melt

Into a present liv'd for love,
With earth below and sky above;
Wondrous the mind controlling thee,
O Lomaland, by the sunlit sea.

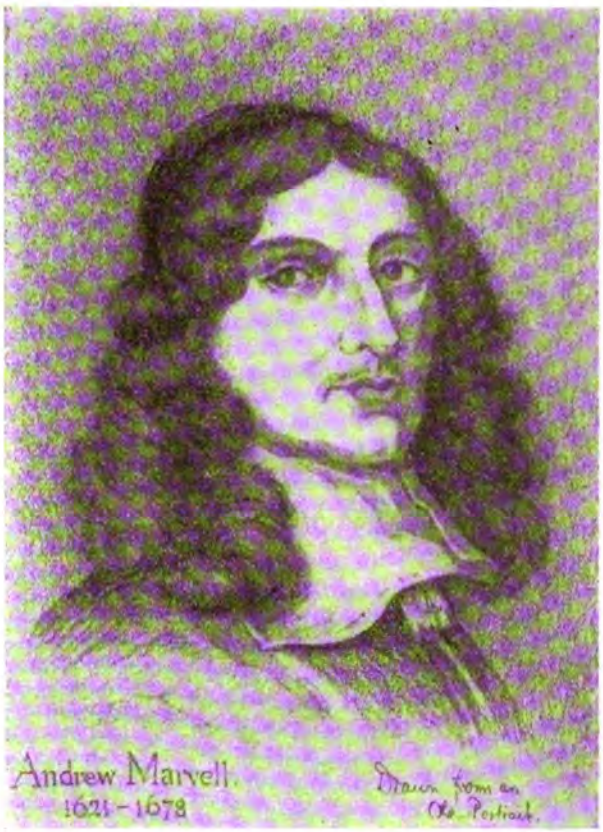
Fair Lomaland, of famed intent,
To whom our God Himself hath lent
His face and image, wondrous, free,
I bow in homage deep to thee.— P. D. B.

Written after a Classic Presentation in the Greek Theater

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A FRIEND OF MILTON

IN the study of a period of history where radical changes rapidly succeed each other, and where complete reactions — like the swing of a pendulum — seem suddenly to turn the whole course of national life, one is often struck by apparent breaks in the sequence of events that seem quite inexplicable. In reality, however, the 'Merrie England' of Good Queen Bess was not so very different from the land of the Stuarts, torn by civil and religious strife. Even in the glorious reign of Elizabeth the growth of Parliament brought it to clash with the absolute power of the crown; and it was only through her infinite tact that a direct breach was averted. But when she had passed and James I — completely out of touch with the temper of his people — came to the throne and claimed the 'divine right of kings,' the smouldering fire was not slow to break out. The old aristocracy, including imported gallants from the French Court, and the newly established Commons, formed of a worthy class of artisans and tradesmen, soon divided into radically opposed parties which called themselves Cavaliers and Roundheads. Of the former, in its best aspect, filled with courtliness, wit and daring, perhaps no better example can be found than the poet Richard Lovelace, whose much-quoted lines, have become so popular that we almost forget their origin:



"I could not love thee, Dear, so well
Loved I not Honor more!"

And of the latter — sternly virtuous, and strong of fist and courage — none is more typical than Cromwell himself. Looking at these two widely differing classes it seems hard to conceive that some of the best qualities of each should have been successfully blended in one man — a legislator, a lover of gardens,

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a wit, a satirist, a scholar and a poet; who through all the troubled changes of these times, followed an unbroken thread of patriotic service. This man was Andrew Marvell.

Owing to his extraordinary modesty we know very little of the man himself. He was born at the parsonage of Winstead in Holderness, in the year 1621; attended the Hull Grammar School, of which his father, formerly parson at Winstead, later became principal; and went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, to take his B. A. degree in 1639. He then spent four years in foreign travels, visiting, and becoming well acquainted with the languages of France, Spain, Italy, and Holland. According to the custom of that time, a period of travel in different European countries was considered part of the education of every better-class young man. It is an interesting thought that possibly Marvell, on this tour, may have met some of the great men whose acquaintance Milton had made some years before. After these wanderings, in the year 1650, Marvell became tutor to Lady Mary Fairfax, the young daughter of Lord Fairfax, and went to live with the family at their country residence at Nunappleton in Yorkshire.

Lord Fairfax had been a stanch supporter of Charles I; and upon the ascendancy of the Commonwealth — not choosing to accept any public office— he retired to the ancestral seat of the family in Yorkshire. He was a man of the finest moral character, who remained true, at the expense of popularity and position, to his political opinions. Lady Fairfax also was quite an exceptional woman, and she and her husband must surely have had a considerable influence on the young man. The peace and quiet of their country-home afforded the inspiration for his many garden poems, and his stay at Nunappleton was of the utmost importance in his poetic career.

It is of course as that of a poet that the name of Andrew Marvell has been handed down to us through three successive centuries. Time has wonderfully changed and brought out the importance of the man. To his contemporaries he was a satirist, a legislator, and incorruptible patriot, the most delightful of companions and the keenest of wits; but as a poet he was quite unknown. As a matter of fact, his poems were not published until 1776, when Captain Thompson, a descendant of the Marvells, collected them for the first time — almost a century after his death.

During the years at Nunappleton he was very close to the trees and flowers, and it was at this time that his *Poems of the Country* and some of his *Poems of Imagination and Love* were written. To this period certainly belong his *Thoughts in a Garden*, when with perfect unconcern he was able to look upon the troubled world from his shady retreat.

"How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays;
And their uncessant labors see

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Crowned from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garland of Repose! . . .

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass. . . .

And those irresistibly quaint lines *To His Coy Mistress:*

"Had we but worlds enough and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges side
Should'st rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. . . . "

But perhaps in none of his poems does he so truly seem a part of nature as in *Appleton House*, where he says:

"Thus I, easy philosopher,
Among the birds and trees confer,
And little now to make me wants
Or of the fowls or of the plants;
Give me but wings as they, and I
Straight floating on the air shall fly;
Or turn me but and you shall see
I was but an inverted tree.
Already I begin to call
In their most learned original,
And, where I language want, my signs
The bird upon the bough divines,
And more attentive there doth sit
Than if she were with lime-twigs knit.
No leaf does tremble in the wind,
Which I returning cannot find;
Out of these scattered Sybil's leaves
Strange prophesies my fancy weaves,
And in one history consumes,
Like Mexique paintings, all the plumes;
What Rome, Greece, Palestine, e'er said,
In this light Mosaic read."

Some of his most delightful poems are to and about children, as, for example, *The Picture of Little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers*, which is actually all that the name promises; and his poem on a child with her pet fawn. Only lack of space prevents us quoting these verses here at length.

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It was either while Marvell was at Nunappleton or soon after that he met Milton, and became one of his closest friends. Later, through the commendation of the great man he was made his Latin Secretary. All this was under the Commonwealth, at which time he counted Cromwell and Bradshaw amongst his friends also — which associated him with the nation's leaders.

Under the Restoration he held a seat in the House of Commons for the township of Hull, which office he filled until his death in 1678, excepting for a



TWO FRIENDS OF ANDREW MARVELL: CROMWELL VISITING THE LATIN SECRETARY

brief vacation, occasioned by his accompanying Lord Carlisle on a fruitless mission to the Tzar of Muscovy, in 1663-4.

It was during this later portion of his life that he won for himself a great name as a satirist; and delighted the whole country, including the King, by the witty way in which he refuted the arguments of the orthodox Bishop of Oxford in a two-volume publication, *The Rehearsal Transposed*. All this is of very little importance nowadays, but it was what made him so truly a man of his time and earned for him the name, 'the liveliest wit of his time,' from his contemporaries.

Though we know so very little of the personal charm of the man, we cannot doubt that he was popular when we see the quantity and quality of his friends. His close companionship with Milton, and the high esteem in which

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he was held by the older man, speak greatly in his favor; and let it be remembered — greatly to his credit — that he was one of the few of his contemporaries to recognise the greatness of Milton, and to appreciate *Paradise Lost* when it first appeared. Cromwell and Bradshaw, too, had the highest opinion of the Assistant Latin Secretary: and later his satirical pen was so powerful that the party of Charles II would gladly have secured him for their side. Neither the favor of the King nor the promise of rewards and advancement could turn him from his views; and he did not hestiate to speak his mind with a superb indifference to both. He said with equal truth and frankness of the statue of Charles II: "It is such a king as no chisel can mend." He knew well that satire was the best weapon against a court of triflers such as his.

Not the least remarkable thing about this many-sided Marvell is his extraordinary balance, and the great kindliness and justice, shown even toward his enemies — of whom he had many. One of the noblest aspects of the character of Charles I is revealed to us by this Puritan poet; and this, strangely enough, in a poem in honor of his adored chief, Cromwell. Perhaps in these verses, more than anywhere else, can be seen the big-hearted generosity of their author, his sympathy for suffering, and his admiration for courage and nobility, wherever they are to be found.

". . . That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn: . . .

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."

Andrew Marvell occupies quite a unique place in English literature; for while he is the last of the Elizabethan lyricists, he is also the first to sound the new note of Keats and Shelley. The 'Return to Nature' in his garden poems is unmistakable; and his intimate love and knowledge of birds and flowers places him far ahead of the poets of his own time. Almost to another cycle belong some of his magical lines, as for instance —

"Where the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom unespied."

Yet, though he is beyond and above his times in many ways, it would be hard to find a man more truly representative of the best activities of England in the early seventeenth century. Andrew Marvell must be numbered among those few strong, purposeful men who appeared in the trying years between two epochs — at a critical turn in the whole history of the life of England, and to an extent of all of western Europe. Posterity may see him as one of those supporters of Truth who in ages of waning light uphold their

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bright torch, defying dark hosts that menace. Surely we cannot doubt that, to an extent, he knew this to be his true work, when we read his own lines, written in the troublous times just preceding his death:

"Courage, my Soul! Now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield!
Close on thy head thy helmet bright!
Balance thy sword against the fight!
See there an army, strong as fair,
With silken banners spreads the air!
Now if Thou be'st that thing divine,
In this day's combat, let it shine!
And show that Nature wants an art
To conquer one resolvèd heart!"

M. A. B.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF A VOYAGER

Two hundred miles off Malta,
August 5, 1886

WE hope to arrive at Malta before dinner-time tomorrow. We have had a very pleasant time so far, the weather having been lovely (in other words broiling). . . .

"I should much like to obtain a photograph of one place we passed on the Portuguese Coast: the Mafra Palace — a large building near to the Cintra mountains. We saw it from about ten miles distance; and as we passed could see for about two hours with our glasses a great deal of its magnificence. The one building contains a church, convent and palace; and being 825 feet long and built of marble, with towers over 300 feet high, is very imposing. Next day at five o'clock in the morning we passed Cape St. Vincent, and were up to salute the lighthouse keepers. We passed near to the cliff, and the people in the old convent on the edge almost overhanging the sea waved a long white streamer to us from one of the windows. The lighthouse is in a part of the old convent.

"On Sunday forenoon we saw a whale appear four or five times, . . . also some flying fish. The air was so clear that when we passed across the bay into which the Tagus empties we could distinctly see at night seven different lighthouses along the coast leading to the harbor of Lisbon. Today at 3.00 p.m. I could see the island of Pantillaria, about *fifty-five miles* away ahead of us.

"It has been most interesting to see the changes in the color of the water. The dirty-looking green of the Irish Sea gives place to the dark blue after passing Cornwall and on through the bay of Biscay; and then as the waters from the rivers flow into the sea off the Portuguese coast (notably from the Tagus) the color changes to brownish-green again. From here again down to Gibraltar the water is of a beautiful *ultramarine* blue — an ethereal and

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lovely color — a color more of heaven than earth, and yet so different from that in the Mediterranean Sea, which is a deep *Prussian* blue. It is so wondrous clear, so fascinating, that one can gaze into its depths for hours together, and give the mind up to quiet enjoyment. . . .

"The sunsets also are beautiful. The sun sinks; the horizon gradually becomes suffused with a *deliciously* warm rosy tint — deepening into glowing crimson — which from the western horizon gradually merges into the deep blue of the sky overhead, fading away to the East into the luminous but withal rather dull and somber tints of green and blue — almost white. After the sun sets he rapidly "*Leaves the world to darkness and to me.*"

Yet not to absolute darkness; for although in a few minutes the sky becomes quite black, and correspondingly, the water a roaring inky mass, yet the stars appear from their hiding-places, each vying with each in its beauty. The loveliness of the starry heavens in these regions *is a thing to be wondered at!* Each star is as a luminous piece of silver standing out far from the black abyss beyond; . . . the Milky Way, one immense galaxy, seemingly impenetrable, appears almost as a *solid mass of light.*

"After passing Gibraltar we saw the ranges of mountains in the south of Spain about ten miles away; and as we passed peak after peak, and cape after cape, it seemed to me as if I were greeting old friends. The panoramic view of the land along the coasts of Spain and Portugal and then along the northern coast of Africa, was extremely picturesque. The cliffs, the cultivated lands above, the mountains, the numerous buildings and quaint villages and towns. . . . Again, the precipitous headlands in all their frowning grandeur, and the caves peeping out in every conceivable nook and corner in the cliffs, carry the imagination to the time of smugglers and corsairs.

"The peculiar phosphorescence of the sea observable at night is very remarkable. As the sky darkens, the water, whilst in motion, assumes a silvery bright appearance, brighter as the motion is more intense; so that the water alongside the ship and astern seems as it were a lake of glittering and shimmering moonlight. In the midst of the seething mass flowing along are still brighter globules of light, like fairy lanterns floating along in the turbulent stream. These are the small fish. The light over the stern of the vessel is so palpable that I am able to see the time clearly by my watch. Last night a shoal of porpoises were swimming along by the ship, some of them right ahead, and they had a most curious appearance. Imagine a large and mobile piece of phosphorous say six feet long endowed with life, and rushing along through the water, and imparting a luminosity to the eddying water in its wake. This is just the appearance the porpoises had — like immense comets, with fiery tails streaming behind them. The scene on a dark night is fascinating, and reminds one of Eastern legends."

(*To be continued*)

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THE HARPER OF THE GODS

IT was necessary to the gods in Ireland that they should have music, and among their company Angus Og was the most skilled harpist of all. It was he who sang divine songs to his immortal kindred, and he who first taught the sons of men the magic and potency of music. Angus Og was the son of the Dagda, and at times he would leave his father's palace at Brugh na Boinne to go wandering among mortals, teaching them by means of the sweet sounds he awoke from his harp. At times he let himself be seen by mortals, and so it befell one day to Cormac King of Tara. He sat alone in the Judgment Hall, studying and reading the laws, and musing how they should best be carried out. Suddenly a stranger appeared to him, of such noble beauty that the king knew at once who had thus honored him. He said to his friends afterwards:

> "He was a beautiful young man, with high looks, and his appearance was more beautiful than all beauty, and there were ornaments of gold on his dress; in his hand he held a silver harp with strings of red gold, and the sound of its strings was sweeter than all music under the sky; and over the harp were two birds that seemed to be playing on it. He sat beside me pleasantly, and played his sweet music to me, and in the end he foretold things that put confusion on my wits."

The harp of Angus Og could never be stolen for long, although many tried to rob him of it. If the harp heard its master calling, it would leap from whatever hiding-place it was in, and place itself in his hands, its strings vibrating and sending forth the best music in the world. So the harp came naturally to be the favored instrument of the Irish heroes, and they sought to perfect themselves in its use. It varied in size, from the small portable harp to the great instruments played by the bards. These were six feet high, with thirty or more strings, and were played by the fingers, or finger-nails, which were trained to a peculiar shape to enable the musician to strike the strings easily. In the Dublin Museum, where are preserved so many beautiful gold art-objects of Ireland, is a small harp of exquisite workmanship, said by some to have belonged to Brian Boru. Even if this is erroneous, there have been preserved over a dozen poems of MacLiag, the bard of King Brian Boru.

Great care was taken by the poets to preserve the exact words of their predecessors, and as the music was composed especially to fit the various themes and moods of the poetry, it is supposed that many of the tunes played by old Irish harpers have really come down from very early times. During the golden age of Irish learning, her harpers were in demand in France, Russia, and Italy, as teachers and performers. As to the skill accredited to them, we quote from Giraldus Cambrensis, who as a rule, takes

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pains to avoid mention of any good thing about the Irish. He heard the Irish harpers in 1185, and wrote of them:

> "They are incomparably more skilful than any other nation I have ever seen. For their manner of playing on these instruments — unlike that of the Britons — is not slow and solemn, but lively and rapid, while the melody is both sweet and sprightly. It is astonishing that in so complex and rapid a movement of the fingers the musical proportions (as to time) can be preserved; and that throughout the difficult modulations on their various instruments, the harmony is completed with such a sweet rapidity. They enter into a movement and conclude it in so delicate a manner, and tinkle the little strings so sportively over the deeper tones of the bass strings — they delight so delicately and soothe with such gentleness, that the perfection of their art appears in the concealment of art."

It seemed at one time that all this wealth of melody was to be lost, for little was done to write down the airs, and the wonderful race of old harpists was passing away. In 1792, in Belfast, a harp festival was arranged, and all the old minstrels were invited to come and play. It was a noteworthy occasion, and their names have been justly preserved.

Denis Hempson, ninety-seven years old, and blind, was a veritable picture of the description by Giraldus; for he played with long crooked nails, playing with the tinkling of bells and the booming of the big bass strings in the aboriginal music of the country in a most perfect and finished style.

Then there was Arthur O'Neill, also blind, like Daniel Black, aged seventy-five; Charles Byrne, eighty years old, who had traveled about with his uncle, a blind harper, and was still playing at ninety-two; Rose Mooney, blind, and Turlough Carolan. He too was blind, and was noted for his marvelous memory; for he could listen to a violin concerto, totally unknown to him, and immediately repeat it. He was also a master at improvising.

At this music-festival of Belfast, of which we have mentioned only a few of the great names, there was a young man of nineteen, Edward Bunting, who was entrusted with transcribing the music played by the old harpers. He did this, and devoted his life to the collection and preservation of the music and the story of the lives of this wonderful generation of musicians. The Râja-Yoga students are deeply interested in the preservation of the old melodies of Ireland, Wales and Scotland, their choral collections containing a large number of them, some of which have been barely rescued from oblivion.

Folk-song is the outpouring of the heart of a people, and with the hills and lakes full of fairy singing, and the shadowy flame-presence of Angus Og brooding over the old harpers, it is natural that these exquisite melodies should wreathe themselves round our hearts with an undying appeal. K. H.

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child, stay!" But even as he spoke a foaming wave dashed over the prow and carried his fair daughter back with it into the sea. In anguish he looked overboard, watching for her to reappear, but from that very moment she seemed to have vanished for ever.

Soon the storm abated, and all the sea was like a glassy lake. The clouds that veiled the sun were now dispelled and once again the *Dolphin* was mistress of the waves. But the captain's heart was heavy as he mourned for his daughter; only his solemn oath gave him courage, as he turned his ship and sailed on again towards the Land of the Setting Sun.



UNDER the blue-green waves Virginia opened her eyes. She knew that she was not drowning, for she felt that someone was leading her by the hand.

"Fear not," said a voice beside her, "for indeed no harm shall befall you!"

"Who are you?" she asked softly, turning to her companion.

"I am the Prince of the Sea, and I bear you to the King, my father, who requires you as his hostage. But do not be fearful, fair maiden, for I myself will protect you!"

Down through the gardens of seaweed, through bowers of coral and crystal, the Sea Prince led his captive to the banqueting hall where the King with all his court were feasting in royal state. As they entered all the guests raised their glittering shell-cups in the air. "Hail, to thee, Prince," they cried, "Hail to thee."

He bowed to them in passing, but did not linger till he stood before the throne.

"I have brought you the captain's daughter," he cried, bowing deeply, "as an honored guest of your court."

"You are welcome indeed, fair maid! We pray you be happy amongst us until your father, returning, shall give us his yellow gold."

Virginia shook her head sadly: "You know not my father," said she, "for what he hath once sworn that will he never forswear. He hath given his word to his Queen that he will bring her his gold. Therefore I pray you do not punish him if he do but what he deemeth right."

The King shook his head as he gazed on her sad countenance: "But Lady, be not sad. Here at our court accept whatever cheer there is and so

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forget your loneliness, and here with us be merry. Come, sit by our side now, and join us in the feast."

Thus the captain's daughter sat beside the King, and after the banquet the mermaids took her to their cool green caves and their gardens of shimmering seaweed, where phosphorus-gleaming fishes light up the depths of the sea. They showed her their sports and pastimes, and together they played many games. They taught her their work too, and told her of all their duties; how they made the mermen coats of mail out of hundreds of tiny shells; how they wove opalescent seaweed curtains and made soft carpets of sea-grass.

And so the time slipped by and day by day she grew to love the People of the Sea more dearly, and they in turn loved her. The Prince could hardly bear to think that someday she might leave him, and one evening as he took her on his foam-white steed to ride upon the surface of the Ocean, he begged her to remain with him for ever. "Some day," he said, "the Kingdom of the Sea will all be mine, and oh, how happy I should be if you would be my Queen!" She longed to promise this, but yet she could not, for she knew that when her father came she must go back with him. "All I can say is that I will never forget you," she answered, "and that in the Beautiful Island my thoughts will return to you often"; and she sang a low sweet song of her homeland, as the memories came and went.

As they rode along the waves a great dark ship sailed towards them out of the sunset. When they reached her side they saw that she was none other than the *Dolphin*, sailing proudly on, with her hold filled with ingots of gold.

In his lonely cabin sat the captain. "I must be dreaming," said he to himself, "and yet methought I heard my daughter's voice." He went out upon the deck and looked across the waves; — the white foam-horses were prancing close to the sides of the ship. "Indeed t'was here," he thought, "that fair Virginia was drowned. Perchance to me the spot seems haunted for thinking overmuch upon her memory."

As he stood there gazing out sadly he heard her cry out to him: "Father I am here,— thy daughter!"

At last he saw her riding by the ship. "Alas, dear father," she cried. "I am held here as a hostage until you shall give up your gold to the King of the Sea!"

The captain drew back: "Gladly would I give it were it mine, but my gold is for my Queen," he cried, "and I cannot give it up."

"Keep then your gold," cried the Prince, who rode beside Virginia, "we would rather have your daughter. She has grown very dear to me and to my people and we would not have her leave us."

Virginia turned to the Prince and, smiling through her tears, she said: "I must go back to my old father, or my heart will never know peace. I must go back to the Land, for duty is calling me there."

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"Remember," replied the Prince, "that you are the Sea King's hostage. You cannot go from his realms unless he give you leave."

"Then I will beg him to grant it!" she answered very softly.

"But what is *duly?*" he pleaded. "*You do not want to go back!*"

"Duty is a call that cannot be silenced. So I beg of you, dearest Prince, take me to the King that I may plead my cause."



Down in the depths of the Sea they sought the King together, and found him in his coral-gardens, pacing to and fro.

"Dear Sovereign," cried Virginia, throwing herself before him, "my father has returned with his gold from the Land of the Sunset — and ah, I beg of you to show him mercy, for he will not give it up."

"Then you must go," said the King, very gravely. "Through thy father's unflinching honor and love, and through thine own pure devotion, my power over thee has been broken. The Kingdom of the Sea and all its powers cannot overcome one stedfast human heart. Go, dear child, if thou wilt; for I can no longer hold thee."

The Sea Prince placed a necklace of snowy pearls about her throat, saying: "Farewell, dear Lady! Go back to your Beautiful Isle; and let these pearls remind you oft of the People of the Sea."

So Virginia went back to her good father who stood on the deck of the *Dolphin* as it tossed on the heaving sea; and as the moon rose high up in the heavens she looked out from her casement and watched the Prince riding the waves. Farther and farther away he swept on his billowy steed until naught was left but a fleck of snowy foam on the distant horizon. M. B.

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SAPPHICS

DAYBREAK IN LOMALAND

SOFTLY and stilly morn is stepping earthward;
Hangs in the West a moony disc of silver,
While in her train a few belated starlets,
Twinkle and glimmer.

Over the city's thousand eyes night-watching,
Crowned by a glow of faintest rose and amber,
Mountains are there, mysteriously mist-veiled,
Dim, dark, and somber.

One rosy flush comes creeping o'er the mountains,
Till all the heaven with rose and pearl encircled
Mirrors the western sea of undulating
Waters empurpled.

Gold runs along the rim of rugged mountains,
Then with a burst of splendid golden sun-sheen,
Taking the wailing earth with sudden triumph,
Steps forth the Dawn-queen.— F. S. (Râja-Yoga Academy)

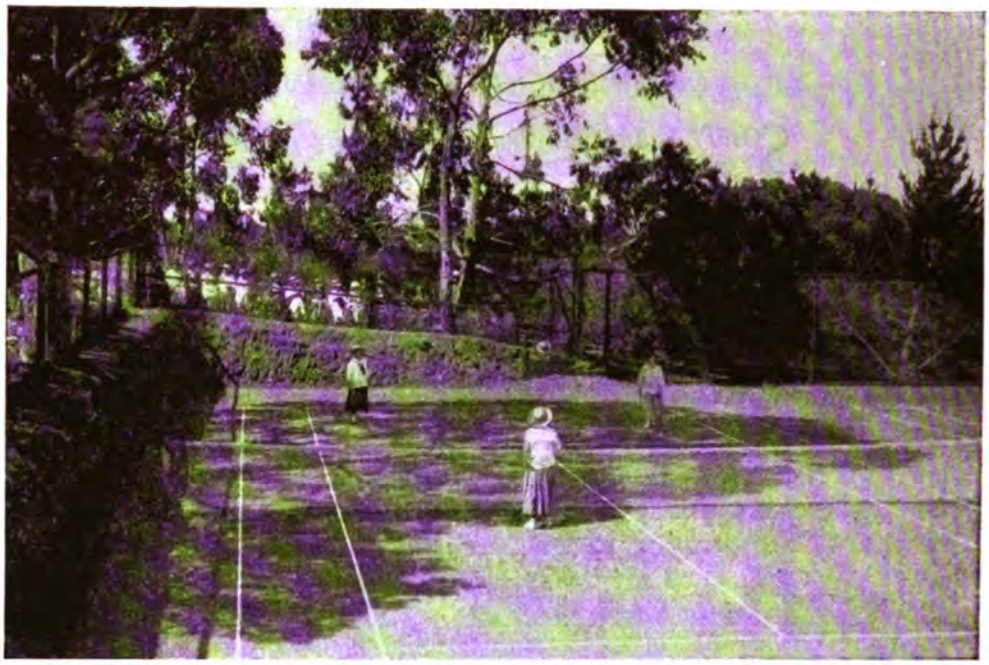
THE MARK OF THE THE BETTER PLAYER

IN tennis you can surely learn a great deal about the character of your opponent, from the way he plays the game; and he can learn a great deal about you in the same way. There are many points in the game which cannot be regulated by rule, and situations constantly arise where a good player's preference for fair play and sportsmanlike spirit are put to the test. From the standpoint of true sportsmanship he is the better player who surpasses his opponent in the contest of sincere play, courtly deference and generous spirit.

Sometimes an umpire, for instance, will make a mistake and give a wrong decision. Your *small*-spirited adversary may, under these circumstances, be perfectly willing to accept whatever the umpire may decide, if it be in *his* favor; but there are also instances in every game of honorable adversaries who refuse to take advantage of an error in that way.

It happened during an important tournament some years ago that a player got a ball in his favor although it seemed to him that he had served it over the line. "Was that good?" he asked his opponent. "I couldn't be sure — it looked good to me," was the answer. "Are you sure that ball was good, Mr. Umpire?" The umpire nodded: "It looked good to me." A

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CORNER OF THE NEW TENNIS COURTS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY

Scene at the opening of the courts on May 17th

moment's hesitation, and the player went back to the base line and served a double fault. His opponent instantly knew that he had done it intentionally, and spoke of it afterwards.

This was true sportsmanship—that spirit of play through which one recognised in the better player a character worthy of honor and respect. L.

"A PIECE OF RÂJA-YOGA WORK"

WHEN we 'Brownies' undertook to construct a set of tennis courts for the young ladies of the Râja-Yoga Academy in the earlier part of the year, we had no small idea of the difficulties which would have to be met. The plot of ground selected lay on a well-wooded hillside having a considerable slope, with the tough red hard-pan a few feet under the surface and the top soil penetrated in all directions by stubborn eucalyptus and pine roots. The work necessarily had to be done mostly by hand, and took a good long time. Many early mornings and free evenings before dark were spent at it; but now it is finished, and we feel that we can safely say with some people who have seen and played on the courts that they are the "most exquisitely environed of any in Southern California, and among the most 'rapid.'"

It is always fun doing a piece of construction work together out of doors; and in this work there was something beside the mere labor, to make it doubly

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A JOLLY AFTERNOON ON THE HILLS

LOMALAND RAMBLES! — Indeed they are fun; and we Râja-Yoga girls (though perhaps we do not "climb up and down crevasses and canyons of unknown depth" as the boys did in a late number of the MESSENGER) still have just as much fun in our way.

On a recent Sunday afternoon a happy group of us started up the main road with our teacher for a real good time. The ramble led us up as far as the Greek Theater, where we branched off and raced down the little path which leads over the hills. On rounding one hill it was so narrow that some of us slid down into the bottom of the canyon. After scrambling up again we had to cross a little bridge, which was so unsteady that we were afraid it would give way and land us in the canyon again. However, we all arrived safely on the other side.



READY TO START HOME
The end of an exceptionally fine ramble

Beautiful wild flowers covered the hills, and presently we stopped to gather some. The boys do not seem to appreciate these beauties on their rambles; for they very seldom gather flowers or even mention them. After running down the hill at high speed we arrived at the vegetable garden, where we all sat down to rest a bit.

Next we started for the ocean. On arriving at the cliff-edge several daring girls climbed up a pinnacle of rock which towered above the sea, and were enjoying the view when our teacher gave the word to return home.

No one was exactly enthusiastic about climbing hills again just yet; but our teacher told us that we could not go *downhill* all our life — that there had to be some *climbing* too — and we agreed with her.

After emerging from a grove of eucalyptus trees we beheld a huge field of glowing poppies and wild heliotrope — the purple and gold forming an exquisite carpet of Brotherhood colors. Some of the girls held the large armfuls of hyacinths which we had picked on the hills, while others gathered poppies. Reluctantly leaving the field at last, we started for the Academy, laden with flowers. Snail-like we climbed Esotero hill, and arrived in front of the Academy just as the supper-bell began to send forth its welcome call.

L. G. — A RÂJA-YOGA JUNIOR

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"AND THE LION AND THE LAMB SHALL LIE DOWN TOGETHER —"

THEY did in the face of a common danger. The mountains east of San Diego, California, are the scene of many forest fires, appearing at intervals during the summer. A herd of jersey-cows not having appeared in the barn after one of these fires broke out, the owner, a Mr. Edwards of Descanso, San-Diego County, started out in search of them.

Making his way through the smouldering brush, he came upon a gulley large enough, he was sure, to hold a herd of cattle. While waiting to water his horse in the stream he presently beheld a wild-duck come floating down, not at all frightened by his appearance. Then a wild goose came waddling out and wild pigeons flew on to the branches of the trees close by.

He began to wonder if he had not strayed into some enchanted forest, but the place was too familiar to him; and not having caught sight of his cows yet, he wandered a little further. But strange as the behavior of the ducks, the geese, and the pigeons had been, the sight he now suddenly came upon almost took his breath away. — There, nestling in safety, were *all the animals of the forest!* A jack-rabbit lying next to a wild-cat; a deer wandering round with a mountain-lion at his heels; wolves, coyotes — all had forgotten their wildness under the stronger impulse of self-preservation.

Mr. Edwards led his cows away, and to his amazement, all the animals followed in procession. They wandered peacefully until the open country was reached, when, in a flash, the spell was broken. The deer bounded away; the birds flew into the air; the wild-cat sprang at an unwary jack-rabbit; and, frightened by the sudden confusion, the cows fled away in mad haste. M.M.

A SECOND SOLOMON

PEACE BE WITH YOU! A certain Arab, one Ibn-Abdullah, had left 17 camels to his three sons, with the request that Yusuf should receive one-half, Mahmud one-third, and Ali one-ninth of the camels. Unable though to see their way in thus dividing the herd of 17, the three brothers decided to go before the village *Kadi* for judgment. Now the wise old *Kadi* settled the case in this manner: Selecting a camel from among his own herd he added it to the 17 to be divided among the three sons, and invited the young men each to take his allotted share.

The whole problem now became — because of the addition of the *Kadi's* camel — as easy as rolling off a log; for Yusuf's share was now 9 camels, instead of $8\frac{1}{2}$, Mahmud's had grown to 6 animals from $5\frac{2}{3}$, and young Ali became the proud possessor of *2* whole and fully alive camels. So everybody was happy — even the generous old *Kadi*, who with a smile led the remaining camel back to his herd. — 'Amath em-Matik Al-Laddi'

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INTERESTING ODDMENTS

A 'MEISTERSINGER' REVIVAL

SURELY there is a great interest to be found in the recent revival of the music of the 16th-century Meistersingers in the picturesque city of Nürnberg — their old-time home. Descriptions have reached us of a concert given in the Katherinenbau, where the famous old guild used to meet. Some of the pieces, says our correspondent, were of particular charm, grace and delicacy — a characteristic we so often find in old music of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Besides vocal numbers there were pieces for 'viol,' 'cembalo,' 'gamba,' etc., in quaint arrangements which have not been heard these many centuries. This combination of sight and sound in beautiful old surroundings must have been a delight to eye and ear. B.



REAPING-TIME IN A LOMALAND OAT-FIELD

The grain is exceptionally tall, standing in some places higher than the horses' ears.

A HISTORICAL FIND

A CLIPPING just received gives an account of the finding of the body of a ninth-century Viking near Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland. The body was enclosed in a block of ice, says the report, and was perfectly preserved, being that of a Norseman about six feet in height, tall and stately, with long

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reddish hair and beard. The skin and features are in perfect condition.

Judging from the clothing, arms and accouterments, as well as other circumstances, it is believed that this may be the body of Erik the Red, father of Lief Eriksson, discoverer of America. Old legends, it is said, tell of the burial of Erik and seven of his comrades in some spot on the island. This may have been done on an inland glacier, whose journey oceanwards through the centuries has thus brought the old viking again upon the sea, where this particular block of ice was found floating. Though we have yet to hear of the full substantiation of this report, there is little doubt of its possibility; as this is not the first occurrence of the kind; and the discovery would prove a very important one historically. H.



1776 — 'THE ONE-HOSS SHAY'
(Not published as an authentic photograph)

THE LIBERTY BELL

THE ringing of the Liberty Bell from the old State House in 1776 announced the separation of the American colonies from the mother-country, and the severance of their allegiance to the King of England.

After it was cracked, in 1835, this foremost among national heirlooms was relegated to an obscure resting-place in a loft, where it remained until the visit of Edward VII (then Prince of Wales) to this country. On being taken to see the old bell the Prince proposed that it should be removed to a more fitting shrine, as the nation's most precious relic. Americans will always remember this generous act of a successor of George the Third.

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STRAY BEAMS

AS we must account for every idle word, so must we account for every idle silence.— *Benjamin Franklin*

THE man who lives for himself lives for a very small man.— *Joaquin Miller*

A MAN should say: "I am not concerned that I have no place — I am concerned how I may fit myself for one. I am not concerned that I am not known — I seek to be worthy to be known."— *Confucius*

IF instead of a gem, or even a flower,
We should cast the gift of a loving thought
Into the heart of a friend, that would be giving,
I think, as the angels must give.— *George MacDonald*

GIVE not the tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, the sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.— *Francis Quarles*

JUST being happy
Is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side
Rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely in the choosing,
And just being happy
Is brave work and true.—*Selected*

HOPE is like the sun, which as we journey towards it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.— *Selected*

NO endeavor is in vain,
The reward is in the doing;
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.— *Longfellow*

WHOSOEVER is satisfied with what he does has reached his culminating point — he will progress no more. Man's destiny is to be not dissatisfied, but forever unsatisfied.— *Robert Louis Stevenson*

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A STORY ABOUT CORAL

"GRANDPA, what is this?" said May, as she held up something hard and white. "See, it has branches like a tree, and is full of little holes. I found it in my box of shells, but it is not a shell, is it, Grandpa?"

"That, my dear, is a piece of coral. Many tiny animals like stars once had their homes in it. It grew down at the bottom of the sea, near some island where the water was warm and clear. But the branches looked very different then; they were soft and downy, and waved to and fro in the water."

"How pretty they must have been!" said Rob. "Grandpa, please tell us a story about them."

"Well," began Grandpa, "let me see: Once upon a time Mother Nature found that the world was not big enough for all the people who had to live upon it. She said 'I need more islands; who will help me to build them?'

" 'Oh!' said the whales and the sharks and the dolphins, 'we are strong enough to do anything; we will build them for you.' But the little coral stars said, 'We cannot do very much, we are so small, and yet we would like to help too.'

"Then the big whales and all the other great fishes laughed at the coral stars for thinking they could be of any help; and while they laughed they tossed the sand into great piles, and made such a noise that people thought there was a storm at sea. But the next

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day the waves came and washed all the sand away, so there was nothing left; and the whales did not know what to do.

"The coral stars said nothing. But one day the waves found a big wall growing up in the sea. It was a wall of coral, and they could not dash it away, so they lapped gently against it; and as they sang their soft little songs they washed up fine sand to fill up the holes. The wind brought seeds to plant in the sand, and soon the islands were quite finished. Then Mother Nature said: 'See what fine work my little coral stars have done! Even the smallest little creatures may be of some use if they do their best!'" F. S.

THE SUNSHINE FAIRY

I CAME from the Court of Good Queen Mab
To my Mother in London-Town;
From a rosy palace of sunset clouds
On the back of the stork I rode down.

I went to a wee little redbrick house
Where I knew she was wailing for me;
And in at the window I flew. she says,
And perched right upon her knee.

Sometimes she calls me her changeling child —
Half Mortal — but mostly Elf —
From the Sunset Palace of Good Queen Mab —
But I think I am just MYSELF!

— Margaret S.



A LITTLE LOTUS-BUD OF LONDON

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and sometime there would be a happy kingdom. Of course one would expect these unsettled conditions would bubble and bubble until they boiled over — as they surely would have done in any other country — but no, they too, were simply things that were *going to be!* You see the people were very hopeful, and so things went from bad to worse, if that is possible where everything seems to stand still.

At last one very important citizen managed to think *differently* from his countrymen, and he became alarmed for the future of his country. To think differently helped him to act differently; and he decided to leave Tomorrow for a time in order that he might more easily work out his plans to help matters there.

Among his friends was a Prince of a neighboring country. The Prince was always busy with his estates, and as he always gave his immediate attention to any request, the first person the nobleman thought of was this Prince; and he determined to go to him for help.

The Prince seemed to know the trouble almost before anything had been said! — and he assured the nobleman that he would help in the effort to save the land of Tomorrow. "We will begin Today," he said. "My castle shall be the base of operations."

The Prince went to work right away. Before sunset of that first day messengers had been sent with instructions to many a knight and baron. There was much to be done, but the Prince was untiring. Each evening the work of the day was gone over, improvements were made, and further plans outlined. The castle was like a bee-hive — people were coming and going all the time, and yet there was no confusion. Every detail was looked after in its proper order — no one thought of doing later what was to be done *then*.

Soon word came that the land of Tomorrow was becoming dissatisfied with itself. An effort was made to improve matters — several of the nobles actually aroused themselves to the point of setting aside the king — such as he was — and placing a more able man on the throne. But it was of no use — even the best of them were only half awake; and were likely to fall asleep again right in the middle of everything. They were about to become discouraged.

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Then came a proclamation stating that whoever could supply the needed remedy would receive untold wealth and be showered with honors. The country would gladly do anything in order to save itself.

This was the right moment at last, and now that it was arrived, the Prince and those with him were quite ready for it. Word was sent back that the offer of wealth and honors might be set aside; but the people must expect to *work* — if the Prince were to try to cure the sick country.

The agreement was made. Days slipped into weeks, weeks glided into months, months melted into years; and still the work went on in the land of Tomorrow — and it was up-hill work too, much of it. There were times when the task seemed nearly finished, and the country appeared vigorous and healthy to the untrained eye. Not so to the Prince — he saw beneath the surface.

Once it was a lazy guard who caused trouble: he failed to demand the password from some merchants who sought to cross the frontier. Soon it was discovered that they were banished trouble-makers who had returned to try to stir up discontent in the country.

When this had been stopped, and all was going smoothly again, a half-dozen easy-going townsmen began to long for the 'good old days.' Directions that should have been carried out today were left until some distant Tomorrow. The worst came, however, when an official in a high position betrayed his trust, and plotted to throw open the chief fortress to the trouble-makers. It was not only disloyalty, but the worst ingratitude. Only the strength of those who were true and the patience and good-will of the Prince saved the country from losing the help which it so much needed.

Thus many a victory was barely won; and at such times the Prince appeared to be everywhere at once stemming the tide; at least those who called on him for help always found him at their side.

Then one bright day that from its very dawning breathed new life, the land that had once been Tomorrow found itself fully awake. There were rejoicings everywhere — the Prince was victorious; and

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so were the people, for they had persuaded him to stay with them always, and to be their ruler; and he was crowned and lived forever in their hearts as the valiant PRINCE OF TODAY. H. O. M.

TEACHER'S BIRTHDAY



HAVING A GOOD TIME

THESE photos show one of the things we did. It is lots of fun for boys to go to work and do something all together. We had to make time against the tide; so that "Kenilworth Castle" wouldn't be washed away before it was finished. It is much finer to see a *whole* castle go down after a good buffeting against the waves. That's the way we 'Brownies' believe in doing things: to the finish, or not at all, the way real grown-up men always do.



AT THE PICNIC ON THE BEACH

There is no end to the fun you have in doing all sorts of useful things, in work-time as well as play-time. Now the way for *boys* to do things is willingly and with a good spirit: that is our 'Brownie' secret. We think that Robert Louis Stevenson certainly must have known this secret; because he once said that

"The world is so full of a number of things [to do, of course]
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings." S.

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He shivered — yes, it was chilly before the sun came up. Tears of disappointment filled his eyes, and if he hadn't been almost a full-grown man he might really have cried.

The pale yellow light in the sky was turning a brilliant red, and the big black cock in the barnyard crowed loudly two or three times. Johnnie knew that soon the whole house would be astir; and he thought he had better go back to bed so that nobody would wonder why he had got up so early — as if there were anything so strange in that! Once again he looked longingly at Speckly; but her beady eyes were watching him as keenly as ever. — No, he 'darsn't' go a single step nearer to her, or he knew she'd let everybody know about it.

Just then 'Cockerella' from another nest began to cluck and cackle — trying her very best to tell everyone that she had laid an egg — the very finest egg that had ever been laid in the barnyard. Johnnie suddenly remembered something: "You can hatch chickens by keeping the eggs in a warm place," Father had once said. Quick as a flash he thrust his hand into her nest and felt two eggs in it. Surely nobody would know it if he took one of them! He picked it up, all warm and white, and slipped it into his pocket; then he tip-toed — almost ran — back to the house.

Up in the attic behind the kitchen chimney, where it was always warm, Johnnie had made a nest, and hour after hour, day after day, he sat there watching and waiting for his egg to hatch. Sometimes he would slip down to the garden to ask strange questions of Old George. "How long did eggs take to hatch?" and "Wouldn't they hatch quicker if you kept them in a *very hot* place?"

George looked a bit puzzled at his earnestness, but only stopped his digging long enough to answer: "Na, na, Maister John, tha'd cook tha egg afore tha'd hatch it." And that sent him up to the attic again in a fever of anxiety lest his nest were in too hot a place and he had cooked the baby chick that was waiting to come out.

At last one morning he crept upstairs feeling sure that today something must surely happen. Kneeling down by the nest, he took

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the egg in his hand — so warm and white it was! Surely, it —

"Maister John, Maister John! Coom ye doon — coom and look!" Old George's voice was calling from the barn-door. Oh dear, *why* did he have to call him just now, while he was *so busy?* He just *couldn't* go, that was all there was to it. He'd just run over to that old window anyway and see what George wanted.



". . . He was *so busy.*"

— Johnnie could never quite tell what it was that made him trip on that bunch of old baling-wire just then, but *crash!* there it lay on the floor — smashed into a hundred pieces — the beautiful *while china egg* that he had been watching over so carefully, trying to make it hatch. "And it wasn't even a real egg, after all!" Johnnie muttered to himself, and trudged off in a mood, leaving Old George waiting for him in the barnyard.

Next day Johnnie thought better of it and went to Old George and asked what he wanted. "Na, na, ye be too late, Maister John; for they're all hatched noo! If ye had coom when I called ye ye'd have seen them all coming out of the shell!"

Speckly's little family were cheeping and running around her!

That was quite too much for one small boy to bear; and the great round tears rolled down his cheeks. — Oh! if only he had not stolen that horrid china setting-egg from Cockerella he could have seen the hatching of all of Speckly's chicks! M. A. B.

LOST TEMPER: *by Sydney Dayre*

WHAT! lost your temper, did you say?
Well, dear, I wouldn't mind it;
It it isn't such a dreadful loss —
Pray do not try to find it.

And it is gone? Then do, my dear,
Make it your best endeavor
To quickly find a better one,
And lose it — never, never!

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AN AFTERNOON ON THE LOMALAND SEA-SHORE

WE live on a hill that slopes right down to the cliffs by the beach. In playtime, after we have had our games on the hill, run in and out among the bushes, or romped over the poppy-fields, we long to get down on the beach.



Oh, there are so many nice things on the sea-shore — shells, pebbles, all sizes and kinds of stones, crabs, and many queer little things running over the rocks. There is sea-weed too, for jumping-ropes.

When we go in wading, the water is so cold at first that we just have to run back on to the sand. But we are not really afraid; and soon creep in again. We have to tread carefully or we splash into a hole and get wet. This we have done many times. It is fun to clasp hands to see who can stand in one spot the longest. As a wave comes slowly towards us, we all turn and run to the shore; but sometimes the wave wins the race — and then, how wet we are!

On the shore, my sister and I dig deep holes and build towers of sand, while little brother gathers stones and sea-weed for decorations. We pretend the heap of sand to be old castles with deep water all around them.



Yes, we have very much fun down on the sea-shore; but we cannot stay there all day because the tide begins to come in, and unless we get up on the cliffs soon enough, our shoes and stockings and all our playthings are washed out to sea. S. H.

TIME FOR PLAY

THE fisher who draws his net too soon,
Will have no fish to sell;
The child who shuts his book too soon
Will have no lesson well.—*Selected*

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ly and go on with the rest as if nothing had happened. Each Wavelet carries with him on his back, some shells or seaweed to lay on the sand to mark just how far he went, so that Mother Moon, who is always watching, can tell who really climbed the farthest up the shore.

Father Ocean loves to see his little Wavelets play like this. He knows that they are too lively to keep still, and he would much rather see them racing each other than upsetting great ships at sea which have people on them. All the same he is very careful not to let them go too far. He calls them back when he thinks they have been playing long enough, and then they have to try to sweep the beach and clear away the seaweed and the shells that they piled up. Sometimes they have to hurry so that some of it gets left, but Father Ocean tells them they must always tidy up when they have finished playing, and leave the beach all clean and smooth for little children to build castles. M.



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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER



An Illustrated Magazine Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

"TO LOVE A CHILD TRULY IS TO HELP IT TO DEVELOP ITS HIGHEST FACULTIES, WHICH GROW BY, AND THROUGH, A WILLING SERVICE TO OTHERS."

—Katherine Tingley





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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUTH
Conducted by Students of the Râja-Yoga College

Published bi-monthly under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma California U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter, December 27, 1904, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California
Copyright 1922, by Katherine Tingley
SUBSCRIPTION (Six issues): $1.00 *Foreign postage:* 20c *Canadian:* 10c.

VOL. XVIII, NO. 5 SEPTEMBER 1922

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVIII, NO. 5 SEPTEMBER 1922

"To find one's heart filled with compassion for all that breathes is a wonderful power in itself. Let us set a sublime example of true compassion and mercy. Let us kill out hatred and strife. Let us make the world glad through pity for those who see not, who hear not, and will not listen. . . . 'Love makes the world go round,' and the sooner it is understood, the nearer we shall come to the kingdom of heaven on earth which the great Nazarene spoke of."— *Katherine Tingley*

SERVICE

"Children of Light, as ye go forth into the world, seek to render noble service to all that live!"

TWO great aspects of life constantly confront us; they are: Getting, and Giving. All humanity, it may be said, is moving along these two paths, and according to which of the two each of us is treading, so is he either in turmoil or in repose, as regards his inner life.

Both of these are paths of striving; but the first is one of permanent dissatisfaction, while the second is one of constant fulness and gratification — *of the deeper needs* of the student. And this *inner* gratification has to be realized sooner or later, just as the physical body must have oxygen or die.

There are many young people who cherish the strange idea that they are going to avoid doing any work in life if possible — they are going to *enjoy* themselves — by which they generally mean to make their own desires and wishes the boundary of their thought-world.

This is a foolish notion; for although it *is* apparently realized by a great many, still, one of two things is certain to result. The search for personal enjoyment and gratification proves in the end wearisome and unsatisfying. Or, if the nature in question is sufficiently shallow and trifling to find satisfaction in this quest alone, then at the close of life that one is doomed to look back on a dreary expanse utterly devoid of growth or significance — a lifetime uselessly frittered away, with nothing to show for it but the physical and moral ills which such self-indulgence always brings in its train.

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This is especially true where one has had the opportunity of coming in contact with a person or persons whose lives are devoted to the realization of great and unselfish ideals. For such natures necessarily leave their impress on our own Higher Self, and once so impressed and evoked it will always maintain a protest of its own at the sight of the lower nature deceiving the student with the idea that he is finding real happiness in the path of purposeless self-indulgence.

And what a call there is for service, and those who are ready to serve! To appreciate this fully one must spend a period of time constantly in the presence of one who has made it a life-work to lift some of the heavy burdens of humanity. A 'Crusade' such as that recently conducted by Madame Katherine Tingley, accompanied by a body of Râja-Yoga students, is an everlasting object-lesson. To visit the great cities of America and Europe, to be present in the great concert-halls and witness the thousands pouring in to listen to the message of hope and spiritual courage, to see the hunger for some great message written on the faces of the people — those thousands of upturned faces, listening, listening, listening — eager to receive those simple Râja-Yoga secrets of the greatness and grandeur of life and the splendor of its purpose — to be privileged to experience all this is to be profoundly impressed with the selfishness of one who, knowing the needs of humanity, will still choose personal pleasure before the fulfilment of the obligation he or she owes to mankind.

It is the motive that counts, in every case. The great artist whose fame attracts thousands, if his mind is centered on the fame of his name or the box-office receipts, is likely to leave a less lasting impress on the world than a more obscure person performing his humbler work with the service of mankind as his aim and object.

Nor do we perform an act of *virtue* in choosing humanity before self. For after all there is a certain justice in nature's laws; and the power which she has given us to make the choice *places upon us the responsibility* of choosing rightly. Seeing the needs of our fellows, it is our *duty* to seek to serve them. To be sure, the responsibility can be ignored; but in doing so, one must be prepared for consequences that must inevitably follow.

Much can be done towards maintaining the right outlook on life — the large outlook — by refusing to let oneself get into ruts. Each one of us has really two forms of duty: our immediate personal responsibilities, and those growing out of our relation with all our fellow-men. If we can constantly compel the depth and breadth of the larger responsibilities to color the former we shall never be in danger of seeing nothing in the 'small' daily duties but smallness and unimportance. They will all be bricks in the greater structure. We shall in no less a sense be serving all humanity.

To visit the various countries of the world, to meet the different peoples,

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to know of their trials and problems, and to see how each of the nations in turn expresses its eagerness to receive help, is to realize how very much we are all one big family, and how important it is for each one who appreciates this to do his part, however simple, to accentuate this larger note of international brotherhood — Universal Brotherhood. Just as soon as we understand and appreciate this great need we are responsible to aid in its realization. We may run to the ends of the earth to avoid it, but we carry it with us nevertheless; and the sooner we gladly and enthusiastically begin to do our part, the sooner is a really happy and progressive life open to us.

Katherine Tingley has given her students the keynote to the great problem of a truly happy life:

"Strive, Love, Serve, and find Peace." M. M.

"PRIVATE OFFICE. NO ADMISSION"

I WONDER how many of us have thought what might be the effect of such a notice on the doorway of our minds. How many boys and girls there are who go through the day without noticing what is really going on in their minds: the Manager's Office of their characters! The thoughts come and go, and most of the time no watch is put upon them. There is no doorkeeper to notice where they came from or where they go; what they want or what they look like; yet each day hundreds of 'thought-people' come knocking at the door of our minds, and when the day is over we know very little about who they were or what brought them there. Thus the day goes by and we but seldom learn the lesson it could have taught us.

The mind is a wonderful instrument for the use of that great Director, the Higher Self. It is largely through the mind that we are conscious of the life that surrounds us, and if we would take a little heed, there are many interesting things we would observe.

In the first place we would soon find out that the thought-people are divided into two great classes: those who are engaged in *constructive* work — the builders, artists, musicians, craftsmen, students, humanitarians, organizers — each bringing plans to the Director for enlarging his field of activity; and the *disintegrators* — grumblers, idlers, jealous and critical self-seekers. Some of the latter class are in very respectable clothes; but once let them into the chambers of your mind and there will be no end to the confusion and unhappiness they will bring with them.

Did we but realize what a difference it makes as to whom we allow to enter our thought-world, we would become so keen and watchful that in time we would know these thought-people and detect friend or foe even

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before they reached the door. We would remember each night just whom we had received and whether they had proved a help or a hindrance. We would know whether to allow them in again; and if undesirable they would get a stiff rebuff when they returned; the office staff would be so occupied they would have no time to entertain idlers and busybodies.

The whole day is often colored by the first waking thoughts. If we arise with a strong optimistic thought, we have placed a sentinel at the doorway of our minds. If we add to this a thought for self-conquest, we make that sentinel alert to distinguish between friend or foe.

If we have also a thought for helpful service, we send out a wireless call of invitation to all the good thought-people.

A day started in this way with the Manager at his desk means a day when real business will be done. There is an advertisement in the pose of the head, the set of the shoulders, the light in the eyes that the firm of CHARACTER-BUILDING is up and doing.

If we awake negatively, we place no sentinel at our door; whoever likes may enter, and the day goes by without any particular meaning. We are drifting, waiting for something to turn up. Most probably it will be ruin and bankruptcy; for when we make no effort to call in the better thought-people they do not come our way. For while we are giving food and shelter to the disintegrators, they are too busy answering the calls of those who really want them. These disintegrators will come again and again; seeing how well they are received, they will gain a surer footing. Then some day they will come back with a host of their friends, like sharp and crafty creditors; and we shall find it difficult indeed to drive them out.

Sometimes a child (and sometimes older people too, who never learned these lessons when they were children) will go to bed in an angry temper, full of selfish bitter feelings; and because he does not clear his mind of them before going to sleep, they await him like a suit of clothes to be put on again in the morning. Then what happens in his thought-world? When he awakes he puts a sentinel at his doorway, but it is a mean, dark watchman, one clever in attracting others of his kind, and his wireless call hurries all the evil thought-people to this office. They receive commissions, are granted favors, and are entertained sumptuously.

Perhaps some time later, when the day has begun with sunshine, he will wonder who these dark figures are who constantly block the doorway and who take up so much of his time in trying to send them away. He will have forgotten they were friends of a day off guard, when the Lower Self got control of the office.

Now where do these thought-people come from? — They are the children of our minds. We create them and send them out into the thought-world. There others receive them, entertain them, feed them, give them strength

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and nourishment, while we in our turn are sheltering those from other minds. This is the only way they can live. If we refuse them entrance they languish by the wayside; whereas every time we let one in it gains strength to travel further on its way which may be good or evil.

It is a wonderful thing to go to bed at night and know just how each moment has been spent — no blanks when we do not know what really has been happening in our Manager's office, but every moment accounted for, attending to business for the Higher Self. If eating, let us nourish the body and make it strong and healthy for the Real Self to work in; if out for recreation, let this also be to strengthen the body or to relax and rest the mind. When out of doors try to find the beauty and harmony of mountain, trees, sea, and sky, inspiration and food for the Real Self. This will be to train the mind and master the knowledge that will make it more efficient. If studying music or any other form of art, let us seek through rhythm and balance and form to find expression for the best within. If working, let us be conscious of doing something useful and helpful, at the same time gaining skill by the experience. Thus each duty will make the day a day of purpose, of gladness and of strong, willing service for others. This is the best work the firm of CHARACTER-BUILDING can do. C. L. M.

REMINISCENCES OF KATHERINE TINGLEY'S LECTURE-TOUR IN EUROPE: JANUARY TO JULY, 1922

I — EN ROUTE

TWELVE long days the good ship *Stockholm* has been bearing us away from the now distant shores of America over the wild Atlantic, forbidding enough at this time of the year [February], to the shores of Europe.

It has been an interesting voyage, with many experiences and lessons. On this big vessel we have come in contact with people from all parts of the world: some merely tourists on their way to see the sights of interest in Scandinavia and other European countries, some of them Scandinavians returning to their native land after a long absence. How much this journey means to some of these, and how much striving and saving it has implied for some of them to make it! Down on the steerage deck one sees family groups and individuals that seem to have a whole life-history written on their faces — the struggle to support the family and at the same time save enough money for this voyage, the anticipation of the home-coming, with perhaps tears and heart-aches hidden among the hopes, for those who have gone from them in their long absence from home.

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Among our friends in the cabin are members of noble families, musicians, artists, and one elderly gentleman with a kind face and merry eyes, who has heard of Madame Tingley's work and is interested in it. He among others seeks an introduction and becomes almost a member of our party in his



ON THE UPPER DECK OF THE S. S. *STOCKHOLM* EN ROUTE TO SWEDEN, FEBRUARY 1922

Some of the Râja-Yogas accompanying Mme. Tingley to Europe. The passage, due to the early date and severeness of the winter, was attended by exceptionally cold weather throughout.

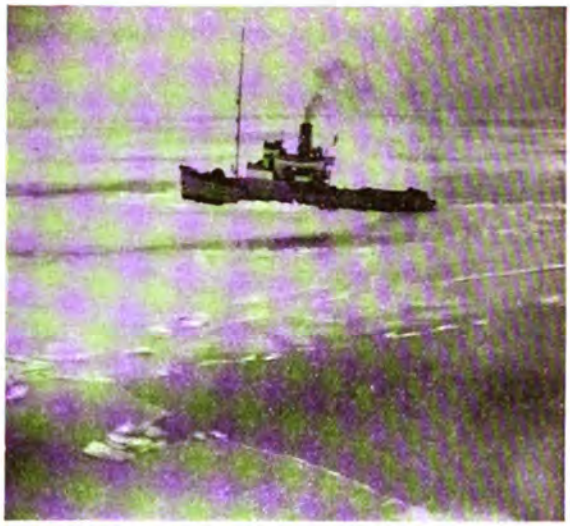
interest and friendliness. His home is in Jönköping, Sweden. We shall see more of him later.

The name of Madame Tingley, appearing on the passenger list, has aroused much interest on board, and many others of the passengers have made inquiries about the purpose of her tour. We have held a splendid public meeting on board; and in spite of rather rough weather, have given a musical program as well, which was received with the greatest interest by our fellow-passengers. A musicale on board ship in unsettled weather is not such an easy matter as one might suppose. That esteemed and highly valued member of our party — the Isis Conservatory Harp — has kept to her cabin, where she has been well bolstered and lashed to the bunk since we left New York. One attempt to bring her up to the Music Room and do some practising nearly ended in disaster, since the ship's movement caused this otherwise

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dignified person to careen this way and that in a very *un*dignified manner.

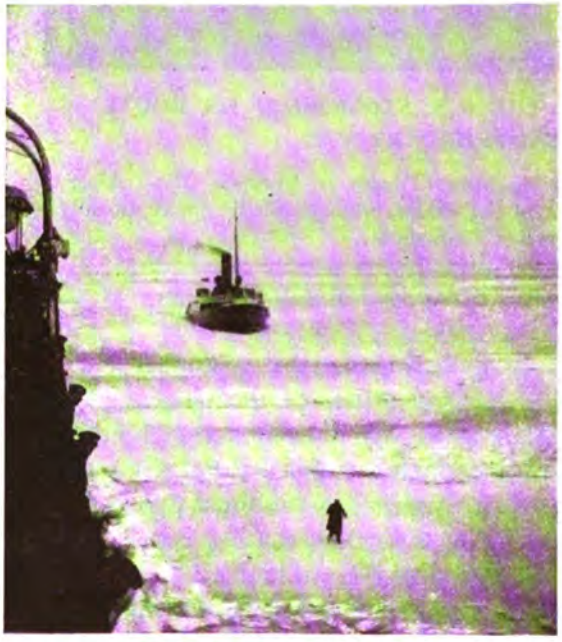
However, on the day of our concert the weather had improved and all went well. In response to many requests Madame Tingley told her fellow-passengers something about Point Loma, the Râja-Yoga College there, and her words made a great impression. . . .



ICE-BREAKER MAKING AN ASSAULT ON THE FROZEN NORTH SEA

And now it is the morning of the last day of the voyage. My, how cold it is! No more open water now. We are nearing land, and as far as the eye can see there is gray sky and ice — solid ice — ice in places nearly a foot thick! Our boat slowes down and goes grinding and crunching through its icy course.

Down on the lower deck the hold is open ready to yield up its stores of baggage. Everyone is on deck, walking briskly up and down in heavy coats, gloves and mufflers. About noon we sight the pilot boat *Ice-Breaker* slowly forcing its way through the ice towards us. Its progress is difficult, and at times it seems almost as though it would not reach us. But finally its engines come to a standstill when it is within hailing distance.



THE PILOT MAKES CONNECTIONS

Now the question is, How is the pilot to come from the tug to our vessel? This is a question of general interest, the passengers crowd to the larboard bow. It is soon answered. For no boat puts off at all, but lo and behold! — as we watch a rope-ladder is thrown over the side of the tug, and a man

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armed with a long iron-shod staff and with a pair of skates in his pocket climbs down off the vessel on to the ice! Feeling his way carefully — although this is scarcely necessary the ice is so solid*— he walks from the *Ice-Breaker* to the *Stockholm* and a cheer goes up as the hardy seaman lays hold of the rope-ladder let down over the side and climbs aboard.

In a little while we are off again, getting nearer and nearer to our destination. By evening we are entering port, and soon the great liner is brought up alongside the dock in Gothenburg and our long journey is at an end. As we wait to leave the ship, familiar faces are seen on the wharf — our Swedish comrades wave their welcome to Katherine Tingley and her Crusaders who come with the message of Brotherhood and Râja-Yoga to the beautiful country of Sweden.

ONE OF THE CRUSADERS

(To be continued)

A JOYFUL HOMECOMING

JULY is always a month of holiday-making in Lomaland; but this year it was filled with a great and joyous expectancy — after a five months' lecture-tour through Sweden, Finland, Germany, Holland, and England, Madame Katherine Tingley and her party of Râja-Yoga Students were expected to return home. At last came the longed-for telegram: the party would arrive on the evening of the fifth — on the eve of Madame Tingley's birthday. Immediately a committee of all the Lomaland residents met to discuss plans for Madame Tingley's reception, and also for her birthday on the following day; for none were willing to be left out in the effort to make this the most triumphal home-coming in the history of Lomaland. After the plans had been made, a small executive committee was appointed, and then active preparations began in earnest. There were songs to be composed, copied and practised; greetings to be written and learned; a play for the little tots to be written, rehearsed and costumed; gardens and grounds to be put in spick and span order — not to speak of wreaths and garlands innumerable to be made — and of course good things for the outdoor picnic to be prepared on the last two or three days. So there was something for everyone to do, old and young.

July fifth dawned bright and sunny, and after a busy day, spent in finishing touches, all the students assembled in the Rotunda of the Academy for the reception: the Râja-Yoga College Band at the Front Entrance; a group of older students on the front steps, bearing the flags of the nations; the

*The ice was practically one solid sheet, extending as far as the eye could reach. The lanes cleared by the ice-breakers quickly froze over again. The accompanying pictures were taken literally on the 'high seas,' as the ship was still out of sight of the Swedish coast.

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girls of the Academy holding a garlanded cable-tow, which formed an aisle from the foot of the steps without into the Rotunda as far as Madame Tingley's chair. The rest of the comrades waited in the Rotunda — on every face a glow of happy anticipation. Seven-forty-five — at last the moment arrived. — With a fanfare of trumpets the autos rolled up the main avenue, through the illuminated arch of triumph, with its wreathes of white lilies, to the entrance, where, to the strains of the majestic *Aïda* march, the party alighted and ascended the steps into the Rotunda. There was our Teacher, Katherine Tingley, looking so happy, and with her our Râja-Yoga comrades, looking as though they had never left Lomaland at all, and bringing with them future Râja-Yogas from Holland and England!

As the party took their seats the whole Lomaland Family, with musical accompaniment, rendered *Hail, our Conqu'ring Hero, Hail!* with words by Mr. Kenneth Morris; and never has the Rotunda echoed to such zestful music as on that night. After a few words of welcome from the chairman of Madame Tingley's cabinet, a little tot presented her with a wreath of victory. She then spoke to us, telling of her great joy at being at home, and at seeing all of our dear faces again. Madame Tingley touched briefly on the different countries she had visited, giving tolerance and brotherly love as the two magic keynotes that are needed in our dealings with other nations today. With the singing of *Dedication* — specially written by one of the Râja-Yoga teachers, Mr. Kurt Reineman — and the offering of tributes of flowers from all the students, the program closed, and all dispersed — many to complete the preparations for the morrow — which was not far off!

BIRTHDAY FESTIVITIES: JULY 6TH

The full Râja-Yoga Chorus serenaded Madame Tingley at her home in the early morning. At two o'clock in the afternoon, all the Lomaland students, headed by the band, gathered in front of the Academy and marched up through Pepper Avenue, greeting Madame Tingley as she stood in front of Headquarters, and then passing on to the Picnic Grove.

The international spirit of the Lomaland activities was emphasized at this outdoor gathering by a Pageant and Symposium given by the students of the Academy in which the women of all nations were represented: America, France, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Scotland, Germany, Holland, classic Greece, Ireland, ancient Mexico and the Scandinavian Northland, old Egypt, China, India, Japan, Nepal, Arabia; even the Red Indian and wandering Romany — none were left out. Led by one of their number representing the Spirit of Peace, they moved in stately procession around the tree-enclosed arena, each pausing to lay her gift upon the altar as a birthday offering.

Then the scene changed: in a trice we were transported straight to

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Fairyland. Titania and her dainty elves came tripping in, bringing more greetings, and accompanied by a little page, bearing on a white cushion a lovely crown of violet everlasting flowers, which one of the fairies placed upon Madame Tingley's head. Then more greetings — from the Junior and Senior boys — and the presentation of gifts, and melodies by the Râja-Yoga Male Quartet — always a general favorite. Of course the most welcome event of the afternoon came when Madame Tingley addressed us. She told of the splendid work that is being done in the many Lotus Groups in the European countries, and of how the feeling of brotherhood is fast taking root in the hearts of the people there.

Greetings and speeches from the Crusaders and others made the rest of the time pass very pleasantly until the picnic lunch claimed the attention; — and we feel it safe to say that never has there been a more delightful picnicking in Lomaland, nor one more colorful and picturesque. What with the dainty lunch-boxes, tied with sprays of violet tamarisk and Scotch broom; the huge birthday cake decorated with the flags of nations by efficient Râja-Yoga members of the kitchen staff; the happy young folk in their bright-colored costumes; the cloudless sky overhead; the wealth of flowers; and the glow of genuine happiness in every face — there was nothing left to be desired.

But all was not yet over; for promptly at seven-thirty in the evening, sitting expectant in the Rotunda, the comrades were reminded of our Leader's recent visit to Finland by the sound of Sibelius' characteristic tone-poem *Finlandia*, played by the Râja-Yoga Orchestra. Then came the turn of the Tiny Tots and Juniors to do their part. A little play, *The Bell Beneath the Sea*, written and costumed, and produced by the girls and young women of the Academy was their contribution to the program. And how the little ones entered into their parts! From the tiny shell-sprites and wave-fairies, to the mermaids in their filmy dresses of blue, rose, and green, and the perky little sea-horses with their lobster captain! Not one missed his part; and it was a lesson to the older folk to see how those little ones forgot themselves in trying to make others happy. Nor was the international touch wanting in the evening, for besides birthday tributes from special representatives among the Lomaland residents, of the countries recently visited by Madame Tingley, there was a budget of congratulatory telegrams from friends and members all over the world; and so, with a good-night song by the Râja-Yoga Chorus, the day's program ended.

Such celebrations as these in Lomaland have a deep significance, apart from the mere outward pleasure to be derived from them; for they are a living proof of the power that lies behind unselfish effort along right lines; and they reiterate the truth that *Life is Joy* where there is balance and harmony, and altruistic living. This is a golden precept of Râja-Yoga. F.S.

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PEOPLE OF THE SUNSET

AMONGST the Indians of the United States, the Pueblo tribes of the southwest are almost the only ones still inhabiting their ancient homes. The great hunters of the northern woods, people of Hiawatha, have almost entirely passed away. The Plains Indians, once so numerous, the ones best known to us in picture and story — people of the tepee and pony, hunters of buffalo, long in arms against the white man under great chiefs and leaders: these have withdrawn in diminishing numbers to reservations, or have mixed with the white man as citizens of the country. The same has been the fate of the southern tribes, planters and agriculturists. The coast Indians of the Northwest, dwellers in log-houses, people of totem-pole and mighty sea-going canoe, hunters of whale and otter, fishers in the streams and sounds—but few still retain their old hunting-grounds.



EVENING IN HOPI-LAND: ONE OF THE VILLAGE ELDERS

The Pueblo Indians are the dwellers in the desert. In New Mexico and Arizona, on high arid tableland, on the brink of bottomless canyon and on sun-baked mountain-ledge, are found their stone dwellings — *pueblos*, the Spaniards called them — built solidly and of large size, housing many families, in some cases a whole community. Irrigation of the soil — with them an ancient art — enables them to find abundant sustenance in agriculture, and unlike less fortunate tribes, still to remain self-supporting. Among the Pueblos the Hopi, Havasupai, Moki, Zuñi and Navâho (Navajo) are most prominent The Navâhos live in log and turf houses, and are or have been nomads, and sometimes unwelcome, troublesome neighbors to other tribes — a contrast to the Pueblo Indians as a whole, who have always been known as the People of Peace.

Dwelling in their canyon homes, planting their crops in deep river-

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courses, weaving, in wonderfully artistic color and pattern, expert in pottery-making and artistic metal-work, fashioning ornaments in silver and native stones, and, in common with their brothers of forest and plain, preserving their sacred dances and mystical ceremonies, the Pueblos remain as far reminders of a mighty and immemorial past. They are the closest to the ancient civilizations of Mexico and Central America, who were fast declining when Cortés came. They live an industrious, peaceful life; they supply their own frugal needs; their lands are still in their possession, and although arid and mountainous, suffice these sons of the desert.



DRESSED FOR THE DANCE*
El Tovar, Arizona

Many friends of the Indian wish to see him retain his own customs and old picturesque dress. In most tribes these have almost if not entirely fallen into disuse; but the Pueblos have kept them in a marked degree, and let us hope, for good. However, even before the white men contacted the Indians, their manners, dress and customs changed slowly as time passed, and we should never regret to see, in our times, our Indian brothers adapt themselves to changing conditions — just as we do. In the case of the Plains Indians, the white man's horse was introduced as early as the sixteenth century, and its acquirement by the people of the plains changed to a

*The old-time Indian dress differed from tribe to tribe. This costume, is typical of the tribes of the Plains and Northern Rocky Monutains, who made their dress preferably of deerskin, ornamented with beadwork and porcupine-quills. The feather bonnet was worn by chiefs and leading men; an eagle-feather, sometimes marked to identify the particular event, was added to the bonnet for each noteworthy achievement performed by the wearer.

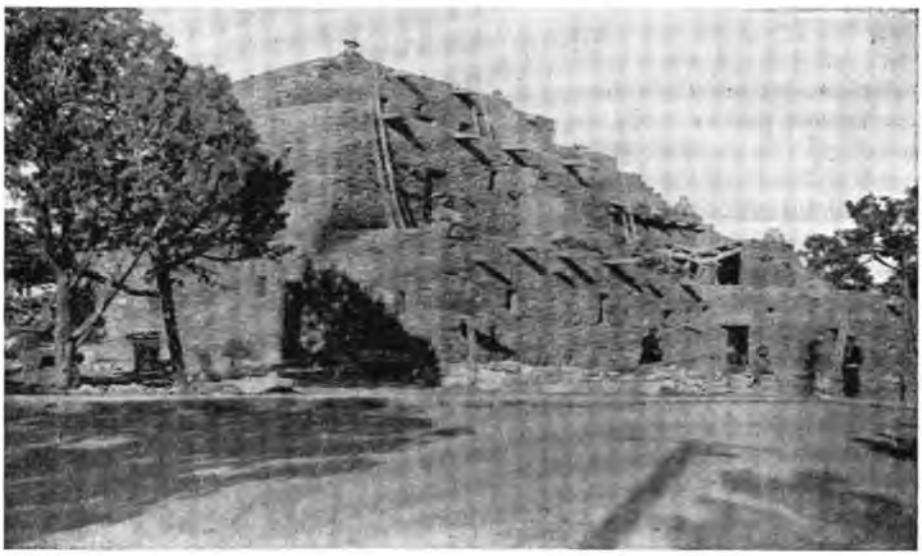
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great extent their mode of life. During the centuries following, other products and innovations reached the Indians — who have always been quick to



A TRIBAL DANCE BEFORE TOURISTS, EL TOVAR, ARIZONA

adopt them. And yet the early nineteenth century found them in most part still living on their old hunting-grounds, and still thoroughly picturesque and essentially 'Indian.' This was because they had not been overwhelmed



INDIAN PUEBLO AT EL TOVAR, GRAND CANYON, ARIZONA

The walls are built of stones set in clay. Heavy log beams support the upper floors, which are reached by the outer stairways shown leading to the third and fourth stories.

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by a multitude of strange ways, but had gradually adopted and made them their own. If the great nations of Mexico, Yucatan, and Peru had not been overwhelmed and crushed, but had been allowed to conform gradually to the



INSIDE THE PUEBLO

Whitewashed walls light the interior. The floors are of stone flags. The housewife is grinding corn for cakes. Squash, plums, beans, and prickly-pear fruit are also awaiting preparation for dinner.

new civilization growing up in the New World — what might they not have given us, their successors, for meeting in our turn the needs of the future? The white man's ill-treatment of his Indian brother may in years to come bring many regrets.

The first discoverers and explorers of America, without exception, were welcomed by the people of the new world, whose hostility was never aroused until they suffered wrong at the hands of those they had at first helped — some of which would even have starved in the wilderness but for the help of the 'savage.' Now these have vanished as a people. There are but remnants left; but we can still show to them the justice and brotherliness which was refused their kinsmen and predecessors, and clasp in mutual trust and love the hand that once was extended to us in welcome. H.

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THE PRAYER AT DAWN

THE beauty and solemnity of the old Indian legends reflect the deeply religious and mystical temperament which was common to them. With the Red Man — dweller in forest or on mountain, on desert or plain — the day began and closed with religious ceremony. His crops were planted in the name of Those Above, who brought the rain and sunshine, life and growth to the green things; the harvest was reaped in thanksgiving, with ceremonial dance and rite. Hunting or fishing was never done for sport; the game and fish were the gift of the Gods to men, and taken from Their hands — a sacred legacy.

The deep forest, high mountain-top and barren waste of desert were places for solitude and silent communion with, not supplication of, the Great Spirit — the munificent Sustainer and Nourisher of all. "When I was a young man," said the aged chief, "I was taught that I could never grow to be a brave, upright man, and have a clean heart, unless I went every day to the forest and devoted myself to prayer. Every morning, before sunrise, I made it a practice to go out by myself, and commune with the Great Spirit; and this has kept me and preserved me until now." H.

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The following rendering of a traditional Indian Invocation is given to accompany our Supplement, 'The Invocation to the Great Spirit':

"Great Lord! Master! Supreme Spirit!
Shed on me today thy gladdening light, that I may live.
Turn towards me, O Thou Victorious-over-Darkness!
Now Thou shalt hear my call above the noise of waters;
Even in wild places my voice shall reach Thy universal ear.
Give heed and sanctuary to my need, sustaining Lord!
Take me unto Thee! Give me of Thyself!
Oh that I might feel Thee and cling close to Thee!
For without thee I am nothing; but having Thee
Thy light shall shine forth from my face,
My voice shall ring out with thy Breath."

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THE WAPITI

THIS handsome deer is usually called the American Elk — which is, however, a very misleading name. If any animal is to be called the American Elk, that animal is the moose, which closely resembles the elk of Europe. Perhaps the most satisfactory name is *wapiti* (pronounced 'wopity') the name by which it was known to the Iroquois Indians.

The wapiti is first cousin to the red deer of Europe, but is a much larger animal. A full grown wapiti will measure five feet, eight inches at the shoulder; or as a horse-fancier would say "stands seventeen hands high" — which is the size of the largest horse you ever saw. Unlike cows, the members of the deer family shed their horns every year; but it is only the stags or male deer which produce horns. In late December or early January the horns grow loose and fall off; and in March, two little velvet-covered knobs appear on the forehead which grow and branch out until by the middle of August they have developed into the complete antlers.



THE LARGEST OF AMERICAN DEER
Exceeded in size only by the European Elk, which is not a true deer, but a close relative of the American Moose.

It is a wonderful experience to handle the growing horn of a deer. For one thing, they are burning hot because of the rapid streams of blood which circulate beneath the velvet. Also, the horns are very soft and sensitive and seem to throb with vigorous, pulsing life. There must be a great deal going on under the skin in the darkness — in the case of the red deer of Europe, for instance, there is sometimes deposited as much as seventy-four pounds of solid bone in a period of ten weeks. It is said that the two carotid arteries in the neck are actually enlarged for the time, in order to give free passage to the abundant streams of blood.

As soon as the horns have attained their full size a ring of bone called the 'burr' is formed at the base, which exerts a pressure on the blood-vessels entering the horn. The circulation slows down and finally stops; the skin which covers the horn dries up and peels off, and the bare bone is left exposed to view. Although the blood-vessels have disappeared, their course may

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still be followed by the grooves which furrow the whole surface of the horn.

The antlers of a wapiti which were grown as he was voyaging to a new home across the ocean, were seriously stunted in their development; but when he had been comfortably settled in his new home, the antlers produced during the next summer were perfect in every respect. This shows that unfavorable conditions are sure to interfere with the growth of the horns, as might be expected; for it is well known that the bodies of men and animals are built up of blood, and unless there is a good supply of blood all parts of the body suffer. The blood is made from the food we eat and from this wonderful fluid we form our skins, our nails, our bones and our muscles. The substance of the teeth, which is almost as hard as flint, and the soft, spongy structure of the lungs, are both composed of the material supplied by the blood.

The stags are very quarrelsome and make great use of their formidable antlers for fighting among themselves; but they also employ them for a more peaceful purpose. When a wapiti runs through a forest he throws his head well back letting his branching horns rest upon his shoulders. In this position they form a splendid protection for his back, saving him from many scratches and even serious wounds from thorns and the tangled branches of the over-arching trees.

It is said that although in general outline the horns of wapiti of the same age are of the same pattern, no two pairs have ever been found quite alike. Either in thickness, or in the curve of the 'tines,' in their slant, their color, or the arrangement of the ridges on their surface, minute differences are always to be found, making each pair absolutely unique and impossible to duplicate.

During the month of May these deer like to get as near as they can to the line of perpetual snow without leaving the upper belt of trees. At this time the hinds give birth to their beautiful fawns. The mothers are most courageous at such times and will give battle to bears, pumas, and coyotes in defence of their young. When threatened with attack they utter a loud cry and the other members of the herd within hearing distance rally at once to their assistance.

It is the habit of most of the deer family to feed at night; but not so with the wapiti. They rise early, and as the first flush of dawn colors the sky, begin to crop the grass, or browse on the tender shoots of willows and poplars. They finish their breakfast at about eight o'clock and then enjoy a quiet time of rest. At four in the afternoon they start feeding again and steadily persevere until twilight sets in. Many people seem to imagine that the wild animals are free from all restraint and greedily devour their food whenever they can find it; but in many cases they have a regular schedule and eat, drink, sleep and play according to rule.

In winter, the wapiti gnaw the bark of trees and scrape away the snow with their forefeet to uncover whatever vegetation there may be beneath.

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It may be dead grass, or perhaps a certain kind of lichen on which they feed.

The individual deer is not free to do as he likes, but is under the leadership of some old experienced buck who has won his position by much hard fighting and who keeps a very strict discipline. When he halts, the entire herd is expected to stop; when he resumes his march, so do his faithful subjects, and they wheel to the right or to the left like a company of soldiers at drill. The movements are made exactly together and it is supposed that they have some way of giving orders that we have not yet discovered. If a deer becomes separated from the herd and meets with some surprising adventure he utters a strange, penetrating cry which can be heard a mile away.

The wapiti is a bold and powerful swimmer and crosses wide rivers whenever the need arises. In summer-time when pestered by the flies he simply wades into the nearest water and stands there, leaving as little of his body exposed to the bites of the enemy as possible.

We have spoken of the antlers of the wapiti and the word antler has a somewhat interesting history. We took it from the French word *antoillier*, changing it into 'antler' as being easier for English tongues to pronounce. The French got their *antoillier* from the Latin *antocularem* which means a branch placed before the eye; and the word was used to designate that branch of the horns which juts out over the forehead — now called the 'brow-tine.' Later on the word 'antler' was extended to include the horn in all its parts.

Next time you look out of the window at a snowstorm, you may think of the wapiti wandering over the wilder parts of the country exposed to the driving snow and the pitiless blast, with no shelter and no stores of food. But you need not waste any pity over his supposed hardships: his thick, rough coat retains the warmth of his body, and his active movements quicken the circulation of his blood; a forest tree or the side of a cliff protects him from the worst of the wind, and plenty of good food may be had for the trouble of scraping away the snow.

It is interesting to know that President Roosevelt once sent a herd of wapiti to be turned loose in New Zealand, and there can be no doubt that they will flourish and multiply as many other animals have done which have been introduced into those hospitable islands. UNCLE PERCY

TWO AUSTRALIAN DOG STORIES

IT was one of those hot stifling days so well known in western New South Wales when a dry summer succeeds a bounteous spring and the earth is covered with a bleached mantle of waving grass. The horizon was a haze of smoke, and a fiery glare played upon the dancing air-waves. Clearly a bush-fire was raging not far away in the Eurunbla district. Suddenly, racing

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across the hill not far from a snug little farmhouse, was a wall of fire, and everyone turned out to fight the flames, which soon licked up the outhouses, machinery, pig-styes, etc. When the fire had taken full toll at the homestead a cry was raised for the sheep, and a man raced on horseback into the paddocks. To his astonishment he had been anticipated. Unknown to the household, and without one word of command, the old sheep-dog had sallied forth and mustered the flock to the last one, and had driven them to the furthest paddock on the farm. There she was holding them when the would-be rescuer arrived.— 'Collie' (Molong)

MANY years ago I left a St. Bernard puppy aged four and a half months in Ballarat, Victoria. The dog was born in that city, and had never been out of it. As a puppy he was much attached to my little boy Jack, aged two. Quite suddenly I was ordered by my firm to Sydney on business. Leo was left behind with a friend. Exactly two and a half years later my friend wrote me that the dog would arrive in Sydney the following Monday, by the steamer *Burrumbeet*. He, however, forgot to send me a shipping receipt.

I left home after lunch for the wharf to see if I could gain possession of the dog without the all-important receipt. Arrived at the waterside I found the shipping clerk adamant. They certainly had a dog on board. I merely had a letter stating that Leo had been forwarded. I pleaded in vain.

After much argument it was agreed that I might have a chance if the dog recognised me. The *Burrumbeet* had a long flush deck from stem to stern. Leo recognised me while there was yet half the ship's length between us, and with a mighty bound snapped his chain and rushed towards me with an abandon of joy that fairly staggered me. His first embrace knocked me flat on the deck, and he manifested his delight with such an exhibition of canine exuberance that no one dared interfere. "Take him away; he's yours," came the voice from aft.— From the *Sydney Mail*

THE STRATEGIC BOOKWORM

A CERTAIN literary work in two volumes is standing on the shelf in the proper order: first Vol. I, and right next to it Vol. II. The printed pages of each volume amount to a thickness of one inch, making two inches of printed matter in all. At the front and back of each book is the cover, being one-eighth of an inch thick on each side; so that the amount of cover between the volumes comes to one quarter of an inch altogether. — How far is it necessary for a bookworm to gnaw to get from the first page of Vol. I to the last page of Vol. II? Most of us will venture two and a quarter inches; but our bookworm says he can do it in only a quarter of an inch. — How?

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THE FLAME-POINTED SPEAR*



IGHT it was in Tara. Conn, the High King of Ireland, feasted there with his friends. Heroes whose names were on every tongue sat at the long tables. Scores of candles burned through the length and breadth of the room, and the food was delicate and plentiful.

As was the custom, each wore his banqueting mantle of silk or satin. The colors were gay — crimson, purple, and green or scarlet or blue, they hung down from majestic shoulders, from under their curling golden locks. The finest smiths of all Erin had fashioned their great brooches, and the torques about their necks most cunningly wrought with devices and arts now unknown.

Tonight no man touched the harp, or challenged his neighbor with song and story. Grief and trouble silenced their lips, for from without came a low sound as of thunder, and the pillars of ancient Tara trembled as though a giant's tread bowed them down. A youth forced his way in, clad in the skins of wild beasts, with a white boar's tusk fastening them over his broad chest. Two hounds, the most beautiful in the world, followed him, and his shield and spears looked strong and well-tempered.

It was no less a person than Finn the Fair, come to seek redress against the enemies who slew his father, and had kept him out of his inheritance since childhood. Finn had been brought up secretly in the woods away from his beautiful Druid mother, of the race of the gods, who visited him in the forest when she had become queen to another king.

Now at last grown to a stalwart youth, Finn mac Cumhal, courteous and wise, and valiant beyond his peers, came to the court of the High King of Tara, who was proud to call himself his father's friend. The young man saw how sad was the mien of Conn of the Silver Scepter, and how gloomy and dark the looks of his heroes. On inquiring the cause, and offering help, whatever the need might be Conn the Hundred Fighter gave him this news:

"There is," he said, "a powerful and invincible wizard — Aillen the son of Midna — who is my sworn enemy. Each year he comes from the enchanted hills where he dwells, and with his breath of flame shoots fire against sacred Tara, and burns it to the ground. He has done this each year for nine years, and mocks at me and my friends, because his fairy music sends such drowsiness upon the souls of the watchers that they sleep, and no one wakes to do battle with him. —And woe is me, if I know where to find a champion to defend the Pillars of Tara against Aillen, the Enchanter."

Finn offered his help; and when the banquet was ended he saw the king and warriors betaking themselves to their armor, and shouting to each other

*The following incident is condensed from several chapters in Standish O'Grady's stories of 'Finn and his Companions' — an excellent portrayal of the bardic culture of ancient Ireland.

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to maintain wakefulness, and to fill their ears with wool, lest the fairy music from pipe and lyre should bewitch their senses. Finn himself had the Gods' help in this momentous encounter. At his girdle he wore a bag filled with instruments of magic and spell-making, that had belonged to his father. After making enchantments and incantations with them, a fairy messenger appeared before him, bearing a Spear and a Mantle.

Now this Spear, they say, was adorned with twenty nails, and each of the twenty was of fine gold of Arabia. Its point was not steel, but a white flame, that trembled with the desire to be dealing death to aught evil in the world. From the shaft sounded forth the battle-songs of the Gods, who in olden times had dwelt in Eire. As to the Mantle, some say it was crimson, fringed with gold; but the truth is, it was blue, woven in the pattern of the skies; for stars traced Druid signs over it, and forms of clouds floated through its folds.

Without, Conn and his warriors were drawn up around Tara, each bearing a lighted torch in his hand, so that the palace was circled with fire. There, all the warriors being drawn up, they waited till midnight.

. . . Out of the mountains, borne from afar, came down a shiver of music on the breeze . . . such music as few mortals hear once in a long lifetime. It was such music as would bring sleep upon the most furious of fighters: and Conn the Hundred-Fighter, and all his host, raised their mightiest shouts and clashed shield and sword together to keep the flute-like strain from entering the portals of their ears. In vain: Finn alone, with the living point of the Spear burning like fire against his forehead, was awake to see Conn the Hundred-Fighter fall like a giant, the last one to be overcome.

Presently the huge form of the enchanter came splashing up through the Boyne. Laughing, he strode up the hill between the silent sleepers, and breathed forth fire-balls against the palace. But Finn caught them in the Mantle, and they fell down through the air, and buried themselves in the ground, bearing the magic mantle with them.

Swift as the feet of the storm-wind, the enchanter sped homewards to his fairy mountains, while Finn hotly pursued him. In his hand struggled and writhed the Spear, longing to leap out and away. Finn raised his arm: like a flash of lightning the Spear hurled itself upon Aillen, who fell dead in his doorway, while the spear sped on and vanished whither it came. So from this out, enchantments and wizardry were ended against Tara.

For the first time in ten years, the temples and palaces remained to give back the morning sun from their brilliant colors and weapon-girt walls. And after that Finn became chief of the Fianna, the best heroes of Ireland, and the leader of them all. He was king and seer and poet, druid and warrior; and whatever any one said of him, he was three times better; and under him the Fianna had great glory and filled all Ireland with the noise of their fame. K.H.

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FROM MANY LANDS

CASTLES ON THE RHINE

SITUATED on a frowning headland overlooking the River Rhine, from which it commands a view of the river for miles up and down as well as of the surrounding country, this thoroughly picturesque medieval German *Schloss* reminds us of far-off turbulent times. It is one of many which line the banks of the famous stream, standing for the most part in the midst of wonderfully beautiful river scenery.



RHEINSTEIN CASTLE

During the Middle Ages the policy of the German Emperors — the successors of Charlemagne — largely encouraged the division of the German people into a host of separate and often very diminutive petty states. Some of these were less rather than more subservient to the imperial authority. The resulting lack of co-operation among the law-abiding people in *its* turn encouraged freebooting on a large scale in some quarters.

Notorious among the freebooters — especially in the eyes of the merchants of Cologne and other centers of river commerce,— were the *Raubritter*, or robber-barons, whose castles dotted the Rhine cliffs. Secure in these lofty

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strongholds, like eagle-eyries, the truculent barons each laid claim to his own particular stretch of river, and forthwith proceeded to levy toll on all who, laden with rich cargoes of merchandise, 'trespassed' on his private waters. The poor merchants, preferring to lose half of their goods through 'customs duty' rather than the whole of it through confiscation if resistance was offered, had to submit to the levyings of the barons, until ultimately the powerful Hanseatic League and the wealthy trading cities united to put an end to the doings of these self-appointed revenue-collectors. The latter had by that time become so entrenched in their accustomed wrongdoing that they probably thought this turn of events a great injustice!

The Rheinstein Castle, which is still in a good state of preservation, has been used in modern times as a summer residence by German sovereigns.

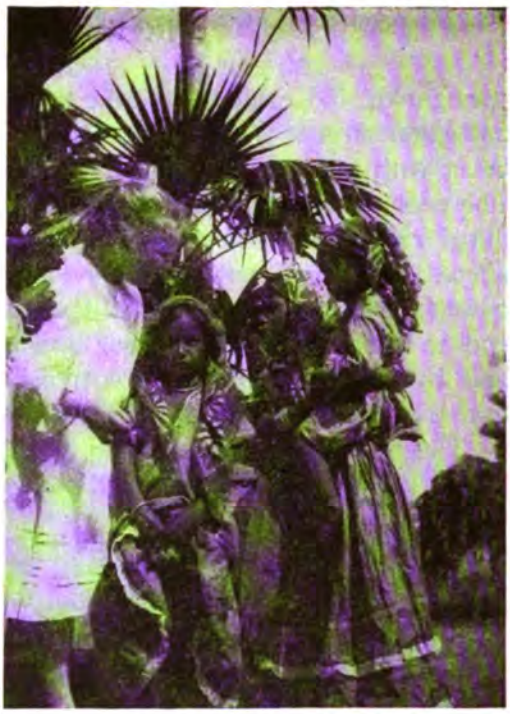


ON THE WORLD'S HIGHEST NAVIGABLE LAKE: INDIAN 'BALSAS'

THE BALSA of Peru is a very seaworthy craft as far as it goes — which is never on a lengthy voyage. Unlike most boats, which tighten and become more 'waterproof' when well soaked, the *balsa* can be used only so long as it remains dry! It is made of bundled sedge-like stalks, which are extremely light and floatable when newly launched; but which quickly become water-logged and must be allowed to dry out on the beach after each trip. The skipper of a *balsa* who left his boat moored over the week-end might have to fish for his ship! For short periods of use, however, the *balsa* is unsinkable.

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FAR FROM HOME



HINDU CHILDREN IN TRINIDAD, W. I.

THESE are little Indian girls of South America. But they are not American Indians, such as Columbus discovered, but East Indians, such as the great navigator thought he had discovered on the shores of the New World — thought by him to be part of India. These 'little mothers' are children of Hindu farm-workers on the Island of Trinidad — which is a British territory off the coast of Venezuela. They immigrate in large numbers to the Indies to work the great plantations, chiefly of sugar, cocoa, coffee and rubber.

These small daughters of India — here visiting a little English girl afterward a student of the Râja-Yoga Academy at Point Loma — are from Southern India or Ceylon, the home of the 'Dravidian' people. H.



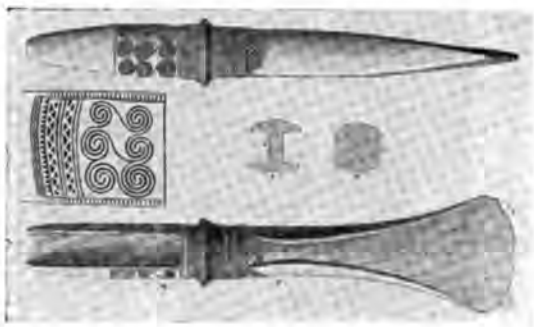
Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta

A TREE WITH MANY TRUNKS

THE ACCOMPANYING PICTURE shows a Banyan Tree, which most of us have met in our Botany lessons. This one stands in the Public Gardens at Calcutta, India. Its age is estimated at 243 years, and it has some six hun-

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dred 'aerial roots,' a few of which can be seen in the illustration. These are sent down from the branches to the ground, into which they penetrate and proceed to take root. In this way the tree 'walks,' in all directions at once! An old account tells of a single banyan so large as to shelter an army. A.



SCANDINANIAN BRONZE AXE-HEAD, 1500 B. C.

FROM A VANISHED AGE

IN our times much has been written in appreciation of the artistic attainments of the 'prehistoric' races. More remarkable even than the great skill shown was the faultless and unfailing tastefulness of their work —never surpassed for chaste restraint and beauty of line.

"WHY SHOULD IT BE OTHERWISE?"

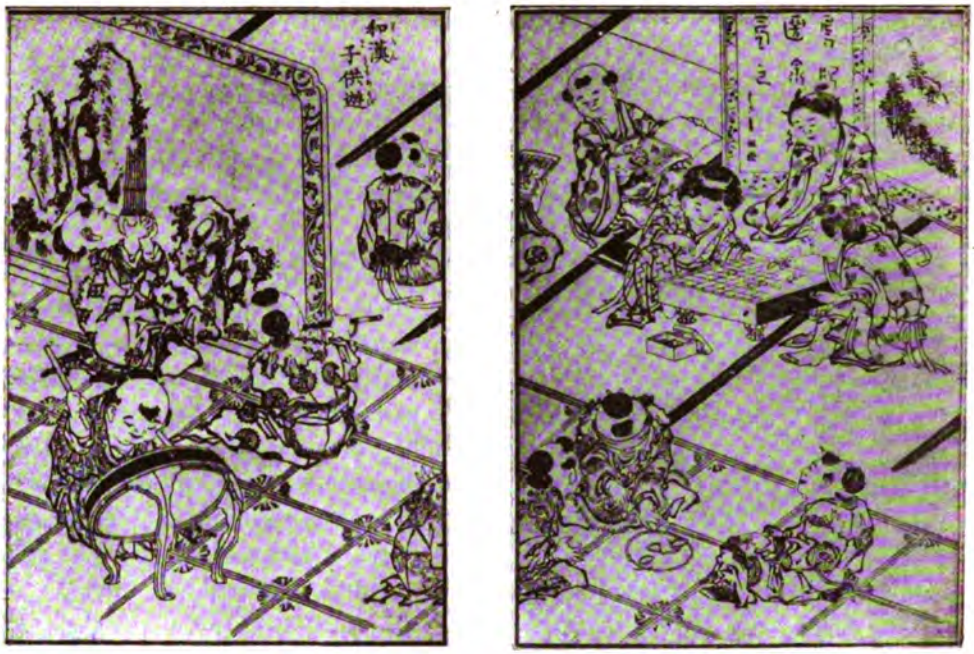
— So say Puss and Pouter, who are here shown at the festive board. They are real friends, and have always been such, as they were brought up together from babyhood, and no one ever taught them unbrotherliness. They are always keeping company, and never fail to turn up at meal-times together, so as to enjoy each other's society. Whatever Puss does not especially care for in the bill of fare Pouter disposes of; and so, like Mr. and Mrs. Sprat, they economize at the table.

This is one of so many instances where animals usually considered enemies form friendships if brought together before their natural good-will is affected by *wrong education.* Another instance comes to mind of a half-grown Puss and Pup, who when first introduced made a distressing 'scene,' but who quickly became so attached to one another that when poor Pup presently died of a distemper, Puss was quite disconsolate over his loss, and showed it. For days she went looking sadly about into all his favorite nooks and corners, 'meowing' sorrowfully for her little friend. R-Y



OUR BIRTHDAY PARTY

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TWO INTERESTING LITTLE SCREEN-PAINTINGS BY HOKUSAI*

ENTERTAINING GUESTS

WHICH are guests and which hosts is not certain; but the above caption seems apt for this little illustration of '*Wa-Kwan Kódomo asobi*' or 'Chinese and Japanese children at play' — as the artist tells us in the inscription at the top. The two little pictures, it will be seen, together represent the right and left halves of the same scene.

In the foreground, seated on the stone-flagged floor, are six little 'Celestials,' while on the *tátami*, or mats, in the background, are five little Japanese — both of which parties are engaged in their own characteristic pastimes.

One thinks the architectural incongruity greater than that of the mixed company. In former days — perhaps not so late as this — many painters of *Dai Nihon* went to China, the land of the masters, to pursue their studies. The writer is ignorant as to whether Hokusai did so; but this scene may have suggested itself from his artistic wanderings, which were many and sundry.

On the Chinese screen with its modeled frame is a fragment of landscape, possibly from one of the Sung masters; the little boys on the mats are screened by Japanese paper panels bearing some classic verse inscribed in the ancient 'seal character' — very choice, we will suppose.

Probably conversation 'across the way' is not being attempted, for obvious

*The greatest and most popular of Japanese masters of book illustration and color-prints, best known by the name of Hokusai, who flourished at the beginning of the last century.

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reasons — still there is a feeling of spontaneous good-feeling and courteous attention. These little boys, we know, all bowed to one another before they sat down to play; and they are careful to take kindly notice of everything that may be done at the moment for their special benefit. The little fellow with the drum *knows* everyone is enjoying it, while the young flutist looks to see if his Japanese friends appreciate that he is giving of his best. The *shêng* in the hands of the third little virtuoso is quite a serious affair, being no less than a pipe-organ in miniature. — Certainly a well-balanced orchestra: organ, flute and drum — at least no one of this polite little company seems to complain.

The odd little fellow at the lower right is certainly laughing to attract the notice of his Japanese guests (or hosts) to the excellence of this fine Chinese game of 'jackstrings' (it seems), while one of them (with the book) politely signifies his full approval, whether he really understands or not — especially from where he is seated! "Checkmate!" is *Tsume!* in Japanese; and this is what the player to the left of the *go*-board is about to shout. Instead of carved pieces they are using small round counters on which the names of the pieces —'King,' 'Queen,' 'Knight,' etc. are indicated in Chinese characters.

We can hardly help feeling the cheeriness of this little scene — there is brightness and good feeling in every corner, and a note of international goodwill pervading the whole for which we must, in passing, thank Hokusai — whatever may have been his immediate object in its execution. H.

TWO VIOLINISTS

ON a bleak day in March, many, many years ago, a little boy sat on a doorstep in one of the large European capitals; and while the crowds passed he played for those who cared to listen, on his battered old fiddle. Not many took any notice of him; a few lingered only, who had seen the little musician before, and had heard of his hard struggle to provide for a widowed mother and her family. Presently a tall dark stranger paused, looked at the little fellow, inquired of the bystanders, and finally asked the boy if he might play on his violin.

Soon the old instrument was singing in the hands of the king of all violinists — the great Paganini himself! A large crowd soon blocked the whole street, and Paganini, having finished amidst a tumult of acclamations, himself took up a collection for the struggling little musician, and after adding a goodly sum himself, sent the little fellow back to his mother with it. A.

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outstretched hand, and with one great jump was out of sight once more. Through the clouds and the bright sunlight the monkey went on his jump, on and on till he came to the end of the earth. There on the very edge, he saw five noble red pillars standing in a row, with a vast empty space beyond. With a chuckle, he made a mark on one of them, as a proof of his having been there, and then with another of his jumps was back again whence he started but a second before.

"When are you going to begin to jump, O Monkey?" the Lord Siddhartha asked as the Monkey stepped down to the ground. With a sarcastic laugh the Monkey assured the Lord Siddhartha that he had jumped — to the very end of the earth. "I left a mark on one of the five pillars which I found there, as a proof that I had been there."

"Look at this, Monkey," said the Lord Siddhartha as he held out his hand: on one of his fingers the monkey saw the very mark which he had made on the red pillar.

"No matter where you may jump to, or how far away, you can never get out of my hand, for the whole earth lies within it." TAMIKO



ORIOLE

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

HUSH! 'Tis he!
My oriole, my glance of summer fire,
Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,
Twitches the pack-thread I had lightly wound
About the bough to help his housekeeping —
Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his luck,
Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,
Nor, more than wiser we in our affairs,
Divines the providence that hides and helps.

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THE RAJA-YOGA QUOTEBOOK

These helpful thoughts have been culled from various sources, in reading, and elsewhere. Our Readers are cordially invited to share in the making of this QUOTATION BOOK, which they can do by writing down such quotations as they would like to share with others and addressing these to the RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER. Suitable ones will be published as space permits.

THE effects of right thought last forever. Let right thoughts be to us the strong arm with which to do good to others. — *William Quan Judge*

BE A HELP, NOT A HINDRANCE!

IN the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the human race is "divided into two classes: those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and ask 'why wasn't it done the other way?'"

LET men but stand for what they know is right — then Victory comes. — *Katherine Tingley*

"GRATITUDE has been defined as the memory of the heart."

IMPATIENCE in little things introduces confusion into great schemes. — *Confucius*

NO MAN is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt. — *Lord Clarendon*

TOO much rest is rust.— *Sir Walter Scott*

TODAY is the tomorrow we worried about yesterday — and it never happened.

NO ONE is beaten unless he is discouraged.

To think a thing is impossible is to make it so.

THERE is not a moment without some duty.— *Cicero*

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I believe it must be the same when you cannot do what you want to; you can make yourself happy by forgetting what *you* want, and doing something for someone else. How strange I never thought of that before!

Just then Mother called, "Betty, what *have* you been doing all afternoon?"

"Mother," called Betty, as she bounded upstairs, "I've been teaching myself how to — oh, Mother, may I help get supper ready? What shall I do first, Mother, the table or the lettuce?" F. S.

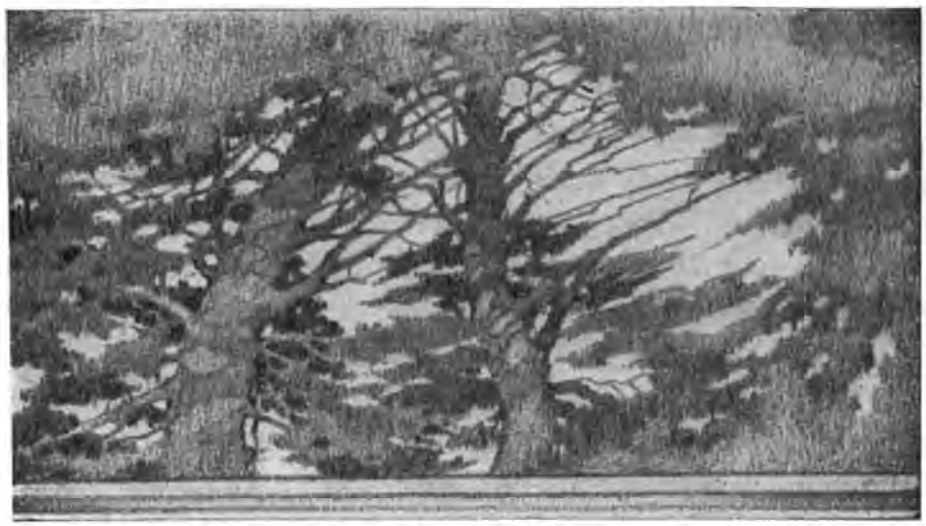


"WHY DON'T YOU JOIN US?" "WHAT FUN!"

OUT OF DOORS IN SUNNY LOMALAND

THERE ARE many happy times for the children of the Râja-Yoga School at Point Loma; for there are so many lovely places to go. Every morning the Tots go out with their teachers to the playground, or to the sandpile or the swings under the trees. On sunny afternoons there are hillsides, where live the birds and bunny-rabbits, and flowers and the kind little fairies who care for them. Here you see Teacher showing us things to do on the beach.

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THE LEGEND OF THE TWO SISTERS

FAR in the Northwest there stand two mountains, their snow-capped peaks now shrouded in silver mist, now gleaming in the sunshine, but always through cloud and sunshine facing the broad Pacific, and standing guard over the land of forest and stream.

Many, many years ago, when mighty tribes dwelt along the Pacific Coast, they were known as the "Twin Sisters"; and this is their story:

Among the Indians of the Sunset Tribes women were always held in the highest honor, and when a young maiden reached the age of womanhood, it was a custom among them to make this a time of great rejoicing. A feast was held, to which the surrounding tribes from the North and from the South were bidden as guests; and during this time of feasting the maiden was placed in a high seat, in token of the respect paid to women.

Now it happened many thousands of years ago that a certain chief had twin daughters, who came of age in the spring-time, when the rivers were thronged with the salmon, and the tall trees of the forest were sending forth young and tender shoots. These two daughters were gentle and industrious, and lovely as the rising sun on a summer morning; and the great chief planned such a feast for

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them as the Sunset Tribes had never attended. There would be many days of rejoicing; guests were to come from far and near, bringing gifts for the two young maidens, and in turn receiving gifts from the Chief himself. There would be much game and fish, and the fruits of the earth; and much dancing and story-telling.

But there was one dark shadow to mar this joyful feast. The tribes of the Upper Coast were at war with the Sunset Tribes. For many moons there had been hatred and strife, and the paddling of war-canoes up the rivers, and fierce war-whoops breaking the stillness of the night. But the great chief said: "Let not any enemy come between me and the traditions of our tribe; let them make war upon us if they will; we will proceed with our expected feasting, and turn a deaf ear to their insulting war-cries."

Seven days before the feasting began, the two maidens, hand in hand, approached the great chief, and said: "We have come to ask a favor of you, O our father."

"Yours it is but to ask, and mine to grant, O daughters with eyes like the spring-time."

"Will you, O father, ask our enemies of the Upper Coast, to come as bidden guests to this, our feast?"

"But this is a feast of peace," objected the chief.

"Yes; but such is our wish," modestly answered the maidens.

"Well, so it shall be, for this day I can refuse you nought; and some day your sons will bless this peace that ye have brought about. — Now go, all ye young braves; kindle fires upon all the headlands, greet the enemy, and bid them welcome to my daughters' feast."

And the northern tribes, receiving the message of friendship, flung down their warlike weapons, and came to the Feast of the Great Peace; and they brought rich gifts as offerings to the chief and his daughters: splendid woven blankets, beads of colored stone, and baskets and carven ladles; and these two peoples, until now ancient enemies, mingled their voices in words of peace. And there was feasting and rejoicing for many suns, with many dances and sports, and so brotherhood was sealed between them forever.

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Then the Great Spirit smiled down upon his children, and said: "I will make these two maidens immortal, that all men may remember the Peace and Brotherhood they have borne unto this land." Then he lifted them gently upwards, and placed them forever on a high seat; and there they may still be seen, looking toward the sunset, and guarding the peace of their ancient home-land. F. S.

THE OLD CUP



IN Grannie's china-cupboard
There stands a broken cup;
I used to wonder why 'twas there
But now I've given it up.
It seems so full of stories
It wants to tell to me
And I have sometimes asked myself
Whatever they could be.
It used to have a brother —
The willow-pattern plate;
But that was broken long ago,
So now it has no mate.

I wonder if it's lonely
Up there, all by itself!
I scarcely think that I should like
To be put on a shelf!
And oh, if it would tell me
Of China, far away!
—Where there are little pig-tail boys
With whom I'd love to play.
And are their games like our *games?*
Please, do they *have toys?*
Oh, dear old willow-pattern Cup,
I wish you had a voice! — M.



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HAY-TIME

What Happened to Two Tardy Boys

A FARM-BOY went sauntering along the road, switching the hedge with a stick, whistling an accompaniment which was very much out of tune. "Oh Tom," called an anxious-looking mother from her porch "have you seen my two little boys on your way."



"NOW — WHAT NEXT?"

"No I haven't, Mrs. Bennet, but I notice father has cut his hay; maybe they are along with that."

Why of course, the hay-field — why had she not thought of it — that is where they *must* be. So down to the hay-field walked Mrs. Bennet wondering if she would find them there. But the only sign of them was Bob's straw hat; so poor Mrs. Bennet had to search a little farther afield.



UNLOADING THE 'FUNNY KIND OF HAY'

Yes, the boys certainly had been there, and a right good time they had had of it, romping about in the cocks; and then, after getting thoroughly tired, lying down to rest in the sweet depths. But boys can never be tired for long and very soon they longed for fresh fields and pastures new.

At this critical moment they spied a loaded hay-wagon in the corner of the field with horses attached — a sure sign that it was going to move soon; so up they clambered and were soon hidden

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right in the midst of it. Presently along came Tom and his big brother, and to the great excitement of the occupants the wagon began to move. The boys chuckled quietly and wondered if the farmers' sons knew what a funny kind of hay they were taking to the barn. They were soon enlightened however, when, after unloading for a few minutes, a sharp *ow!* stopped proceedings while Bob and Ned emerged from beneath, after having narrowly escaped a pitchfork.

"Well," ejaculated Tom, "if they aren't Mrs. Bennet's boys, that's why she has been calling after them this afternoon. Run home, you had better, else I guess there will be trouble for you."

The boys needed no second bidding, but whatever might happen, they both agreed that it was worth it; — hay-time is not here all the year round. When they got home, of course they were very hungry, but there was not a sign of supper anywhere. Mother said that she had had no time to get any, as she had been out looking for them all the afternoon, and that now she had to do the work that she should have done then. *No supper . . .*

The two boys wondered if it *was* 'worth it' after all. M. B.



"NO, THANK YOU, NOT NOW. MASTER LEFT ORDERS TO REMAIN HERE ON DUTY UNTIL CALLED FOR"

Hugh, of Lomaland, knows when it is *not* playtime.

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TEN O'CLOCK ON A SUMMER MORNING

Whether it is summer or winter, though, there is always plenty of sunshine for the Râja-Yoga Tots in Lomaland.

READY TO LOOK FOR THE FAIRIES

HERE we are all met together under the Fairy Tree! Dan barely got there. Like a gallant knight, he swung himself up on his kiddie-kar and galloped up just in time! Now the whole little troop of tiny Râja-Yoga Tots is ready for whatever is to come; and there are great events in store.

Carmen is taking command, as you can see. First Dan is told to put away his frown, because "Life is Joy," and calls for a smile; besides, the fairies never go near a frown!

The Fairies! Perhaps you think the Râja-Yoga Tots don't know where to find them! Last night, when it was very windy (or, as Johnny said, very "blowy") Michael told us that it was the fairies running just outside the window. Don't they always tell Miss Beth when they are going to put silver-paper in 'the Tree' — the only tree covered with the loveliest spiderwebs and dewdrops? Miss Beth always knows about the silver-paper, and when she says it will be there, it is there! But you have to be very good, or she won't tell.

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Oh, it is lovely to have a Râja-Yoga teacher in your secret! She is just as strict about the frowns as the fairies are, so that wherever there are Râja-Yoga Tots and teachers, there are always real happy smiles for the fairies to see. And whenever they catch sight of one, they carry it all over the world.

At night when the birdies go to sleep and the fairies come out, and the stars, then little Râja-Yoga Tots are all tucked in by the Sandman. Oh, yes, it is the Sandman; because sometimes he even spills a few grains of sand in the beds, and it's there in the morning. The other night he had to go back for more sand for Carmen, so that the new moon had a chance to peep in before Carmen was asleep; and oh! — she discovered a sad thing: "the moon was brokened." A. O.

TOMMY TUCKER

DEAR MR. EDITOR: Will you please be so kind as to read this and see if it will do for the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER? I should very much like to be represented there if you can find a place for me. Yours respectfully, THO. TUCKER

DEAR CHILDREN: I am sorry I can't send you a better picture of myself. This one doesn't give you much of an idea of *me;* it is mostly slipper. Still, it is the best, in fact the only picture I have, so I hope you will think it is better than nothing.

No, I am not a Râja-Yoga cat (I wish I were); but I know one who is. His name is Thomas Patricius, and he is a little—!!! Do you know, I was just on the sharp point of saying a little *yellow* kitten, and then I remembered that his master doesn't like to have him described that way. Let me see — how shall I explain just what he is? Well, it is something on the order of that color, only darker, and there are stripes of the same



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color, a little darker still. I heard someone mention the word tortoise-shell; perhaps that is the name used to describe that kind of coloring. Thomas P. is a very nice kitten, just the kind to grow up into a Râja-Yoga cat, and he tells me ever so many interesting things about Lomaland. He likes to roam over the hills, so he has a splendid chance for seeing many things, the gardens, orchards, etc., not to mention some places which are not on the hills, such as the kitchen where he has a number of friends.

Of course he often sees the little children, and he thinks the tiny tots are very nice indeed. But this isn't telling you about myself, is it? so I suppose I had better return to my subject.

Well, to begin with (one has to begin somewhere, you know), my name, as you have probably already discovered, is Tommy Tucker: it was given to me because I sing so nicely for my supper. I don't exactly see the connexion myself, but the children here at home all seem to, so I suppose you will too.

There is one little boy that I know who is just about the same age for a boy as I am for a cat, only younger. He is very kind-hearted, and he loves to play games with me; but do you know — he always calls me Tommy Tupper. Of course I don't mind it.

The slipper in the picture belongs to my master. Don't you think this was kind of him? — He found me asleep just as you see me — I had been playing very hard, and at last I got so sleepy that I curled up in the first comfy place I could find. Now the man of the family didn't really care to have me in his slipper, but he knew I was very tired so he waited until I woke up, and then he showed me my own bed, and told me that hereafter I was to go there when I was sleepy. However, he had drawn a picture of me in the slipper, and he said that if I was real good, and showed that I understood, some time I might send the picture with a letter to the MESSENGER — and here I am.

The little boy is waiting for me to go to play with him, so I shall have to say good-bye now.

With my very best regards to you all, as ever, TOMMY TUCKER

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A STORY ABOUT COAL

IT may seem strange, but it is true that the most valuable mineral taken from the earth is coal, as it is worth more than all the gold, silver and diamonds produced every year.

There is an interesting story told of the discovery of coal in Belgium:

A poor blacksmith named Houillos lived in a village near Liège. The only fuel known for heating the iron in the forge was charcoal, which was very expensive, and Houillos found that he could not make a living for his family and pay for the cost of the fuel. One day, being out of work because he had no money to buy charcoal, he sat in his shop quite discouraged, wondering how he was going to earn enough for the next meal. Suddenly an old man with a white beard entered his door. The kindly look on the old man's face made the poor blacksmith tell him of his discouragement: how he was unable to work at his trade and make even a bare living for his family. The old man was much touched; tears came into his eyes as he listened.

"Good man," said he, "go to yonder mountain and dig in the ground until you find a hard black earth. This will burn better than the charcoal."

The blacksmith went to the mountain as directed, and on digging found the black earth. Bringing it home and throwing it into his forge-fire, he found that it not only burned, but would heat the iron twice as quickly as charcoal; and besides there was plenty of it for all.

So instead of keeping this wonderful discovery to himself and buying up the land as many men would have done, he shared his discovery with his neighbors and with the other smiths round about. In gratitude for his unselfish act, coal was ever after called *Houille* after him; and even now he is still remembered among the miners in and about that region.

Surely some good and wise man must have come to the unselfish man just when help was needed most, knowing that the blacksmith would use the knowledge he gave him to help others as well as himself.

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THE SNAIL: Selected from MAY GILLINGTON

A SNAIL was moving leisurely along the garden walk,
He shut his lips together, for he didn't care to talk;
"These birds and bees and butterflies," so scornfully said he,
"Won't do for people living in a splendid house like me!"

He proudly waved his feelers with a high and mighty air,
Expecting admiration, but there wasn't any there.
He closed his eyes disdainfully, and bumped — poor silly soul —
Against a heavy Earthworm just emerging from his hole.

"Good gracious!" said the Earthworm, "what a stupid thing are you,
To run against me when you saw that I was wriggling through!"
"Just hold your tongue, good man," replied the Snail, "I can't be found
In talk with common people who live mostly underground!"

What further would have happened, no one ever can reveal,
For Mister Thrush and Missis Thrush required their morning meal;
They poised in air a moment, speckled breast and wing and tail,
And then they made their breakfast on the Earthworm and the Snail!

The moral of this story, it is very clear and plain,—
Don't be haughty and conceited; don't be quarrelsome and vain;
For while with snappish temper and with scornful eyes you tread,
Some danger bigger than a Thrush may tumble on your head!



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A LITTLE MOTHER IN GERMANY

THIS is a little Spreewälderin (pronounced 'Sprayvelderin') nurse taking her dollies out for a ride in their doll's carriage. The Spreewald (Sprayvald) where she comes from, is a beautiful forest on the banks of the River Spree (Spray), in Germany. The country all around there is very marshy, and a large part of the forest is almost always under water; so that probably when this little girl wants to visit some of her little friends who live in another village she has to go in a canoe if it is in summer-time; and if it is in winter she rides in a sleigh drawn by horses, with gay, tinkling bells on their reins; or else she skates over the ice.



ILSE AND HER DOLLIE

People from Berlin,— which is the busy capital of Germany,— often take little pleasure-trips to the Spreewald, especially in spring-time, when it is most beautiful. But although they have so many visitors the peasants who live in this green forest have kept their own quaint old manners and customs. They still wear their pretty national costume and speak a language that is very different from ordinary German, and is very, very old. Often on the streets of Berlin one sees one of these pretty peasant girls, for many little children in the city have Spreewälderin nurses.

This little girl's name is Ilse (or as we would say, Elsa). Next month she is going to tell of a little friend of hers who lives in Czechoslovakia, a beautiful land of smiling fields and great forests.

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HAY FOR 'CHIEF' AND 'JACK' WHEN WINTER COMES

WHAT MOTHER NATURE DOES IN AUTUMN



LEAVES are falling---now Autumn is here. All through the bright summer days Mother Nature has sent her children to a wonderful Kindergarten, where they teach each other many helpful lessons. The blossoms show the bees where to find the honey, and the bees tell the blossoms of the place to drop their seeds, and carry the yellow pollen from one to another in little mailbags.

The merry little breezes and the sunshine teach the corn to ripen to gold, and the waving cornfields teach the breezes to whistle music as they pass. The pebbles help the brook in its song, and the brook helps the pebbles on their journey down the hill.

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER



An Illustrated Magazine Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

"IT IS NOT ONLY THE PRIVILEGE BUT ALSO THE DESTINY OF EVERY MAN TO LIVE NOBLY AND TO WORK TOWARDS PERFECTION."

—Katherine Tingley



NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1922

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUTH
Conducted by Students of the Râja-Yoga College

Published bi-monthly under the direction of Katherine Tingley
Point Loma California U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter, December 27, 1904, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California
Copyright 1922, by Katherine Tingley
SUBSCRIPTION (Six issues): $1.00 *Foreign postage:* 20c *Canadian:* 10c.

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVIII, NO. 6 NOVEMBER 1922

"DUTY *is the river that flows through life. Its tide is silvery to those who are on it, but threatening to those who approach it seldom.*"

—WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE . . ."

"And all the men and women merely players,
They have their exits and their entrances
And one man in his time plays many parts. . . ."

SO said our great Shakespeare some three hundred years ago, and expressed a whole philosophy in his words.

The Râja-Yoga students have the privilege of learning to appreciate the drama very keenly, for in the beautiful open-air Greek Theater at Point Loma — the first of its kind in America — they are given the opportunity of participating in the great works of Shakespeare and the Greek dramatists, as presented under the personal supervision of their teacher, Katherine Tingley. The recent spectacular presentation, before huge audiences, of Aeschylus' *Eumenides*, in which most of the Râja-Yoga students participated, makes the theme of this editorial peculiarly appropriate.

The Greeks, like other ancient peoples, believed that the great lessons of life could be very splendidly taught by means of dramatic presentations in which the story, action and dialog all meant much more — were symbolical of much more — than they seemed to be.

The Greek audiences, it is right to believe, were alive to these hidden meanings; and when they came in their thousands to sit perhaps for a whole day or several days in succession and witness the great tragic dramas of those master playwrights, Aeschylus and Sophocles, they felt they were attending a sacred celebration. They listened with reverence to the great lines; and saw in the plot and action an interpretation of some of the great problems and truths of their own lives.

Something — indeed, a great deal — of a similar atmosphere pervaded the recent presentation of *The Eumenides* in the Greek Theater. It was more

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a sacred festival in which players and auditors were alike participating than a mere entertainment or everyday dramatic presentation; and comments from those attending the play as well as written appreciations since received show that this was a new experience for the public, and that they carried away with them something sacred and unforgetable.

It is in participating in such presentations as these that one comes to realize that every great drama is really the story, disguised to a greater or less degree, of the *inner life* of man, of human existence. We have our exits and our entrances, and each of us "in his time plays many parts" in a larger sense than is generally understood. Each one of us is a play within a play. The (frequently) rather trivial 'sketch' of our outer life is but the setting for the great drama that is taking place within each of us wherein the plot develops slowly or quickly, now with dramatic intensity, now almost imperceptibly and without any apparent stage action, now with a vein of high comedy, now beneath a cloud of terrible tragedy, but ever moving steadily towards one grand *dénouement.*

In this outer 'sketch' some of us are very skilful with our 'make-up,' and can very nearly conceal the thing we are. In fact, sometimes we take it for granted that the concealment is perfect, forgetting that we have not all the gift

"Tae see oursels as ithers see us."

So we strut about in our little pretenses. We take ourselves very seriously, feeling very Sphinxes in our impenetrable obscurity. But all the time we are letting daylight through the flaws in our shallow devices; and our friends may read us like a book.

Then, too, some of us become so absorbed in the 'stage business' of our life-drama that we lose sight of the great plan and purpose of the play; so that when the curtain-cue comes and the lights are dimmed on the last act, we find ours has been but a poor presentation, with 'much ado about nothing' — leaving our great audience, the World, no whit better or wiser for our mouthing and antics.

— Yet all the while there has been going forward the great drama on the hidden stage — the drama more fascinating, more lasting, more intense, than all the tragedies and comedies of "this wide and universal theater," the world. It is indeed the key to all these other dramas, and furnishes the plot and inspiration for them. The *stage:* the nature of man himself; the *play:* continually in progress — ever changing, yet ever the same, real, dynamic, dramatic: *The Drama of the Two Selves:* DUALITY.

This play, the struggle between the Higher and the Lower Self, age-old, perennially fascinating and marvelous, more deeply mysterious and full of meaning than any drama from the pen of the greatest master, will be found

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to be the key to the deeper understanding of all the supreme masterpieces of every age and nation.

It is the Greater Drama, that ever has been and will never cease to be. We are all players in it, *must* all be players in it; and how we shall acquit ourselves depends upon the extent to which we have grasped and understood and *learned* our part. And the studying is done from hour to hour and from day to day in the simple acts and duties of our daily lives. This is the Eternal Drama. And all life is but an infinite series of varying settings for the one play.

Ignorant of its existence or meaning, we see in the outer drama a meaningless confusion; reading one's lines with a comprehension of it, the lights and shadows show up in their true values and the key to the entire drama is found. There is not a mystery of human nature that its comprehension will not solve, not a contradiction it will not explain; no comedy to which it will not add zest, nor tragedy in which it will not reveal a noble strain.

DUALITY — the Higher and Lower nature of man, the play of these dual forces—this is the key to life's drama and is itself the Supreme Drama on the stage called 'Life.' If we would learn to enact our role admirably on that stage, we must study until we have mastered this Great Plot. M. A. M.

A VERY NATURAL QUESTION



HY do we have wars? How many boys and girls, when they study their history-lessons, have not wondered at the long lists of them that fill the pages? — wars over the quarrels of kings and over pieces of land, wars in which thousands were killed and nothing was gained. Thousands and thousands of people all down the ages have been puzzled by the uselessness of it all, but still the wars go on. In olden times we read of kings who sent their armies to battle over some private feud; but nowadays when the people are ruled by themselves — or rather, by representatives chosen from among themselves — how is it that there can still be wars, when the people do not wish them?

Well, to begin with, a war is simply a big quarrel — simply a school-boys' fight on a very large scale. First somebody gets angry over something another says or does, and then the blows begin; people *begin taking sides* and pretty soon you have the whole school-yardful hitting and shouting at each other.

Now, in the very beginning if the first boy had not got angry over something that probably was not a bit worth hitting anybody over, the whole school would have been saved all its bruises and black eyes; so that really it comes right down to such a simple thing as that — it is up to the first boy

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to keep his temper and there will not be any fight. Now, who can possbily say who 'the first boy' is? Oh no, you cannot blame the statesmen and rulers — they are not really to blame any more than the Head Master in a school can prevent the school-boys fighting. No, 'the first boy' is each one of us, and with each one of us it rests to help keep the peace of the world.

You see, it is just like this — if every one kept his temper there would not be any quarrels, and if there were no quarrels there could not be any wars. Whereas if 'the first boy' loses his temper someone else will surely get angry and you can never tell how far the infection will spread.

Some people have sometimes had the foolish idea that it was weak not to hit back when they were insulted; but that just shows that they have never tried it themselves. If they had they would know that it is *ever* so much harder not to let oneself get angry, than to flare up and use one's fists.

There is an old saying that everybody knows well: "It takes two to make a quarrel"; but when you come right down to it there are two people within ourselves; and if we let them, they will always be quarreling and fighting. There is the Higher Self, who always stands up for the good, the pure, and the true; and the Lower self, who invariably takes sides with all that is mean and false. These two can never agree; and unless WE take command and force the Lower to obey the Higher Self we shall always have wars in our own little kingdoms. If the lower nature wins one battle it will never be content; it will go farther afield and try to find new realms for conquest. If it succeeds in getting control of our minds it will use *us* to try to gain prisoners in the minds of other people; for our lower nature is not ours alone, but only part of all the lower nature in the world. Just in the same way the Higher Selves of all men are One, so that every victory we gain in self-conquest is in reality a victory for the whole of Humanity.

Every war that ever happened began in the minds of men; and wars will go on happening until we — each one of us — realize that we are 'the first boy,' and that it is up to us to gain the victory over our lower self and to let the Higher rule in its own domain.

But we can go even beyond this conquest of the lower nature that makes us wish to harm our fellows; — we can open our hearts to them, we can feel that they are our brothers, and that there can be no greater joy for us than to help and to serve them. When we say "all men are our brothers" we can begin proving it right away by *doing a kindness* to one who was perhaps mean to us yesterday, or by saying a cheerful word when we feel a little bit cross. Yes, these are the things that bring peace and happiness into the world; for peace is something that must be worked for and built up by every man, woman, and child — particularly by the children, for they are to be the men and women of the future — if it is to be a lasting peace, a peace of all the Nations based on the Brotherhood of Man! M. A. B.

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AESCHYLUS, THE TEACHER

THE function of art is to teach — through music, painting, architecture, or any other branch that we know of; but its mission is to reveal the highest within us rather than to instruct the brain-mind. Through the power of reasoning we may learn that certain effects inevitably follow certain causes, and that it therefore behooves us to act so that only good results may follow.

But beyond and above this we have the power of intuition and of sympathy that make us understand more than we ever could through the intellect. So we take art to our aid. It is the quicker way. We must place the great realities, in all their simple grandeur, before human eyes, and the human part of us will be silenced, while our Higher Self recognises its source. We must be made to believe; and an object-lesson through art, or from life around us, convinces us much better than any amount of reasoning.

Take for instance the child who has never seen the ocean; only drops of water, pools, and little brooks. Someone tells him there are bodies of water so large that one can sail for weeks and never see the shore. "If I look very, very hard," he thinks, "I am sure I could see the other side." Then someone takes him on a ship and he finds himself in mid-ocean. All doubt is gone: he sees the ocean — and he knows. As long as he depended upon his mind, he doubted; but when his eyes saw, he believed.

Just as this child, we may reason to ourselves that as we sow, so must we also reap; but it is seldom that we watch ourselves so carefully that we fully realize each event to be the result of former acts and events. So we need teachers who will make this plain to us and show us that it is the law of life, and that we cannot escape the harvest of what we have sown.

Aeschylus of Athens showed this law to the Athenians, though to limit him to Athens would be wrong. His plays contained eternal truths, and so he will live for ever. The events of his life from B. C. 525 to 456 would make a fascinating tale of a genius, brilliant as a soldier and a poet; but it is of the teacher, the initiate, the champion of the Soul of Greece that we are speaking now. He must be sought for and found in his dramas, of which now only seven are left, though it is reported that he wrote ninety. Yet in order better to understand his position as a teacher let us take a glance at his life and the period in which he lived.

When Aeschylus was a boy, eleven years old, the tyrant Hipparchus fell, and there ensued the democracy of Cleisthenes. Then followed the struggle with the neighboring island of Aegina; and later, when Aeschylus was thirty-five, came the Persian War with immortal Marathon. Aeschylus was there, and fought so bravely that the State had his portrait appear in a battle-picture commemorating the victory. Salamis was fought and again the poet was the soldier. Athens, rising, kindled a warm flame of patriotism in his heart, so that later he rose to protest when she took the downward path.

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He had been defeated in 499 in the yearly dramatic contests by two poets older than himself, Choerilos and Pratinas, and started on a trip to Sicily. His seven years' absence is of importance, as Sicily was the home of one of the Pythagorean Schools, and here Aeschylus probably became an initiate in the Pythagorean Mysteries.



THE FATHER OF THE DRAMA

Athens grew selfish, grasping and materialistic — as can be seen by the way she treated the surrounding islands she conquered. She was bent on becoming supreme among the Greek states; and Aeschylus wrote a play, *Seven Against Thebes*, in which he made protest against her ambitious policy. Athens recognised the truth of his words, resented it, and accused and tried him for "profanation of the Mysteries." Aeschylus pleaded that he did not know that his lines revealed anything pertaining to the Mysteries — that is, the Mysteries at Eleusis, which at that time might be called the national religion of Greece, most of the prominent Hellenes being initiated. As Aeschylus was not then one of them he may have received his knowledge elsewhere, probably in Sicily. He was acquitted, but betook himself again to Sicily.

During the reign of Pericles he returned again to Athens — that was in 458, two years before his death. Taking the viewpoint of our history books we usually think of the Age of Pericles as a kind of Golden Age. But if we read the plays of Aeschylus we shall see that he did not think this. He saw

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the downward march of Athenian progress, and with all his power he called to her to stop.

The Persians, *The Suppliants*, the *Seven against Thebes*, the *Prometheus Bound*, and the complete Orestean trilogy of *Agamemnon*, *The Choephori*, and *The Eumenides* are all charged with the warnings and the wisdom of the great Teacher. Athens should be made to see whither she was bound. She saw — she must have seen; but though she still accepted and always would honor the poet, she resented and grew intolerant of the Teacher, and her greatness passed from her.

But Aeschylus, dead, and unheeded of his time, still lives. His works have still an honored place on the modern stage; and though their political import means little to us now, his pictures of the human soul, with its sufferings and its triumphs, have their eternal value, and mark him today, as in the days of Ancient Greece, as Aeschylus the Teacher. K. N.



International Studio

MY SOUL AND I

J. G. WHITTIER

LIKE warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys and the paining jar
Through all will run.

. . . . . .

Back to thyself is measured well
All thou hast given;
Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell,
His bliss, thy heaven.

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'THE EUMENIDES' IN LOMALAND

BY A RÂJA-YOGA STUDENT

TWENTY-FOUR hundred years ago, when Greece was in the flower of her civilization, the tragedian Aeschylus wrote *The Eumenides;* and twenty-four hundred years ago the people of Greece thronged to Athens, and from seats hollowed from the hillside which slopes to the north and south and east, with the sun overhead, and the blue Aegean before their eyes, they witnessed this play. Centuries have rolled by and the flood of civilization has moved westwards, and Greece has sunk from the crest-wave of action; but the plays of her great dramatists still live; *The Eumenides* was more potent than ever before when, in September, 1922, in Lomaland of the West, the great drama was revived by Madame Katherine Tingley.



Many plays have been presented at the Greek Theater under Katherine Tingley's personal direction; but not for several years has a Greek play been acted there. So the announcement of *The Eumenides* added enthusiasm to the interest that always prevails when it is known that a drama is to be performed at Point Loma; and people as far away as Los Angeles and even San Francisco motored down to enjoy this unique performance. It is now well recognised that the Lomaland players have no ordinary standard of dramatic art. They love art for humanity's sake; and find in the drama an outlet for the highest in their natures; and believe that it is a force that in coming ages shall grow stronger and stronger and become a power in the teaching and redeeming of mankind.

The circumstances under which a play at Point Loma is produced are unique; for all the work — from the sweeping of the theater to the writing of special music — is done by the resident students; and it is all a labor of love. The boys and girls help in many ways, and in doing so gain experience in all the departments of the arts of representation. In order to view these prepara-

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tions, let us on the breath of a friendly wind, unseen by others, take our way to Lomaland, and see if we can find the secret of the success which always attends the performances of the Râja-Yoga players.

We silently enter a large room in one of the school buildings where many people are busy morning, afternoon, and evening in fashioning the costumes, not only for Athena, Apollo, and Orestes, but for all the others, whose dress must be perfect in order to make a beautiful picture. Helmets and breast-plates must be made for the soldiers, and for the score or more of archers, greaves and tunics. The dull black garments with claw-like hands and fingers, that cover the whole body and show only a masked and evil face, are for the Furies, and also the flower-decked dresses, worn beneath, in which they dance the exquisite Greek dances, after Athena, causing them to cast aside their coverings of hate, has changed them from powers of darkness to powers of light.

The Torchbearers' and Judges' costumes are there, the one a vesture of crimson and gold, the other the flowing robe of the Grecian senator. And the sandals worn by every person in the play — and there are nearly two hundred in it — are made here. In another room a group of girls are busy gilding the sandals; others are busy with designing-board and dye-pot preparing the decorations for the costumes. Everywhere interest and enthusiasm and the joyous hum of voluntary industry.

As we make our invisible way to the Aryan Theosophical Press, we pass a large truckload of posters advertising the play. By the end of the day these signs will be up along many a road and highway leading to San Diego. At the Press we see the tickets and programs and window-cards being set up and printed by the college students who are being trained in this department.

As for the stage little is needed. There is the theater, there the trees and wooded slopes running down to the sea — all just as it was in Greece; but we find the Construction Department fashioning a chariot for Athena with a Gorgon's head on the front. Several altars have also been designed and decorated in gold and blue, and here also the large posters are fixed to boards and made ready for distribution.

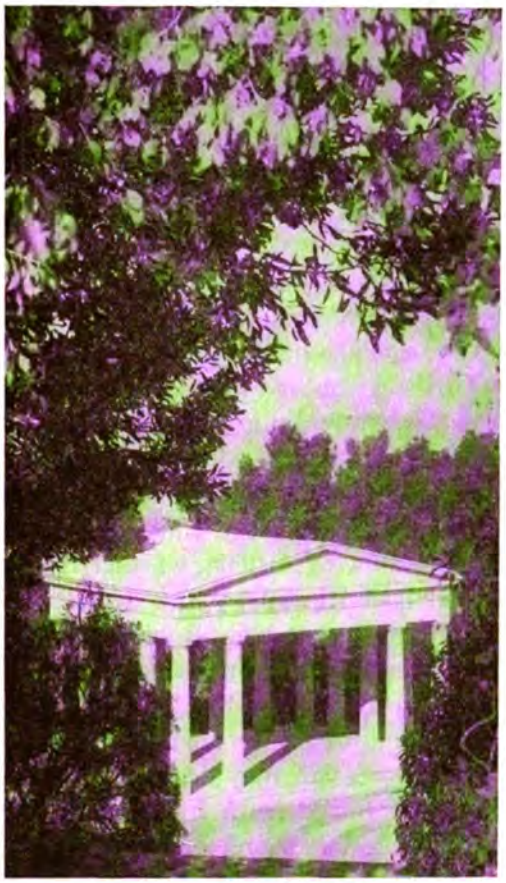
Then there are rehearsals of the speaking parts, of the choruses, of the dances, and of the orchestra, and as each of these becomes separately perfected, the general rehearsals are attempted, at which the electric lights and lighting effects are tried, and the ensemble work begun. Madame Tingley personally directs these rehearsals, showing the players all the gestures and inflections of voice rightly to interpret their rôles. . . . All this we watch, struck by the mastery of detail, the unwavering enthusiasm and the *great unity of purpose* that exists; and we realize that more than any other thing, the unity of purpose of all the participants spells the secret of success.

The day of presentation arrives; and amid the last preparations — the

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wreathing of garlands; the cutting of foliage for the theater by students of the Forestry Department; and the placing of cushions for the spectators — we steal quietly away on our friendly little zephyr, deeply impressed and eager to attend the play.

Soon after sunset hundreds of motor-cars are hurrying to reach Point Loma. From one of these let us alight at the Roman gateway, the main entrance to the grounds. As we ascend the hill, Lomaland bursts on us in all its night-time beauty.



ONE OF THE BEAUTY-SPOTS
The Greek Theater on a bright morning

The pale green of the Academy and the roseate purple of the Temple domes seem like fairy palaces as we ride by. Hundreds of colored lanterns peer through the eucalypts and pepper trees like hosts of diligent glow-worms; and like an enchantress, high in the heavens the gibbous moon serenely steers her way.

There is a magic about it all that is so bewitching that you forget self and scarce know how you get to the theater. There the greater and more inspiring beauty before you carries you far away, and you awake — not your accustomed workaday self — he is left thousands and thousands of miles away—and all his concerns and worries. Now You awake, the real You that you so rarely meet — and find yourself in a land of gods, of beauty, of purity and grandeur. Before you stands the Greek stoa, its chaste outlines relieved by the darkness of the clustering trees, and through the columns, just visible in the moonlight, shimmers the sea. And then the music, played by an unseen orchestra, seems to well up from the depths of the earth and float through the air on wings of delight. The last notes of the Prelude die away, and the play begins.

The first scene is at the shrine of Apollo, some two hundred feet from the theater on the top of a hill to the south. The Pythoness, keeping chaste and holy watch over the altar within the temple, is chilled with horror on

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seeing round about her, fast asleep, the hideous forms of strange creatures clad in dark garments, with faces bespeaking the vilest hate, and claws curving even in sleep as though to clutch and devour their victim. Frightened nearly to death she escapes from their presence, and flees down the hill, scarce finding the strength to wail forth words of terror and fear. She rushes across the theater, not knowing where to go and, expecting anywhere to meet those dreadful shapes, she turns hither and thither and disappears in the darkness.

Then, still up on the hill, appear Apollo, in white robes and with a wreath of laurel, and his fleet-footed messenger, Hermes; and following them Orestes, in Grecian traveler's garb, who kneels suppliant at the shrine of the great sun-god and demands to be freed from the terrible Furies who haunt him day and night.

Orestes has taken a human life; but Apollo has cleansed him of his guilt because the deed had been done, not in any ignoble way, and with no evil in his heart; but quite consciously to avenge his father's death, and at the bidding of Loxias himself. And so because he had been obedient to the gods — which comes first in all things — Apollo had purged his soul of guilt. But Orestes has been chased ever since by these terrible spirits of darkness in horrible guise. In desperation he has again sought Apollo's temple.

At Orestes' plea Apollo promises him again to assist him with all his power, and bids him lay his case before all-knowing Athena, whither Hermes will conduct him. Orestes accedes, and is led away by the winged god.

Now creeps up from the darkness the infuriated ghost of the wicked Clytemnestra, who beholds the avenger of her husband thus escaping from his pursuers. She perceives them asleep on the top of the hill, and calls upon them to awake and hurry after their victim. They moan and groan, too tired with their chase, until after bitter exhortation they arouse themselves and the vengeful ghost departs. When the Furies learn from Apollo that their prey has fled, with frightful howls of rage they precipitate themselves down the hill in hot pursuit.

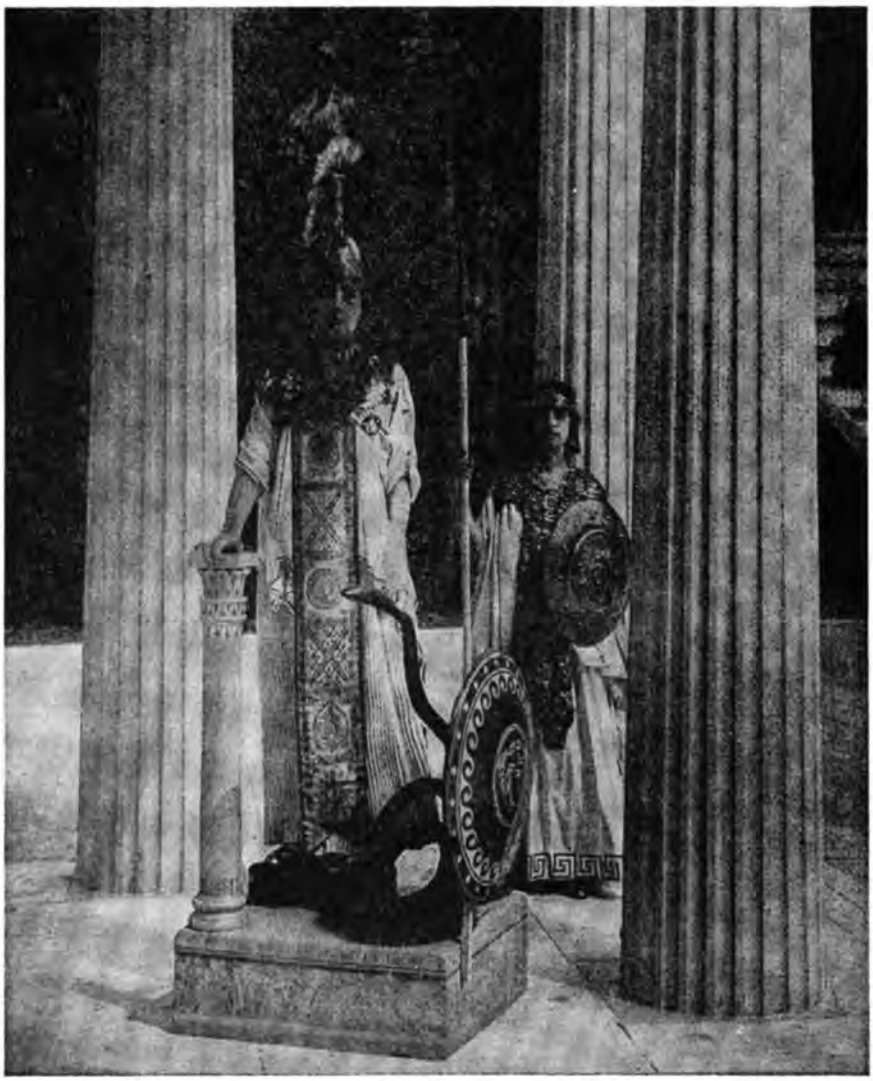
The scene that follows takes place in Athens; the actors now appear in the theater proper before the large temple. Orestes comes rushing in and throws himself down at Athena's altar, closely followed by the foremost Furies, who have traced him thither. Then Athena appears in her chariot drawn by two milk-white steeds, and at her coming spring up red fires in great clouds of brightness that surround Athena with glory, so that it seems truly as though the great and wise Goddess has just descended from heaven.

To her Orestes puts his case, Apollo acting as his counsel; and before her, too, the Furies lay their charge, both parties willing to abide her decision. The great religious drama unfolds before us; we begin to feel there is something deeper in the trials and sufferings of Orestes, and his being purged of

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sin because of his obedience to the divine powers of light and truth. We watch, intensely interested: watch as those watch who wish to learn.

Athena summons twelve of the leading Areopagites of the city to judge



ATHENA SUMMONING THE JUDGES

the case — retaining, however, the right of casting her vote on whichever side she thinks best.

The trumpet sounds, the fires blaze in green and crimson colors; and up from the canyon, with slow and venerable steps, six from each side, come the Judges, and make obeisance to Athena. Behind them march soldiers, gorgeously arrayed in gilt breastplates and capes and bronze helmets, who

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take their place on either side of the temple, in which Athena has taken her stand as arbiter.

Then the case is put before the Judges, each party pleading his cause eloquently. And Athena announces that if the votes are even, her vote she will cast for Orestes; for he has expiated by duty and devotion all evil that accrued to him from his parent's wickedness; and lastly she, seconded by Apollo, warns the Judges to count the balloting pebbles with care. While the Judges go through the solemn ceremony the Furies writhe up and down, as with vile contortions they try to cast their evil spells on the voters.

Then the leading Areopagite announces: "Athena, Queen, the pebbles show that equal are the castings of the vote." And Athena answers,— in voice that rings throughout the theater and seems to echo and re-echo with strengthened vibrancy across the hills and vales — declares her vote for Orestes, declares him free, by the will of heaven and by the divine law of compassion and righteousness — free to wend his way to his Argive home!

In despair and wrath the Furies cast themselves on the ground, speechless at their defeat. Finally they recover and rush at Orestes as he bids farewell to his savior Athena, raging and howling at him as he pursues his happy way homeward.

And then most wonderful of all — Athena accosts these dark shades, and by her wisdom and unbounded compassion, transforms those terrible fiends of darkness and of dread into the Eumenides, spirits of love and helpfulness.

Again the trumpet sounds, the lights go down, and far away, steadily winding among the turns of the canyon are seen — one line to the south. the other to the north — the torches borne by those who are to conduct the Eumenides to their new abodes. Nearer and nearer they come in regular line, until they are stationed behind the soldiers.

Lights again, and the Furies, throwing off their old black garments of dread, spring into new life, clad in virgin white. They perform the Greek dances which Katherine Tingley has revived — so graceful in every movement, so perfect in every detail. Like spirits they seemed to float around, defying all things of the earth, and dancing with such rhythm, such beauty and unity of action, that not the world over could one find their like. They had worked hard all evening as Furies; but with their cast-off garments seemed to have fled all fatigue; and their movements so lithe and graceful speak well for the physical training given to Râja-Yogas.

The dance finished, they sang a farewell chorus before the final picture. — That picture, of transcendent beauty, must have stayed for days in the spectators' mind, only to return again and again in moments of thought — of the goddess Athena in her temple, erect and noble at her altar, Orestes and Hermes nearby, the whole vast assembly of soldiers, judges, torchbearers, archers, flower-girls, and the transformed Eumenides marching round in

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perfect array, and then forming in lines facing the audience. And the fires blaze forth and light the whole sky so that as far as the eye can reach, the heavens are exultant with the glow of victory.

Exquisite was the scene when, as the audience sat spellbound, softly stealing forth from the throb of triumph that seemed to thrill the air, the Eumenides sang the farewell chorus again, and it was like music of the gods, so sweet, so pure, and so enchanting was it: a benediction. And then it sounded softer and softer, and as though on angel wings the last note was borne out on the still air like a wisp of silvery cloud that unseen melts into the blue of eternity.

What a dream had it been! Nay, what an awakening; what an opening of the doors of life, and a vision of the immutable justice of the Gods!

Surely that whole audience when it did rise to leave after enthusiastic applause felt new-born. All had been changed in some way; their outlook on life was deeper, their resolve more strong to be of service to the world. The reason they may not know or maybe cannot define; but they had caught the thrill of true art — great teacher of nations and of civilizations! E. S.

AMY LESTER REINEMAN

A Pioneer Râja-Yoga Teacher; Directress of the former Râja-Yoga Academy at Pinar del Rio, Cuba, and until her death on August 26th, 1922, of the Juvenile Home at the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma. The following was written by a former Cuban pupil — a tribute of such love and respect as was felt for Mrs. Reineman by all who knew her.



PRECIOUS LIFE has just come to its close.

"Although myself unable to make such a eulogy as this cultured and refined woman so richly merits, I wish, albeit weakly, to render to her memory my tribute of deepest respect and sympathy.

"She was the Directress of that Râja-Yoga Academy which, unfortunately for us, was closed, and where we received not merely solid instruction but a splendid training as well.

"The occasion of the farewell to those beloved teachers was a most touching one; for in our sadness there was not one amongst us able to keep back the bitter tears.

"A little over a decade has passed since then, and during all this time the wise teachings inculcated during that glorious period have been a living force in the hearts of those fortunate enough to have had that training.

"In the name of all those who were their pupils I offer to Mr. Kurt E. Reineman, resident at Point Loma, California, and likewise of most grateful memory, the assurance of our warmest and tenderest sympathy."

— TEATINO CAMACHO, in *Studio* (Pinar del Río, Cuba)

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'THE LAND OF A THOUSAND LAKES'

FINLAND

THERE is a land in the north of Europe that is mostly lakes, forests and big lonely marshes. Its people call it *Suomi*, or 'marsh-land.' It is not a large country; it cannot boast of material riches, dominion over vast territories or far-lying colonies. But it has riches far more precious than these: men and women of unusual qualities of heart and head; a literature of surprising compass; a national music of extraordinary achievement and promise; and, as inspiration, a country of such rare beauty that it has merited many endearing names: 'The Land of a Thousand Lakes,' 'Lost Daughter of the Sea,' and 'The Land of the Rowan Tree.'

Finland should be visited in the summertime, when the islands are green and flowers drop their sweetness into the swift-flowing streams; for few countries have as beautiful an approach as this 'Land of Wood and Water.' It is with a lavish hand that the Master-Artist who formed the mainland scattered stray bits of loose material into the sea. And these rose up, found themselves islands, and were beautiful.

Sea and sky vie in blueness as the steamer seeks its way into the harbor of Helsingfors; and few cities are as clean, cultured and progressive.

Helsingfors is now the capital of a small but free republic; but time was — and not so long ago — when Finland was governed by foreign powers. Swedish rule began there in the twelfth century, and in 1809 the administration of the realm passed into the hands of the Russians; and it was only at the close of the war that she gained complete independence. These diverse

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foreign influences might seem detrimental to any vital national expression; — one might almost expect a submersion of originality and an adoption of foreign customs, traditions, and modes of thought; but fortunately — not only for Finland, but for the world — the reverse has been the case.

Finland has given to the world an epic on a par with the *Iliad* of ancient Hellas, the *Hávamál* of the Scandinavians, and the *Niebelungenlied* of the Germans. It is the *Kalevala* — the 'Land of Heroes.' The meter of this poem is not unfamiliar to most of our readers, as Longfellow availed himself of it in his *Hiawatha*. The *Kalevala* is truly a product of the people, and more particularly of the race inhabiting the western part of the land, the Karelians. Through their poetic, imaginative, light-hearted and laughter-loving temperament, these Karelians form a marked contrast to their eastern neighbors, the Tavast Finns, who are characterized by their patience, endurance, strength of character and conservatism. The Karelians have been said to possess no little resemblance to the Welsh and the Irish; and no one who writes about them ever fails to tell the story of the peasant, who was out walking one morning at sunrise. It was springtime. The glittering dew had not yet



FINLAND: AMONG THE LAKES AND ISLES

departed from the grass. Coming to a field of young corn, he paused in rapt contemplation of its beauty, and as he could not bear to trample on the tender green stalks, he got four men to carry him across!

But to return to the *Kalevala*. The various songs of this epic were preserved in fragments by the peasants themselves and handed down by word

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of mouth from generation to generation. Particularly were these preserved in the memories of the old *runo*-singers, a class of traditional bards; but there had been no complete collection essayed of these fragments until Elias Lönnrot conceived the idea of weaving them into one complete epic.

Lönnrot was a peasant lad — one of a large family — who distinguished himself among his brothers and playmates by preferring to climb high in a tree and read some borrowed book, rather than join in the more robust games of his companions. He received the scanty education of most peasant lads, which generally was limited to the rudiments of reading and writing. But this did not satisfy the young Elias; so he made friends with the neighboring curate, who in exchange for small services taught the boy all he knew of Latin and mathematics. Still hungering for more knowledge, Elias next pleaded to be sent to the university; but being too poor to grant this wish, his father set him to learn the useful trade of tailoring. But "where there is a will, there is a way"; and by dint of many privations and much hard work, Elias not only passed through the university, but became one of the chief luminaries in the constellation of Finnish authors.

Lönnrot achieved the collection of his songs by dressing himself as a peasant and wandering from house to house, listening and writing down, while his own genius gave the poem its form. The subject matter of course is very old, and deals with gigantic, primitive characters — in reality the elements and forces of nature, or symbols of the hidden powers of the soul. Hence the striking contrasts of might and weakness, beauty and ugliness, tenderness and cruelty. Read the description of the Rainbow Maiden:

"Clad in robes of dazzling luster,
Clad in raiment white and shining,
There a golden fabric weaving,
And her shuttle was all golden,
And her comb was all of silver.
From her hand flew swift the shuttle,
In her hands the reel was turning,
And the copper shafts they clattered,
And the silver comb resounded,
As the maiden wove the fabric,
And with silver interwove it."

Contrast this with one of the 'dainty dishes' served at the wedding-banquet of Ilmarinen the Mighty Smith and the Rainbow Maiden: no less than an Ox whose back touched the clouds and whose horns reckoned a hundred fathoms. It required a thousand men to drag him in; —

"For a week there ran an ermine
All along the yoke he carried,
All day long there flew a swallow
'Twixt the mighty ox's horn-tips,
Striving through the space to hasten,
Nor found resting-place between them
Month-long ran a summer squirrel
From his neck unto his tail-end,
Nor did he attain the tail-tip,
Till a month had quite passed over."

And so on through many 'a tale of strange adventure': of giant beings and titanic happenings, stories of fairy-magic and star-wizards, of heroic deed and achievement. Through it all, in these songs of the peasant balladists, we can catch a glimpse — a faint picturing — of a remote and mighty

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past, which we feel ancient Suomi must have lived and shared with other and sister-nations, equally great: an age of spiritual beauty and heroic living — a time when all men were brothers. These things are surely a promise for the future, which all nations can aspire to and *work for here and now;* and we see in Finland's spirit of progress, which has a *vital* quality of strength and solidity, an inspiring assurance of the place her people will take in that glorious enterprise. If one were but to judge by her sound out-of-door life, physically to build up the nation; her splendid system of education, mentally to equip her youth; and her practical encouragement to artists, musicians and writers, spiritually to enrich her people and the world's people; one would not hesitate to prophesy such a future for her. K. N.



MY COMFORTER

THE world had all gone wrong that day,
And tired and in despair,
Discouraged with the ways of life,
I sank into my chair.

A soft caress fell on my cheek,
My hands were thrust apart
And two big sympathizing eyes
Gazed down into my heart.

I had a friend; what cared I now
For fifty worlds! I knew
One heart was anxious when I grieved—
My dog's heart, loyal, true.

"God bless him," breathed I, soft and low,
And hugged him close and tight,
One lingering lick upon my ear
And we were happy — quite.

— Selected from 'THE OPEN DOOR'

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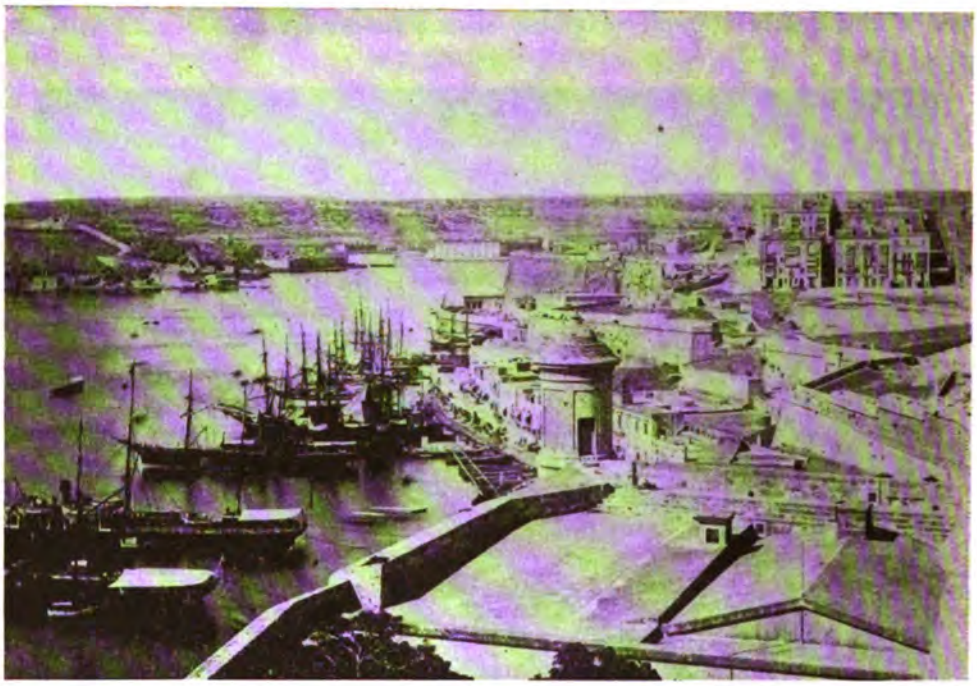
EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF A VOYAGER

PART II

Malta, August 6, 1886

WE arrived here yesterday morning, and it being the height of summer, the weather is *very hot indeed*. Malta is a grand place to see, only you want six weeks to see it — and we shall probably have six hours. . . .

Yesterday morning at about nine o'clock we were near enough to the Island of Gozo for us to see the buildings as we passed along, and by twelve o'clock the ship was safely moored about two miles up Valetta



VALETTA HARBOR, MALTA: THE OLD FORTIFICATIONS

Harbor. The same description of the general features pertaining to the South of Spain is also applicable here — the cloudless sky, and the heat (which is much greater here than in other places in the same latitude); also the roofed houses and narrow streets and the general glare and whiteness of everything: houses, soil, and even the mud being almost white, which imparts a general air of cleanliness. The whole fabric of the islands appears very similar to fine lime-stone, and the barren-looking soil is divided into fields for potatoes. Thickly scattered over the Island of Gozo are old fortifications and some very Moorish-looking buildings.

On nearing Malta and the fine city of Valetta and the two other towns opposite, we had a continuous panorama of interest. When we went on

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shore we had plenty of opportunity for seeing the Maltese dress. Strange to say, the women are mostly dressed in black, and with the curious black silk hood, look something like nuns. The hood is gathered up at the right side, and from the pleats a stiff wire runs, which is held by the left hand; and the hood, being fastened to the wire all the way round, forms a miniature canopy which both shades the eyes and allows the view to be uninterrupted. The men about the harbor are mostly very lightly dressed, the average costume consisting of two garments: blue Dungaree shirt, and trousers of the same material. Consequently they all appear clean, the only difference being in the various shades of blue through which the material graduates after repeated washings. A pleasant variety is also observable in the patching of the said garments. It is curious to see the 'gentlemen' of the town walking about, some of them all in white from necktie to shoe, with fans sticking out of their pockets, and of course with umbrellas.

The harbor and town form one mass,— an intricate network — of fortifications, erected in the time of the Crusades, and from that period continually elaborated and added to. Beautiful gateways and old drawbridges with portcullises spanning the deep trench winding in and out, meet the eye constantly; and bastions of immense strength with picturesque watch-towers erected upon, and overhanging, the corners.

Valetta contains about 2300 inhabitants, yet the number of fine buildings is astonishing. The secret is of course the wealth of many of the inhabitants, descendants probably of the old Knights of St. John. Everything is on an elaborate and beautiful scale; this is shown by the new theater, a building which for richness of carving and beauty of architecture combined is not to be equalled in Liverpool, a place twenty-five times as large. In the church of St. John alone — founded by the old Knights — there are pictures enough to stock an art gallery: originals by Guido, Rubens, Sebastian, Michelangelo, and others. The sculpture also is superb, and in fact the painting of the ceilings and arches, the carvings and gildings of the walls, and the mosaics of marble forming the floor, all are something wonderful. All this dates back to the time of the Knights of Malta, when the island was a species of haven of rest for them between their excurisons to Palestine.

Government House alone is worth going to Malta to see: the beautiful courtyards filled with tropical plants, the armory some hundreds of feet long, the magnificent marble staircases and walls, and numerous ancient objects of interest, and above all, the Council Chamber, where in times gone by the Grand Masters held their meetings. This chamber is hung with tapestries from floor to ceiling, over three hundred years old, the richness of color and beauty of design in which would vie with the most beautiful paintings. Some of these are twenty feet square, and, we were told, are absolutely priceless.

In architecture the style ranges from a simple cube containing one room

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(all in Eastern style) to larger cubes with a courtyard in the center, generally having all the windows in the house looking into it and presenting a blank wall to the outside. The courtyard is often an enchanting little garden with probably a palm-tree or a fountain in the center, and a veranda formed by the vines all around. As for flowers, there were many,— not small plants as we have them, but large trees like a rhododendron, say twenty to thirty feet high. We have also seen many double geraniums, six or seven feet high and one mass of bloom, with their stems two or three inches thick.

We went yesterday afternoon to Floriana gardens, a drive of five or six miles. The beauty and profusion of the plants almost defies description: vines growing in such lavishness as to trail and encroach on the footpaths everywhere, orange and lemon trees full of fruit, large cypresses, lovely creepers in a mass of bloom, and many large trees in full flower: there are also cactus plants of many kinds. Beautiful lizards run about, alarmed by our every step; and we see numbers of fine butterflies.

Malta being hilly, the town of Valetta is in parts constructed of flights of steps. Fancy looking up a narrow street, with fine houses and balconies, and instead of a road a long flight of steps to the end of the street. The whitish stone steps appear in perspective almost as a thin ladder reaching into the sky. Most peculiar also does the sky look, when seen between the high houses and long streets. It is a very deep blue, and when the vista is towards the sea the horizon sometimes cannot be distinguished, the blueness of the sky merging imperceptibly into that of the water, and forming a wide slightly hazy belt.

The fruit-shops are visible at every turning: most luscious grapes, plums, peaches, and other fruit being retailed at about one penny a pound. In picturesque distinctness in this land of dazzling whiteness, the gaily caparisoned mules and horses, carts, boats in the harbor, all gaudily colored, form a pleasing relief. The scene is often not unlike Venice, of the painted gondolas.

(*To be continued*)

BEACON-LIGHTS UPON THE WAY

"WERE a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.
So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."— *Longfellow*

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Once when he was naughty she told him to stand in the corner for ten minutes. She then left the room, but returned at the end of the allotted time. "Now, Louis," she said, "your time is up, you may come out now." There was no answer from the corner where Louis stood motionless with his back to her. Upon repeating her words, he turned about, and putting his finger to his lips, whispered: "Hush, I'm telling myself a story!"

Though Louis was born in Edinburgh, he lived most of the year at The Manse, the beautiful country home of his aunt. Its huge lawns and half-wild gardens were a fitting playground for this imaginative child; and this outdoor life meant more in the development of his genius than any amount of grammar and mathematics could have done.

For generations the Stevensons had been brilliant engineers, famous throughout the world as the builders of the great lighthouses that made safer the perilous coasts of North Scotland. It was the dearest wish of Louis's father that his son should carry on his work. To this end he would often take the boy with him to the northern coasts to study these great structures. Louis respected his father's capable scientific mind and admired the courage and daring exhibited in lighthouse construction; but he was born to write, and all the admiration he showed for his father's genius could not be converted into zeal for the work itself. Instead of scientific knowledge, he brought back from his northern trips notebooks filled with vivid word-pictures of the natural scenery, of the ancient ruins and the ways of the people. Of one ruined castle he writes: "There were times when I thought I could have heard the pious sound of psalms out of the martyr's dungeons, and seen the soldiers tramp the ramparts with their glinting pikes, and the dawn rising behind them out of the North Sea."

He was not a failure at engineering, however. He worked valiantly in this line for many years, and was even successful enough to receive a medal for a new form of intermittent light which he had invented. But Louis knew that it was not civil engineering that he had been living for these twenty years. At last his father reluctantly had to admit this also; but suggested instead a turn at Law. With the energy of a determined will he persevered for five years at this; nor did he relinquish his studies until he could prove satisfactorily to his father that he had made no failure.

When at length he was left free to develop the gift that was given him he was only twenty-five. As a boy he had always been pointed out as an idler; the fruits of his 'idleness' were now to be brought forth. From his travels with his father, from his wide circle of friends, from his roamings through Edinburgh, from his college life and vacation days, he had gathered a huge store of experience. Nothing escaped him. He never went anywhere without a notebook to jot down impressions. Truly he was well equipped to start a life-work. His essays in the Edinburgh papers had already at-

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tracted some attention; but in his modesty he laughed when his friends assured him that within ten years 'Stevenson's Works' would be common words on the lips of the world.

Stevenson was a roving spirit. Besides, being compelled to travel in search of health, he never stayed long in one place. It was during his stay in Southern France that he wrote his *Child's Garden of Verses*. He possessed then, and always retained, the keen and unconventional imagination, the open generosity and the spontaneous enjoyment of a child. Perhaps that is why he could, as one of his biographers puts it: "scramble down the ladder of his ages and re-enjoy a past experience without any disenchanting intrusion of his later and maturer consciousness."

It was also in France that he met the woman who later became his wife. After their marriage she filled the place in his later years that his nurse had in his childhood. She not only made his days happy and comfortable, but she was his most valuable literary critic.

He traveled in France, Holland, Belgium, and a large part of the United States. Wherever he went, it was the small towns, the out-of-the-way and unpretentious places that he dwelt longest in, and remembered. Possibly this may have been because in his travels he was always searching for background for his stories that would be varied and consistent with the tale, and yet not of such striking character that it would detract from the story in hand.

Treasure Island was the first book of his which made a grand success. The idea for the story came to him quite by chance. He was spending a lazy afternoon drawing anything and everything that came into his brain. Among other things he happened to draw the map of an island which he colored elaborately, fitting it out with harbors and forests. It greatly pleased his fancy, and he decided to call it 'Treasure Island.' With the pronouncing of the name a story flashed before his mind. In a minute his crayons and water-colors were pushed aside and with notebook before him he scribbled down a list of chapters. In a few weeks the story was complete.

He conceived the idea for *The Master of Ballantrae* while sojourning in the frigid atmosphere of the American Adirondacks. In like manner his *Prince Otto*, the *New Arabian Nights*, *Kidnapped*, and others of his most famous books, though fictitious in subject matter, are laid in scenes that he was familiar with through his travels.

The most interesting years of his life were those he spent among the South Sea islands. It was by mere chance that he went there; nor did he realize until later what a splendid thing for his health and work were these luxuriant, reposeful, life-giving regions. After a year of cruising among the islands, he chose the beautiful Upolu of the Samoan group on which to build a home.

He bought a large tract of land, built and furnished his house in grand

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style, and laid out his extensive grounds with pineapple, banana and cocoa, vegetable and flower-gardens, and splendid tennis courts. He lived here almost like a feudal chief, with the adoring natives as his retainers; always



kept open house; received guests from all parts of the world; and never let a holiday pass by, whether English, American, or Samoan, without some fitting celebration. Wrote his old-time friend, Edmund Gosse,

Now the skies are pure above you,
Tusitala;
Feather'd trees bow down to love you;
Perfum'd winds from shining waters
Stir the sanguine-leav'd hibiscus
That your kingdom's dusk-ey'd daughters
Weave about their shining tresses;
Dew-fed guavas drop their viscous
Honey at the sun's caresses
Where eternal summer blesses
Your ethereal musky highlands,—
Ah! but does your heart remember,
Tusitala,
Westward in our Scotch September,
Blue against the pale sun's ember,—
That low rim of faint long islands,
Barren granite-snouled nesses
Plunging in the dull'd Atlantic, . . .

It was the natives of these islands who named him Tusitala, the Teller of Tales. He merited this title till his last days; for during his island-life he wrote with even greater speed and brilliancy than formerly. His health was never better. When death came upon him in 1894, it was not with a long and lingering illness, but a quick and sudden call to a rest that he had well earned. As the news of his death spread, the natives flocked from all parts of the island, and marched past his couch with offerings to their chief.

Stevenson is known to have had more personal friends than any other famous man whose life was as short as his. He was not only the intimate friend of such literary lights as Andrew Lang, William Ernest Henley, Edmund Gosse, and Sir Sydney Colvin, but often formed close friendships

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with the numerous cab-drivers, inn-keepers, and stray wayfarers whom he met in his travels. This must have been partly due to the fact that he always radiated an atmosphere of sunshine and goodwill. He was not naturally of a jovial disposition; but he believed that it was the *duty of every human being* to keep his sorrows, trials and disappointments to himself, and show to others only the happiest side of the nature. He not only believed this but lived it, so that it was hard for many people to believe that he ever suffered from sickness.

With all his happy nature he was a great worker. He saw that nothing was possible without labor. He said: "A man must learn to make a table or a shoe; a man must also learn to make a story or a poem or a play." Thus it was through years of labor that he produced what he did — essays, fables, plays, romances, critical reviews, poems and novels. In all these lines he won marvelous success, but it is in his one short story, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, that he strikes the greatest depths. Here he has given the world a vivid and convincing picture of the two natures in man, and the struggle that these two carry on at all times for mastery. The great truth put forth in this story is the clue to the greatest problems of life. H. S.

A ROYAL SOUL

AFTER JULIUS SLOVATSKY, 1847

MY king, my Lord! No earthly prince is he
To awe men with his triply crowned pomp,
But a Soul Supreme that rules with kindly sway
The empire of our hearts, tender and chaste.
I know not if as man thou liv'st on earth;
Or in thine own more glorious sphere above;
I only know thou art — and thee I love.
Whene'er my heart shall touch thy burning fire,
And hear thy calling, or from East or West,
Whether thou comest robed in humble garb,
Or look'st through infant eyes in some mean col;
Whene'er thy all-compelling light I see,
Before thy majesty I bend my knee.

— Translated from the Polish by V. A. H.

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Stockholm. Shortly after our arrival the Crusade Party with their large supply of baggage and musical instruments (which includes 'Miss I. C. Harp') move into apartments on the fashionable Strandvägen No. 47, from the windows of which they look right across to the celebrated 'Nordiska Muséet' (Northern Museum). Quite near here too is the home of Konsulinna Wicander, for many years a warm friend of Madame Tingley and the Crusaders, and now Directress of the Theosophical Work in Stockholm. It is during their residence at Strandvägen 47 that the members of the Crusade party are the guests of Konsulinna Wicander in her own beautiful home and at the opera.



FROM GRAND HÔTEL ROYAL ALONG BASILIEGATAN: A GLIMPSE OF THE FROZEN LAKE MÄLAR TO THE LEFT

Here two busy, eventful, historic months are spent by the 'Crusaders,' during which they live as far as possible just as they do at home — doing their own house-work, carrying on their practice and musical work, entertaining Madame Tingley's many guests, preparing for and participating in the various public meetings. In this house typewriters are never still, for there is an immense amount of newspaper work to be done, preparing Madame Tingley's public addresses for translation and publication, preparing copies of her many interviews for translation, preparing announcements and notices, sending home to their far-off comrades in Lomaland news of the great happenings, etc., etc.

Then in the midst of all this there arrive from Point Loma several thousand feet of film for a moving-picture of the life and activities at the International Theosophical Headquarters, to be shown throughout Sweden and other countries of Europe. And with it a great stack of music which has to be checked and edited. By the time this has been done the day has arrived for the first presentation, for which the Crusaders themselves play the music.

During this strenuous period — although far too busy to do much sightseeing — the Crusaders in the carrying out of their various duties *did* have an opportunity of seeing much of the capital. Built on seven islands, with water to be seen in almost any direction, Stockholm is a very beautiful city. It has many fine buildings. The Royal Castle is itself a very imposing

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structure and has on one of its sides a statue of Gustaf III of Sweden, which is one of the finest pieces of work of its kind in the city. The Riddarholmskyrka is a fine old building — the Westminster Abbey of Stockholm — where are buried most of Sweden's kings. The two great museums, the Nordiska and the National, are both fine buildings and contain valuable exhibits.

At one end of Strandvägen stands the Royal Dramatic Theater, interiorly one of the most beautiful play-houses in the city. It is here that Sweden's great actor, Anders de Wahl, who returned to Point Loma the guest of Madame Tingley, frequently plays.



ESPLANADGATAN, HELSINGFORS: WHEREON ARE SITUATED THE FINNISH HEADQUARTERS

While in Stockholm, the Crusade party heard Verdi's immortal *Aïda*, a new and very gifted Scotch tenor, Hislop, taking the rôle of Radames. Altogether, the city appeals to one very strongly, and whether in summer or winter, I imagine, always tempts the visitor to linger.

So the Crusaders found that their month and a half had flown by very rapidly when Madame Tingley determined that she could not disregard the appeal of our comrades still further north. From Helsingfors, Finland, came a call for the Leader and her party, in response to which, on a beautiful but wintry evening toward the end of March, some of the members of the Crusade party found themselves on the deck of a little steamer just as the rosy twilight was falling over the city of Stockholm, and its myriad lights — like bright yellow flowers — were nodding their reflection in the waters of the Mälar. Yes, winter was still in the air; and before the dusk had entirely shut out the sight of the city, the plucky little vessel was forging its way through heavy ice with a grinding and rasping and quivering that could be heard and felt all over the vessel. As one lay in one's bunk in the darkness, there seemed to be scarcely the thickness of a board between one's head and the solid ice outside. By consulting the map it will be seen that in the trip from Stockholm to Åbo all but a small portion of the course lies among islands. But the small portion of open water is the Baltic Sea — which in winter time can cause considerable disturbance to a small steamer. And since our boat encountered this stretch of sea about midnight, the night was an eventful one.

Arrived at Åbo, the scene that awaited us was a small wharf, customs

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house, outlying buildings and railway depot, all covered with snow, the white blanket covering the land wherever the eye turned. Owing to a delay at the customs, our party missed the train that should have taken it from Åbo to the city of Helsingfors. There being no other before next morning the only course was to bundle our baggage, our instruments (including the harp) and ourselves into all the available little two-seater sleighs drawn up in the deep brown slush of melting snow and mud about the landing-place and drive through the bitter biting wind for several miles to the nearest hotel!

Then followed a day and a night at a hotel in Åbo, an early sleigh-ride down to the station before daylight next morning, with the world almost lost to view in a blinding snow-storm, and soon we are whirling along through a snow-white landscape. Picturesque little cottages nestling under white-robed hills, great somber pine-woods, magically beautiful with their dark boughs bending earthward beneath their glistening burden, and here and there boys and girls hurrying off to school on sleighs — a northern winter scene in all its beauty and fascination.

Arriving in Helsingfors, Madame Tingley is greeted by a host of members and friends; and we listen with delight to the splendid news that every seat in the Opera House has been taken for the public lecture next evening, and that demands have come from all quarters that Madame Tingley prolong her visit and at least give one more lecture. And this news is but the faithful forecast of events throughout this visit to Finland. Triumphs every day, public interest and enthusiasm that not only demanded and received a second lecture, but also made it necessary to have our Lomaland Film, 'Lomaland, a Dream and its Fulfilment,' sent up and shown before four crowded houses.

These performances, the public meetings, the work done among our members, and the magnificent enthusiasm and efficiency displayed by them, rendered this visit to Finland one of the greatest triumphs of the Tour. Nor could we forget, amidst all this splendid work, the years of devotion and service which had preceded this happy time. During the Russian domination, and later during the war and through the terrible times following after, these brave people had held together, suffered together, worked together, and hoped together, sustained by their magnificent spirit of optiism and their firm faith in Theosophy. They had persevered through all, and now their time of opportunity was come; with their new, enlarged headquarters, first-class bureau for inquirers and their bookstore, they were well-prepared for the pressing needs of the future.

Meanwhile nine days have sped by since our departure from Stockholm, and it is time to return. So we pack up, receive a splendid send-off from our Helsingfors comrades and by midnight of the tenth day are once more aboard the *Nordsljerna* — grinding along through the ice towards Stockholm. M. M.

(*To be continued*)

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— And before his eyes the grove mysteriously disappeared. So too, the dwelling, and the scent-laden blossoms — only a tiny stream still followed its way past him.

Then again the picture changed. — Green fields and gardens full of people, and now and then lofty groves, appeared. He saw a stately palace but not caring to repeat his former experience he followed a road that led in the opposite direction. After hours of travel he seemed no nearer the summit, and suddenly he found himself face to face with the house he had avoided, so that it seemed best to inqure for the right path.



"THE SUN SHONE WARM AND CLEAR"

The owner thought he might find it if he searched among the briar patches beyond the fields — yes, there had been a distinct path once upon a time, but it was vastly pleasanter to drive right around the mountain, than to try to scale it; it was also very pleasant to know that when he started out from his house all he had to do was to keep going in the same direction, and he would finally come back there.

The traveler, however, was of a different opinion; and passed on in quest of the path. There seemed to be no discoverable opening in the bushes, and he turned to see if it might not be further on. . . . Again he was alone — the gardens and fields, the trees and the stately mansion had disappeared, and a mantle of fog was slowly wreathing itself around the mountain. Was there anything real in this place, he questioned — would the shrine itself vanish when he reached the top? — perhaps it was not there at all! His purpose! ah, that was still with him; and the intensity of its reality sent

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his doubts flying. . . . He discovered a faint pathway that led upward.

He pressed on and once again came in sight of a lowly habitation. Before the door an ancient hermit watched the changing colors of the mist. He loved the world better this way with its crudities and sharp edges softened by the veiling fog. Things were not so bad after all, he said. . . . Yes, the summit was only a little higher, but. . . .

Viryâman waited to hear no more. Up and upward he went.

The mists vanished, blue sky was overhead, and through trees that formed a natural temple the sun shone clear and warm. And there, in the heart of the temple, stood an altar whose golden flame glowed like sunlight concentrated and intensified. Into the light the wayfarer moved; a ray from his own heart seemed mingling with the light around him, and quickening the altar-flame. There was a strength within him he had not known before, a love and compassion for all creatures, a vision that penetrated through and beyond the mists of the mountain-side, and a joy that was born of the courage to return and show others the way. He paused a moment to drink of the pure air, to feel yet more keenly the warmth of that all-pervading light — then he turned and followed the path down the mountain, to show the way to others.

* * * * *

" Seek, Courageous Youth, that blossom of happiness! Yet see
no Beauty on the flower which never will some
Fruitage yield for others."

WHAT DOES 'RENAISSANCE' MEAN?

'RENAISSANCE' means simply 'new birth' or 'revival.' As ordinarily used, the word signifies a rebirth of interest in learning along one or another line, literature, perhaps, or art. The Italian Renaissance, which gave such an impulse to learning throughout Europe, really started in the twelfth century in a great wave of classical culture and deep interest in the study of the law; but we think of the period of the Renaissance as a whole as beginning about the fifteenth century.

Many causes operated to bring it about, such as the invention of printing, the Mohammedan ascendancy, the discovery of the New World, the decline of feudalism, the rise of the middle classes in several countries, and doubtless many other causes, some of them even more important, connected with the ebb and flow of the great cycles or tides in human history. But these were not so apparent and as yet are but little understood. The time comes for the sun to rise and it does so: we cannot say that the bird-songs bring it but some far greater cause. So with the rebirth of any great interest in things that uplift mankind. The cause may be hidden and unseen. G. K.

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A GLIMPSE OF ANCIENT GREECE



LL ATHENS was astir with preparations for the Panathenaea, the great springtime festival held in honor of the goddess Pallas Athena. Once in four years this celebration took place, lasting for several days and making the city a place of rejoicing.

Each morning the boys were awake early, their blood a-tingle at the thought of the joyous days to come. On the way to school they could talk of nothing else; and as they recited for their master lines from great Homer, their ordinary enthusiasm was doubled for thinking of the time when they, like their fathers and elder brothers, would sing verses of their own composing at the festival.

Still keener was their excitement in the afternoon, when at the gymnasium they practised games and sports: for two contests were set for boys at the great Panathenaea, and each one wanted to be chosen to compete.

Meanwhile, at home, mothers and sisters were busy sewing. Girls did not go to school, but learned at home to read and write, to sing and play the lyre, and to spin and weave; and they became artists in needlework. Now they were finishing the embroidery of a magnificent robe to be used in the final procession for presenting at the altar of Pallas Athena. A whole story was woven into the figures and scenes so beautifully embroidered on the exquisite material.

The goddess Athena was the guardian of the city; the people loved her and named their city after her: for they felt she protected them and brought them blessings. She represented the spirit of all that is good and beautiful in home and city life, and she was called the Goddess of Wisdom. This is the story they used to tell: When Athens was first built, the people were wondering which among the gods and goddesses to ask for protection and a name for the city. Both Poseidon and Athena wanted the honor, for they knew that Athens was to become great and powerful and the home of wise men. So the other gods decided that each of the two should present a gift; and whichever the people preferred, its giver should be chosen. Thereupon Poseidon struck the earth, and a marvellous horse appeared: this, he said, would carry their brave men into battle and bring them victory and make them a mighty people. Then Athena came forth; and as she struck the earth an olive-tree with silvery green leaves sprang up. The tree, she said, was the symbol of peace and prosperity: through its fruit it would yield them food and oil; through its trunk, wood for building; through its dried leaves and branches, fuel for the winter; and through its spreading branches in the spring and summer, cool, refreshing shade. The people thought this better than a gift that meant war and bloodshed and the breaking up of homes, and therefore the goddess was chosen and loved, as Athena Polias, 'Guardian of the City.'

The first day of the Panathenaea was given to musical contests, and the

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exhibition of works of art. The winners were presented with wreaths of gold, and their names were honored; for they would be mentioned far and wide through all the cities and colonies of Greece. Stirring songs were sung, to the accompaniment of the lyre, and hymns in praise of beauty. On exhibition were statues and groups of figures carved in shining marble by the sculptors at Athens, among whom Socrates the Sage was one; and paintings in vivid colors were to be seen.

The Greeks had a passion for beauty; their works of art have never been surpassed, their temples and buildings were ideally perfect, their cities were splendid, their lives simply lived, and they themselves, when at their best, were a race glowing with health and physical beauty and grace. The training of the body was considered equally important with the training and development of the mind; hence their keen interest in gymnastic sports.

Following the musical and artistic contests came days devoted to races, to wrestling and discus-throwing, to horseback and chariot races, to spear-throwing, and yet more games. Then warriors in glittering armor and helmets, carrying shields and spears, danced symmetrically to the music of a flute, and later to that of a martial chorus.

The greatest event, however, was that which took place on the last day of the festival: the great religious procession in honor of Pallas Athena. First in order came priests in robes of white; and following them walked the dignified elders and great men of the city — statesmen and artists, and also honored guests from other towns. Next came Athenian maidens in simple garments of white, with garlands of flowers; and they bore vessels of gold and silver wherein to burn incense on the altar of Athena. Then the matrons, carrying fruit and wine for the altar and for the feasting; then the older citizens, and after them the picturesque four-horse chariots used in the races, followed by soldiers on fine prancing horses and soldiers on foot. Lastly came the victors in the contests, proudly wearing their wreaths of victory.

Following the procession was drawn a huge ship on rollers, bearing gifts for the altar; and stretched from its tall mast was seen the wonderful embroidered robe into which the women and girls of Athens had put their best and most exquisite needlework. While the music of flutes and citharas sounded, and people watched and waved from the upper windows of the streets, the long procession wound its way up the Acropolis in silence to the altar of Athena; and there each one placed his offering with a prayer for peace and prosperity. Then with a magnificent banquet, at which all rejoiced and made merry, the Panathenaea ended; and when all was over, the hearts of the people were filled with a richer love for beauty, a deeper loyalty to their city, and a purer aspiration towards the true nobility of life. O. S.

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FROM MANY LANDS

THE PROPERTY-ROOM IN A ROMAN THEATER

THE actors of ancient Rome, and the Greeks, from whom they got their art, used no 'make-up' of paints, powders, wigs, etc., when they took tragic, comic or 'character' parts. Masks such as shown in the picture created the part, so far as appearance was concerned. The person inside



'MAKING UP' FOR CLASSIC TRAGEDY

spoke out through the mask by means of a megaphone-like contrivance. This was necessary on account of the large size of ancient theaters, where otherwise neither voice nor features could be distinguished from the back rows.

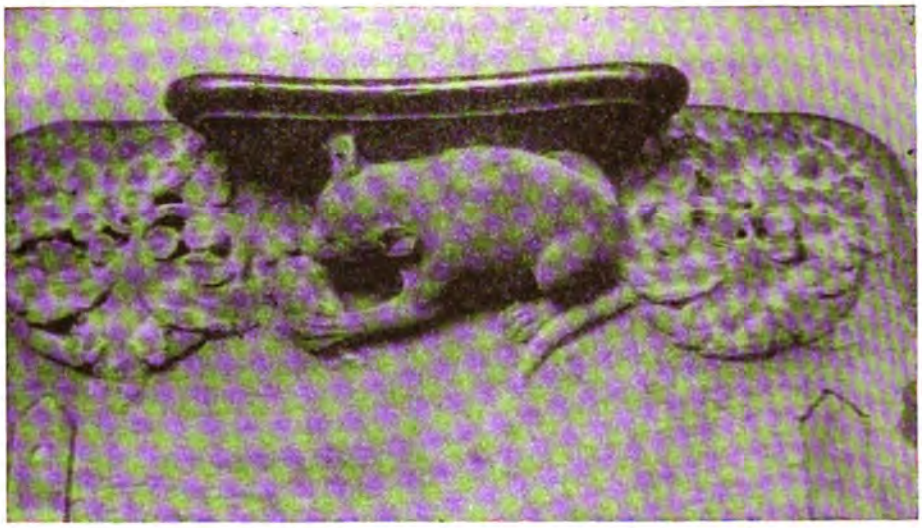
This use of masks is also interesting as having given origin to our English word 'person,' coming as it does from the Latin *persona*, 'a mask' from *per*, 'through,' and *sonare*, 'to sound, to speak' — the ordinary 'person' we see being but a 'mask,' as it were, which commonly hides the real Actor.

Notice the large size of the masks, which, in the case of tragic parts, were used in combination with a sort of stilt-like buskins, to give the effect of heroic height and proportions. Comic parts were usually played in soleless socks, and the actor was given a squat, grotesque appearance. From this usage the Buskin came to be used as a reference to the tragic art, while the Sock denoted comedy, as in Milton's line in *L'Allegro* wherein he speaks with courteous respect of Ben "Jonson's learned sock." B.

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A DECORATIVE DORMOUSE

THE photograph represents an old church 'miserere' in Welles, England. It is a hinged seat intended to be turned up when the worshiper rose to sing; and lest he tire during the long chants, a little bracket was carved at the edge to provide him some slight support. As the under side of the seat showed a good deal, it had to be adorned with carving. Now the carver



MAKING READY FOR COMPANY

might have made a cherub or a saint; but on this particular 'miserere' he decided to carve a dormouse for a change. The furry tail, and the body shaped more like a squirrel than a mouse, clearly point to its being a dormouse — a mother dormouse in fact — giving her baby a warm bath with her tongue to make him neat and tidy.

The carver must have been a naturalist and kept dormice as pets; because the dormouse comes out only at night, and one might live for a thousand years in Somerset where Welles Cathedral stands, and yet never see a dormouse — still less a family scene like the one in the carving. He probably found a nest with the mother and her young and carried it home, where in the evening, by the feeble glimmer of a rushlight, he lovingly watched them, and thus he was able to call them to mind when he needed a fresh, original subject. You will notice the short tail of the baby mouse, just like the short tail of a puppy or a kitten.

The Romans in Britain discovered that dormice were sweet and toothsome morsels; and they used to raise them for the table. But the writer, for his part, would never think of eating one of these charming and innocent little dwellers in the hazel copse — would you? UNCLE PERCY

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FUTURE CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY
Snapped by the private secretary of Katherine Tingley. and here published at her special request.

RUSH ORDERS

THESE are two young German partners in express delivery work, aspiring to become old Nürnberg's *Schnellste Expressgesellschaft*. They were snapped while at work just in front of the German Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood; and we are pleased to publish this first photo of what, we trust, will grow to be a big, prosperous, and helpful business in their charming old city.

KINDNESS TO A NAUGHTY TWO-TAILS

MRS. JUMBO was a well-behaved and hard-working elephant until last spring, when she seemed to lose interest in her duty of carrying children about the London Zoo at sixpence a ride. The keepers first tried persuasions: nice new mounting-steps were provided her; but she took no notice, and finally declined even to leave her yard at all.

When presented to the Zoo by her former owner, an Indian Maharajah, Mrs. Jumbo had shown the results of a careful training, and possessed those accomplishments which all cultured elephants are expected to exercise. The keepers in their extremity determined, therefore, to send to her native Cooch-Behar for a professional Indian *mahout*. He was cabled for, and arrived at the Zoo.

Entering the enclosure, the *mahout* first formally saluted her elephantship, standing first at her head, then at her tail. Next he removed his shoes, knotted a rope stirrup loosely about her big neck, and mounted. The good *mahout* then began a voluble discourse in Hindustanî, in which he admonished her to stop doing these bad things. "I am told," he said, "that you eat your food, but will not work! It is wrong. Allah enjoins upon us all to work if we would eat. It is unworthy of you to cheat your masters! You must not fear me — I am a brown man: put fear out of your mind; take it up from your heart and throw it out." All the while he plied little coaxings and soothing pats which *mahouts* know; and in two minutes Mrs. Jumbo was pacing about her usual passenger route, obeying every order.

It was arranged that the *mahout* should be lodged for a time in another part of the gardens; but he requested to be given a place in the elephant-house, where he could talk to her during the night and give more sound advice. H.

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THE HOUSE YOU LIVE IN

HAVE you ever thought what a wonderful thing your body is, and how it is made up of millions and millions of tiny lives that all work together to make a proper house for *You* to live in?

Your body is like a copy of the whole big world, in which every person is needed and each one has his special work to do. If any one of them gets lazy and does not do his own duty well, you very soon know about it; for you get ill or you have some kind of pain.

You see, there are thousands of little telephones that run from every part of your body to the Brain, which is like the General Manager; and they send messages to let him know what hey are doing and how they are getting on. There are other telephones too, that carry orders from he manager to them, and it is because of these that you are able to walk and move. For every time you move even your little finger, it is because the Manager has telephoned down to it, "Bend, little Finger."

When you put your hand into very hot water you jump, and probably you cry, "Ow, it hurts'; and you pull it away quickly. Now, what has really happened — faster than you can imagine — is this: your hand telephoned to the Manager, "This hot water hurts me"; and the Manager called back at once "Then take your hand away." So you see the Manager is always kept in touch with all those who work under him, and none can fail without his knowing it.

Of course *You* do not really have to think all the messages that

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the Manager sends your feet and legs. For instance, when you walk, the Manager does his work even when you are thinking about something else. While you sleep and work and play the Manager never forgets to order your lungs to breathe and your heart to beat.

So you see the Manager is a very necessary and important person. But he is not really YOU, any more than the millions of other little people that make up your body. He is *only* the Manager, while You are the real owner of the house; and when he tries to give orders You do not want, and to do mischief, you must remind him of this and make him obey. *This* is Self-Control. M.

THE GLORIOUS KNIGHTS OF OLD

WHEEO!" Michael closed his story-book with a sigh.—"Say, Sis, I *wish* I'd lived long ago when there were dragons and giants and goblins, and exciting things were happening all the time."

Louise looked up from the doll's clothes she was sewing, "I wonder — if there aren't things like that now, only we can't see them."

"Of course there aren't, Lou." Michael turned over on the grass and began kicking his legs in the air: "Why, who ever *heard* of anybody going out in *quest of adventure* nowadays, killing dragons and rescuing maidens, or being bewitched by anything. Why, it simply doesn't *happen* now, that's all.



He picked a tall stalk of grass and chewed it crossly. "Why, if I were to dress up and go forth to find my fortune everybody I met would smile and say, 'Look at that boy; he's playing he's a knight!'; and all the time

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I'd know that I was only pretending. Oh, (and he gave the air one more angry kick) this is just the dryest, silliest (another), matter-of-factest (good hard one) age that ever a boy was born in."

Louise's sewing fell into her lap, and she leaned back thoughtfully against the tree. "Michael," she asked, "why do boys like fighting?"

"Dunno," he grumbled, "that's just the trouble, a fellow thinks he has to show that he's stronger than something; and if there aren't any ogres or monsters around, why he just lets off into some other boy for some excuse. 'Tisn't really any good though. The other fellow may be much better than he, even if he does beat him. And then, just as like as not, it makes him feel as if he wanted to kick himself for doing it. Don't you see, Lou, that's just the whole trouble nowadays: people are so *mixed up*. There aren't any knights who are so splendid that they just couldn't do anything mean or base; and there aren't any wizards either, who are so wicked and black that everyone they look at turns to stone. That's just what's the matter — *no*body's *all* good, you see, but then *no*body's *all* bad either. They're all made of both, and that's what makes things so mixy."

Louise burst into a laugh,— "Yes, that's right," she said; "for you're my own true knight, except when you pull my hair and tease me, and then I think you must be my little old goblin brother."

"But even then, I know it's no good teasing you. *You're* not bad, and so I don't feel better when I've been mean to you. Now, don't you see the difference, Lou! If you slew a really true dragon how good you'd feel to think that you were stronger than one of these evil things, and that because you'd overcome and killed it there was just a little less badness in the whole big world. 'Tisn't the same a bit to fight a boy or tease a girl; because it doesn't make you feel a bit better — in fact



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it makes you feel rather as if you were the dragon or goblin yourself."

Louise's eyes opened wide, for a great new thought had flashed into her mind. "Michael, I think it's this way": she leaned forward eagerly; "I think that there are wizards and monsters just as there ever were — only they're inside us. The knights of old went *out* in quest of adventure, but we have to go *in*, don't you think? We can slay just as many monsters and rescue as many maidens, only we must seek them all inside. Oh, Michael, what fun we could have playing that we were knights in quest of adventure. We must slay the Dragon Selfishness, and rescue the Maiden Helpfulness, whom he holds a prisoner in his lair. We must find the Ogre" —

"Arithmetic," volunteered Michael.

"— Cruelty," said Louise, "and break his spell over the Princess Kindness, whom he turned into a sleeping Gazelle, and holds in his wicked power — *you* know — just like the 'Green Fairy Book.' We must find the Goblin Gossip; and by keeping him tightly locked up we can make the land safe for others. We must drive out the wicked usurpers —"

"Laziness!" shouted Michael.

"Yes, said big sister; or Hate and Fear — so that the real King and Queen — Peace and Love may rule in their own Kingdom. Oh, there is so much to do in this wonderful land of ours that really I can hardly think where we ought to begin."

Michael's legs still swung in the air, only it was no longer an angry kicking — every minute he was getting more excited. "That's a splendid game, Lou," he cried; "let's begin playing right now. And I tell you what we'll do — we'll have a wireless between your kingdom and mine so that we can know how we're each getting on. Maybe sometimes you'll need help and then I can come and fight for you; and maybe sometimes I'll need help and you can come and nurse my wounded for me."

"Michael"— a patient voice called from the house —"Michael, you haven't filled the wood-box today. We need some right away."

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His face wrinkled up with disappointment. It was so nice to lie in the meadow and plan great victories. Suddenly he jumped up and threw his best cap in the air. "Here goes, Lou," he cried, "I'm going to catch Wizard Laziness, and make him fill the wood-box." B.



FEEDING CHICKENS

ONE day I fed the chickens
In Mother's chicken-run.
I filled my pockets full
of corn,
And, oh, it was such fun.

"Peep peep, we want our breakfast,"
Cried the hungry little chicks;
And they pecked and picked and
scratched till there
Was nothing left but sticks.

Oh, it's fun to feed the chickens
And to think that they must see
A great big giant of a thing
When they look at little me. — M.

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FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA

IN the last MESSENGER I promised to tell you about a little friend of mine in Czechoslovakia. Her name is Aninka and she lives in a little village far from Praha, the capital and mother-city of Czechoslovakia. The pretty costume she wears belonged to her mother when she was a little girl and to her grandmother and great-grandmother before that. She is particularly proud of her apron, and she says that she is going to add a line to the embroidery so that some day when she gives it to her little daughter it will be even gayer. Each little girl who wears it adds something to the design, so that after it has been in the family a long time it is all covered with bright colors.



ANINKA

Ever since she can remember her mother has sung the old Czechoslovak folk-songs to her, and almost before she could speak she began to learn the melodies herself. Now she teaches them to her little brothers and sisters when she looks after them. Her mother is very busy; and last winter when she was ill little Aninka had to take care of them all by herself.

Her fingers are never idle; and on winter evenings, after lessons are done, she works on her embroidery, which she sends to the city to be sold. And how proud she is when she can give mother a crown or two to help buy bread and butter for the family. ILSE

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JACK FROST'S DUTIES



WHEN the Autumn days grow chilly and Mother Nature has put her children to bed for the Winter, Jack Frost returns from his journey to the North Pole and begins to play his merry pranks once more.

One morning you will awake to see the window-pane covered with beautiful pictures painted with silver and crystal, and if you look through them you may see into Fairyland; but if you touch them they melt away. Then, if you are wise, you will know that the airy fairy has paid you a visit while you were asleep; for surely no one else could weave such a lovely magic on a winter's night.

That is what happens when Jack Frost plays at being an artist, and quite often he does the work of a big Brother, and helps Mother Nature put the little ones to bed. Suddenly one night he comes home from his travels with his sack of sparkling crystals on his back. "What! not in bed yet?" he cries to the trees; "come, come now, you must hurry. I'll help you get undressed." And snap, snap, snap, he nips off their gay Autumn frocks and puts on



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their white nighties and tells them to go to sleep.

Then he skips over to the brook. "Almost time for you, little Brother!" "But I am not a bit sleepy yet," says the little prattling babbling brook.



Then he drops his crystals into it and makes it stop its talking. "Are you sleepy now, little Brother?" he laughs as he bends down to it. And under its ice-coat it answers "Goodnight, goodnight, Jack Frost." Then it goes to sleep in its comfy pebbly bed and waits until Jack Frost pulls off the bed clothes in the spring.

Sometimes too, in the Spring, when the bulbs want to wake up too early he has to keep them in bed. "Ho, ho, little Blossoms," he laughs, "I am here still, you know, and you'll get all nipped in the bud if you try to come up yet." But when the meadow-lark begins to sing he has to go back to the Pole to keep cool through the Summer; for good Mother Nature tells him that she will surely need him again next Winter. M.A.B.



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